THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER 1968

50¢

TRUE

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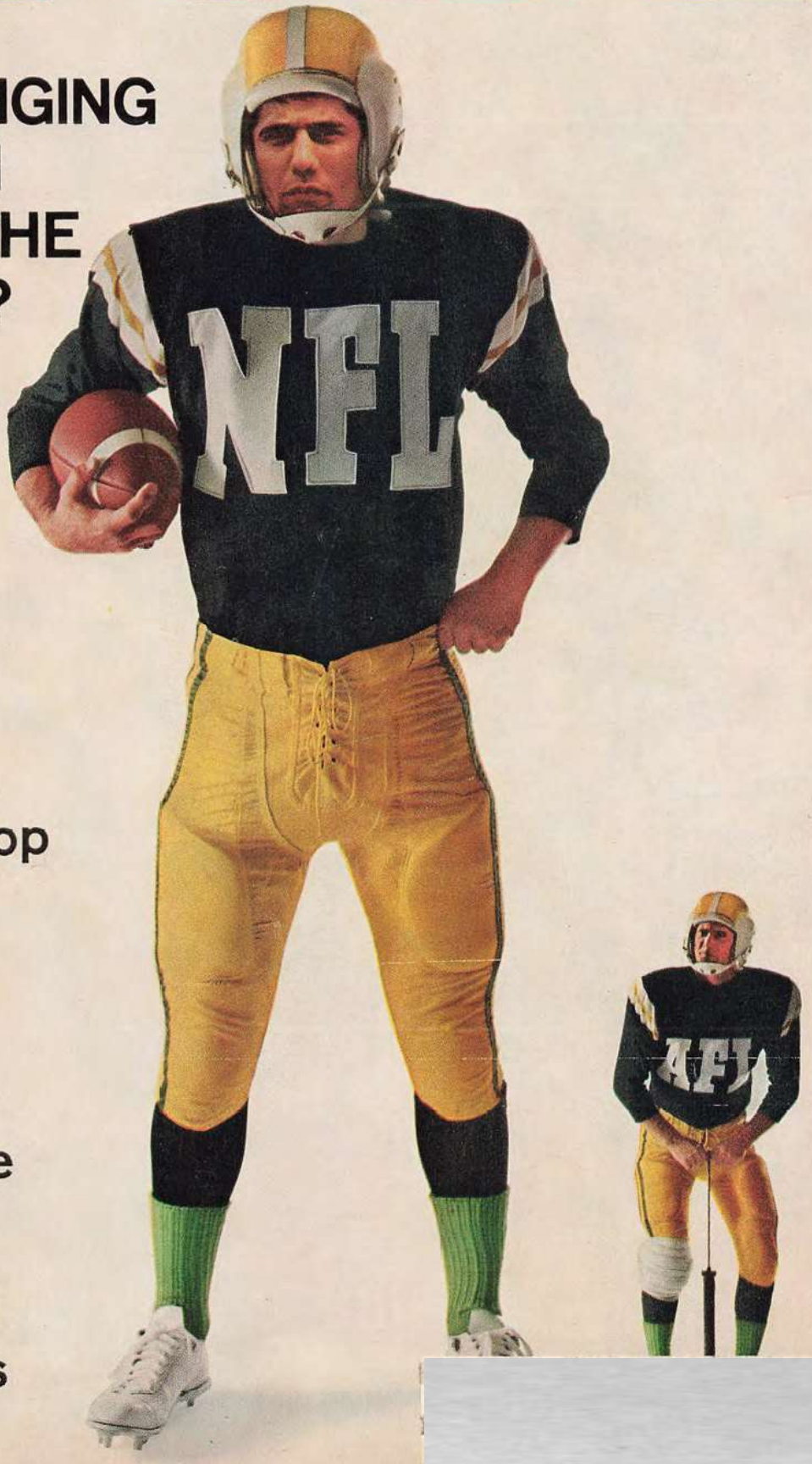

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Jolly Roger

...about your Japanese *Scrutable Dolls* in the July issue. In this "piece" both the doll and the author profess ignorance of the phallic equipment of the Japanese male (p. 97) but then on page 101, the doll indicates the author's distinction in this area compared with the supposed Nipponese accoutrement. If we accept her aforesaid ignorance, what is the basis for comparison?

—W. H. Laughlin
Tenafly, N. J.

Woman's intuition.

Roger O'Toole's half-hour, 84-cent taxi ride in Tokyo *(Sensuous Orient and Its Scrutable Dolls)* cost him 300 not 30 yen. At a time like that, I can understand his failure to take accurate notes....

—Phil Gainey
San Francisco, Calif.

You clowns have got to be out of your editorial minds! For years you have been publishing a fine *man's* magazine—but that little Jap female on your July cover convinces me that you guys have finally blown your cool. Keep women in their place—not on the cover of TRUE, The Man's Magazine.

—J. E. Conover
New York, N.Y.

Calm down, J. E. Women are a natural phenomenon. They occur in nature about as frequently as males. We think some of them—like our July cover girl—are nice.

Oil Change

Read with interest your article in the June issue about Andy Granatelli, *Mr. Turbine Tries Again,* and his marketing of STP. Was not STP a German discovery, used by the Afrika Korps in the desert? Is it true that the early success of German mechanized vehicles in the desert warfare was attributable to the use of STP, until the 8th Army captured some German military supplies? I've been told this lubricant played an important part in the defeat of Rommel and his Afrika Korps; British vehicles had been breaking down under the desert heat with ordinary lubricants.

The implication in your article leads to the inference that Mr. Granatelli invented this lubricant. Will you clarify?

—William E. Brookes
Ontario, Can.

I see no implication in the article that I invented STP. If anything, the article infers that I invented how to mass sell it. For this, I do take credit. It's true that STP is a German discovery and, according to hearsay, it was a product developed by the Germans during the war to supplement their diminishing oil supply.

—Anthony Granatelli
Des Plaines, Ill.

Seal of Disapproval

What is that "manatee" pictured in your June *Man to Man Answers* column? An elephant seal?

—Lysander Kemp
Austin, Tex.

Obviously, you never heard the story about the traveling elephant seal and the manatee's daughter. But just to get the picture facts straight, which we didn't first time around, see below:

Elephant Seal

Manatee

Added Opinions

The article you published in July, *The U.S.* Must *Say No to George Wallace,* by William Bradford Huie, is about the biggest bit of nonsense I have read in a long time.... Considering myself an average Alabama citizen, I can say that George Wallace has never passed any fear my way. Some few people may dream up such bunk but that is just an individual feeling.

—John Griffith, Jr.
Montgomery, Ala.

...the article contained information that every voter should know. Surely Wallace can not be elected just on the platform of hating Negroes. Huie said it right: "God help the United States if he is elected." I could not agree more!

—Mrs. George C. Moore
Buchanan, Tenn.

...the 1966 election which Huie mentioned led you to believe that Mrs. Wallace narrowly won by a 52 percent majority, but what the story failed to mention was that this was in the primary election against six or seven other opponents, thus eliminating a runoff.

—T. E. McKnight
Florence, Ala.

Amen to Mr. Huie's story on Wallace! As a southern white person I join him in saying, "The U.S. MUST say no to George Wallace." But don't for one minute think that he cannot be elected! I was one of the ones who laughed and said, "Lester Maddox can never be elected governor of Georgia...."

—A. Patten
Adel, Ga.

Spook Sign

In your July issue, there is an article about treasures of the old West: *Ghost Town Treasure Hunt.* There is a large picture of an old saloon, which has a small sign hanging over the door. I couldn't make out the first word on the sign, but the second word is HALL. Only it's backwards. How come?

—Rick MacPhee
New York, N.Y.

The picture was accidentally flopped, that is, reversed.

Body Bait

Norman Sklarewitz has performed a public service with his article *Human Decoys* in the July issue. These courageous, highly trained men are doing a job of law enforcement which would be impossible for the uniformed cop, who can be spotted a mile away. Plainclothesmen of this type are needed in greater numbers in all our cities, to stem the rising tide of rapes, muggings and assaults which are making cities worse than jungles.

—George Malsbary
Berkeley, Calif.

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NAMATH INFLATED?

Ever since a $400,000 price tag brought Joe Namath from the University of Alabama to the New York Jets, pro football fans have speculated on the question of whether he was worth all that money. "Put the bum in the NFL, he wouldn't last a week..." was the concise if inelegant way one typical skeptic stated his view to us last season. It gave us an idea. We decided to take a poll among Namath's peers in the game. How good is he, we asked? Could he make it in the older, tougher league? Our cover shows Namath inflating himself to NFL status. Our story (by Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*, page 32) shows there is no shortage of experts who believe Glittering Joe needs no pumping up, is already big enough to wear any NFL uniform right now.

Allow us to pull up a soapbox here this month and make what is sometimes called an impassioned plea. It is made in behalf of 1.) all who regard the automobile as one of man's most useful tools (and an instrument of pure pleasure besides) and, 2.) all who enjoy the right to have a snort or two of John Barleycorn for its efficacy and healthful properties. These are two of life's pleasures which we would not like to see abridged, but what we are uptight about (and what author Roy Bongartz is slamming out against on page 25) is all the damn drunks who are driving around in cars and killing people in this country. If we don't do something about that, and soon, the next thing we know, some publicity-grabbing, idiot congressman is going to propose 50-horsepower cars and 50-proof whisky as a national standard. Everyone seems to know that we kill over 50,000 people on the highways every year. We accept the figure as if it were an anesthetized statistic—one that exists, but somehow causes no pain—a five-digit number, curiously detached from the spilled blood, splintered bones and smashed brains that litter our highways. What a lot of people *don't* know is that at least half of those 50,000 deaths are caused in one way or another by drinking drivers.

DRUNKS BEWARE!

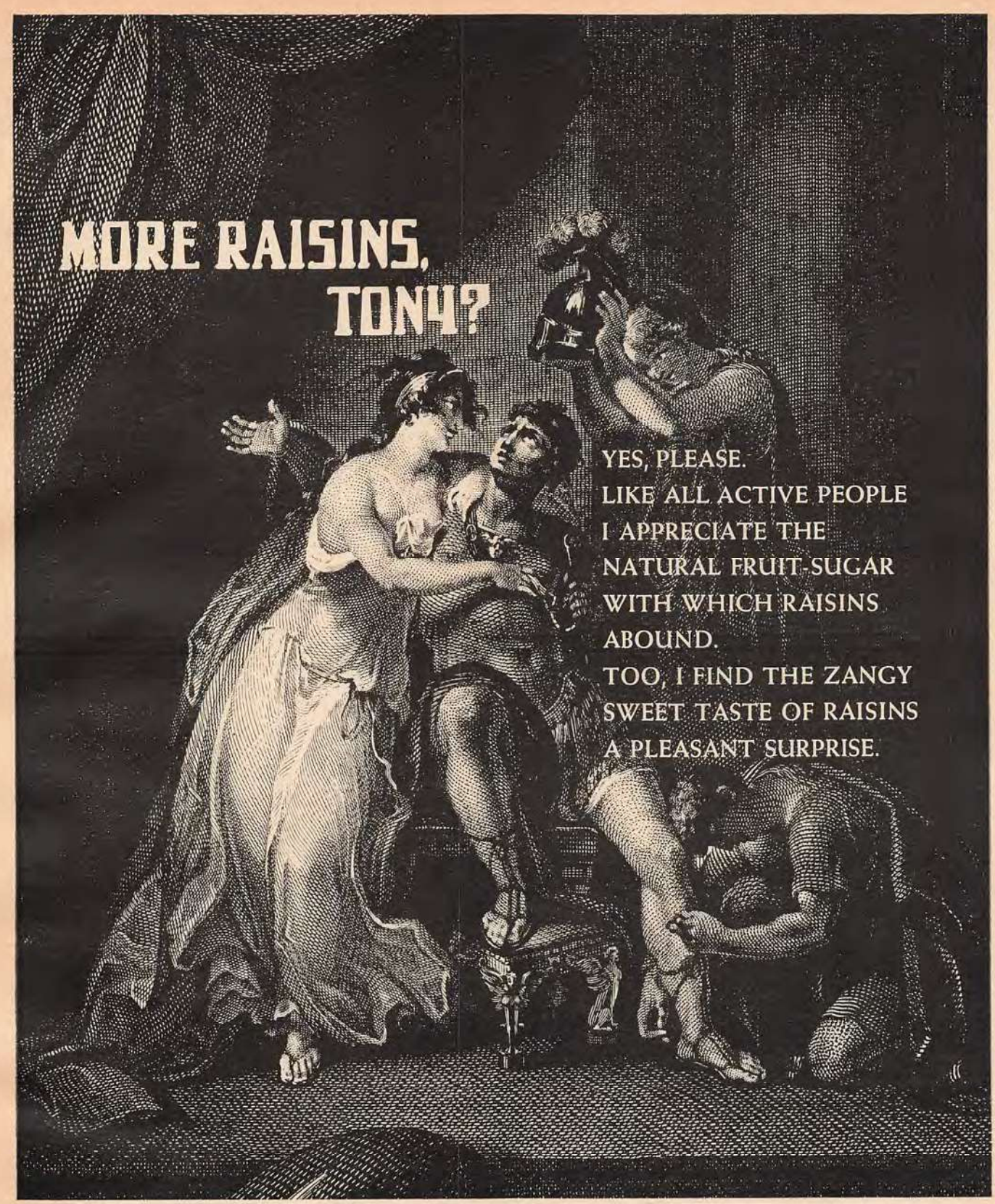
The Viet Nam war has cost us "only" 25,000 lives in our six years of involvement. Guns (to use the lobby's phrase) were used by people to murder "only" 7,700 other people in 1967. Lung cancer took "only" 52,000 lives last year. On all these issues, the nation has suffered spasms of remorse and great campaigns have been mounted to find solutions. Yet 25,000 of our highway deaths are dismissed as an inevitable result of "the nut behind the wheel."

We're going to have more to say about this as time goes on. Meantime, read all about the British—who like their whisky as well as the next man—and learn what they have done to cut their traffic deaths by as much as 50 percent.

EDITOR GETS A SAILING LESSON.

Speaking of the British, we were in England not long ago to talk with some of that island realm's great adventurers—men who, despite the evolution of the British Empire, still maintain the traditions of brave Britons. Sir Vivian Fuchs, the first man to cross the Antarctic continent, gave us the day's radio bulletins from TRUE's arctic explorers. (Wally Herbert & Co., on their way across the roof of the world, are now almost two months behind schedule, but entering an area of smoother ice.) Later, Sir Francis Chichester, he who circled the globe with but one stop in his sailboat, the *Gypsy Moth*, talked with us about the new generation of single-handed sailors who now seek to circumnavigate the globe with no stops. One of these is a young man named Robin Knox-Johnston who shared his cabin, his plans and some onion-&-cheese sandwiches with us one day and who sailed from Falmouth on June 14. His exclusive story will begin here next month. It could be one of the great sea sagas.

Charles N. Barnard



It's recorded historical fact: When Cleopatra set out to snare Mark Antony, she "gathered the rarest varieties of raisins for him." ¶ Two years later Mark was still eating raisins. ¶ So wherever you roam—look for sweet, neat, handy, dandy little raisins. They help to Nile away the time.

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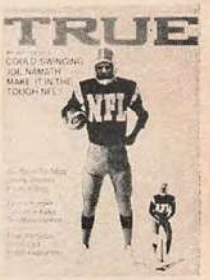

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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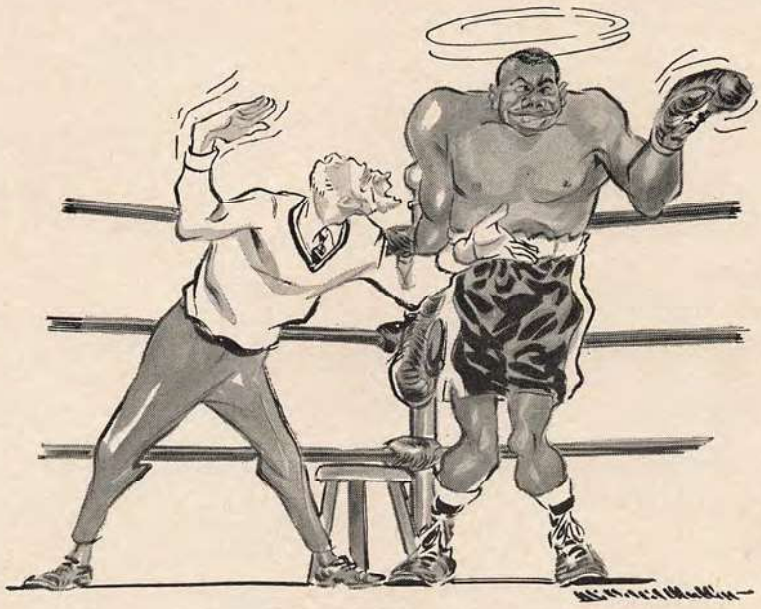
it happened in sports

BY RON SMITH



ANCIENT ARCHIE WAVES AND WINS

■ Jack (Doc) Kearns is best remembered as the man who led Jack Dempsey to the heavyweight boxing championship. As a fight manager Kearns was a matchless con artist. "Give Doc 200 pounds of steel wool," someone once said, "and he'll knit you a stove."

There was, for instance, a bleak December night when Kearns had to help Archie Moore retain his light-heavyweight title—just when Moore was about to lose it.

It was 1958 in Montreal. Kearns was 76 years old. Nobody knew how old Moore was. He said he was 37. The newspapers said he was 39, going on 45. No matter. This was one time when fighter and manager proved it's never too late, even in boxing.

Moore was fighting Yvon Durelle, an ex-street brawler and ex-fisherman. Durelle was as tough as a tire iron. In the first round he gave Archie a terrible beating. Archie was knocked down three times. Each time he lurched to his feet for more punishment while Kearns watched, first in disbelief, then in horror.

In the fifth round Durelle crashed a pile-driver right to Archie's chin. Archie hit the floor again, but the bell saved him. Ancient Archie wobbled toward his corner. Kearns knew the time had come to apply ring psychology or kiss the championship good-bye.

"Don't sit down," Kearns blurted as Archie wearily approached him. "Wave to your wife."

Archie's head was spinning. "Wave who?" he said. "Where wave?"

"Over there," Kearns pointed, "behind Durelle's corner. Wave to her."

Archie was as groggy as a sailor on the town. But he followed Doc's orders. He raised his hand and waved.

Durelle was watching from his corner. What he saw nearly made him fall off his stool. Four times he had just had Moore on the verge of a knockout. Now his battered opponent was standing there with a silly grin on his face, waving at him.

It was pure trickery and it worked. Durelle was visibly shaken. When he answered the bell for the sixth round, his confidence was shot. Suddenly, his offensive operations ground to a stop.

Moore took command of the fight. In the 11th round the old man fetched Durelle a mighty hook to the chops. The Canadian went down. The referee counted 10 while Doc Kearns smiled knowingly from the corner.

In the showers afterward, Archie remembered something. This was one of the few times his wife hadn't seen him fight. She had stayed in the hotel. ■

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ROSEMARY'S BABY. Do you believe in witches? You might, after you see this modern, subtle, chilling movie. John Cassavetes and Mia Farrow are excellent as a young couple with some decidedly odd neighbors, who get very solicitous when she becomes pregnant. She suspects a plot by witches, but no one believes her. See it and you will.

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK. Jeanne Moreau plays a beautiful woman who systematically murders six men seemingly unconnected with one another. It's an intriguing puzzle all the way to the end, when writer-director Francois Truffant delivers the final, jolting twist with great gusto.

Lee: makes trouble for Frank.

THE DETECTIVE. Strong language and a hard view of the seamier side of city life make this an adult movie. Frank Sinatra is very good and very tough as a cop who solves a homosexual murder case, only to find that it ties in with municipal corruption. Strong stuff, but a convoluted plot weakens it. Lee Remick also stars as his nympho wife.

THE SECRET LIFE OF AN AMERICAN WIFE. Any movie with Walter Matthau can't be all bad, but this one demonstrates how close it can come. He plays a movie star, sexy and egotistical; his agent's wife (Anne Jackson) feels unloved and drab. He drops his ego-mask long enough to seduce her and thus repair her marriage. Talky, static and bathetic.

THE LONG DAY'S DYING. This antiwar film is a melange of several currently fashionable intellectual attitudes: existentialism (and attendant absurdity), black comedy, the class struggle, All Soldiers Are Bad, and Whither Are We Drifting? It details the predicament of three British soldiers trapped behind German lines. The outcome is as predictable as the posturing.

BOOM. Elizabeth Taylor plays the richest woman in the world; Richard Burton plays a mysterious "professional houseguest." They spar tediously, until she propositions him and dies. *Boom* is all very, very symbolic; *Boom* is also a bust.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT? Two years ago, a power failure blacked out most of New England and the Northeast. Someone in Hollywood, who would be better employed parking cars, thought it would make a good Doris Day formula comedy. He was wrong.

THE GREEN BERETS. John Wayne's movie about Viet Nam has lots of spectacular action, but little else that's good. The acting is superficial, the direction (by Wayne) is aimless, and the script is banal and muddled by several disparate plot lines. Besides Wayne, David Janssen and Jim Hutton star.

books

THE DIRTY WARS, edited by Donald Robinson. If you want to understand fully the aims, tactics and realities of guerilla warfare, read this book. An anthology of articles on limited wars, it begins with the Berlin Airlift and ends with Viet Nam. Contributors include Mao Tse-Tung, Fidel Castro, Ramon Magsaysay, Bernard B. Fall, W. W. Rostow and Roger Hilsman. *Delacorte; $6.95.*

PUT-OFFS AND COME-ONS by A. H. Chapman, M.D. Psychology books for laymen are often dull and pedantic, but this one is an exception. It's a collection, in the form of case histories, of maneuvers and stratagems by which people achieve neurotic aims—in short,

a series of warning signals. Fascinating and valuable. *Putnam; $5.95.*

INCREDIBLE DETECTIVE by Gene Caesar. William J. Burns was once called "the only detective of genius this country has produced." As top cop in the U.S. Secret Service, he cracked counterfeiting cases and a land-grab scheme that rocked Teddy Roosevelt's government. As a private detective, he continued to solve "impossible" cases. A lively biography. *Prentice-Hall; $5.95.*

MERCHANTS OF HEROIN by Alvin Moscow. As a detailed study of heroin and the people who profit from it, this book is grim but absorbing. It traces a shipment of opium from Turkey to Syria, where it is transformed into morphine, to France, where it is transformed into heroin, to America, where it is transformed into money. Continually interesting. *Dial; $5.95.*

THE LOVE-MINDED by Dennis Brian. In terse, matter-of-fact prose, this novel details the wretched life of a lower-class Englishman and his family during and after WW II. After a series of sexual encounters, the hero falls in love—with the girl his brother marries. A superb exposition of the ways poverty cripples people. *Prentice-Hall; $4.95.*

records

LET THE WORLD GO BY. The light and buoyant voice of Glenn Yarborough is superbly employed here. He shows his approval of positive thinking with 11 love songs, among them "Try To Remember" and "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses." *RCA Victor.*

SOUL FLUTES: TRUST IN ME. In the past decade, the flute has emerged as an effective jazz-solo instrument. This latest incarnation features a flute quartet, spinning melodies of great beauty that swing softly. Standouts are the title tune and "Scarborough Fair." *A&M Records.*

SANTA MONICA PIER. Noel Harrison is a young singer who seems to enjoy his work. He picks happy songs and sings them with a smile. Among the contagious entertainments: "So Long, Marianne," "Let's Not" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home." *Reprise.*

EASY. This is the best of Nancy Wilson's recent albums—gone is the mannered, artificial style she once affected. Now, her silky voice wraps itself around each song, making it a lovely package. "Wave" and "How Insensitive" are especially good. *Capitol.*

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE. That's an appropriate name for this San Francisco rock 'n' roll group—they really deliver the goods. Their hard-rocking sound is exhilarating, especially on "Too Long" and "The Fool," a 12-minute blast. *Capitol.*

MISS BUTTERS. This rock 'n' roll album is unique: an elliptical musical biography of a small-town lady. It's witty and pointed, and the complex arrangements are done with polish. *RCA Victor.*

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man and his health

PAIN: THE BODY'S CALL FOR HELP

■ Everybody knows what pain is, because everybody has felt it. But it is difficult to tell anybody else what pain is or what it's like. Try getting a sensation out of the definition of pain in any big dictionary. Webster & Co. might better have settled simply for "something that hurts."

Yet a pain, or a discomfort, or an ache, is what sends nine out of 10 patients to the doctor. It is his job to figure out what the complaint of pain means in terms of illness. How tough this trackdown can be is shown by the fact that in one of the best medical textbooks, the first 70 large, double-column pages are devoted to the interpretation of assorted pains.

Physicians and philosophers have been arguing about pain since Adam lost a rib. One ancient Greek school of medicine held that pain was good, "the baying watchdog of health," because it indicated the site of an injury or disease process. A later school contended that pain was a lying jade who failed to reveal the origin of illness. Which school was right? Both were.

Pain at or near the surface of any part of the body, or in the head or limbs, is usually—although not invariably—near the injury or inflammation or whatever is causing illness. So pain of this kind is a useful indicator. But pain in the torso often does not identify the affected organ. For example, "heartburn" has nothing to do with the heart—it signals a digestive upset. The major pain of a heart attack may be felt in the left shoulder and down the arm. A "stomachache" may not be in the stomach, but 20 feet away—as the intestinal tract winds its twisted course—in the large bowel.

How much pain should it take to send you to a physician? There is no simple, specific answer. Until recently, no one knew how to measure the pain threshold—how much pain a person can take. Now, medical researchers have set up systems and scales. In one method, sensitivity to pain is measured by the amount of pressure on the shin that it takes to make a man say "Ouch!" In another, it's the heat from an electric lamp, focused on a blackened spot on the forehead.

Either way, it turns out, we've been suffering from a painful lot of misapprehensions about pain. The research shows that practically everybody—male or female, young or old, stoical Indian or Madison Avenue neurotic—begins to feel pain at about the same threshold of intensity. (The most notable exceptions are people—fortunately rare—with an inborn defect. Lacking the warning of pain signals, they are always burning or injuring themselves.) What varies enormously, and what really matters most, is not the threshold of, but the reaction to pain.

American Indians, along with many primitive peoples, believe that the ability to "take" pain is a sign of courage, virility and masculinity. They are conditioned from childhood to stand pain without flinching. Most of us in today's society are not. But our reactions to pain are still widely variable. There's a lot of truth in the saying, "What hurts me doesn't hurt you." More important, if you're depressed today and feeling sorry for yourself, stubbing your toe may seem agonizingly painful. Tomorrow, if you're elated and on your way to close a successful business deal, you may hardly notice the same pain. In fact, you may break the toe and not realize it.

Harvard's Dr. Henry K. Beecher documented this difference of reactions during World War II: many soldiers, although they had severe shattering or cutting wounds, made no complaint about pain—each knew his wound meant a return to the United States and an end to front-line danger. Yet one of these men, if he were in a Stateside hospital as a private patient, with worries about bills and time off from his job, might ask for morphine to ease the pain of a minor surgical wound.

There are other comparable experiences: a man who readily admits that he's a sissy about pain will rush through a blazing house to rescue his child from a back bedroom, suffer severe burns—and not notice them until much later. The same man, working alone in his basement when the wife and kids are out, may let loose a string of curses when he bangs his thumb with the hammer—but go right on working. If the family is home, however, he dashes upstairs, calling for ice water, a gauze dressing—and sympathy.

Because of this variability in reactions, it is impossible to say that a broken leg hurts more than a stab in the back or less than bearing a child. Cornell University researchers, constructing a pain scale from one to 10 dols (from the Latin *dolor*, anguish), measured the *stimulus* that produced a pain, up to the point where the volunteer subjects said it was unbearable. They could not measure the *reaction* to pain. A volunteer who was getting $5 for the experiment, and quit at seven dols, might well have taken 10 dols before he would tell secret-police torturers the names of his buddies.

Similarly, although childbirth has been rated as severe as any natural pain, a woman having her first baby may be so buoyed by the fulfilment of her maternal urge that she does not complain as loudly as the intensity of the physical pain would justify.

Conversely, if you expect something to hurt, it will. This is the experience most of us have had in the dentist's chair. With modern techniques and equipment, most dental procedures cause little true pain, but many of us so anticipate pain that we're all set to yell before the drill touches a tooth, and we react to a two-dol pain as though it were a 10-dol torture.

The commonest surface pains come from heat and cutting injuries. A boiled egg burns soft, civilized fingers. All pain is accentuated by inflammation—remember that slap on the back after the summer's first sunburn? An envelope edge often causes the notoriously painful paper cut to finger or tongue, because what looks like a clean, sharp edge is actually, under a magnifier, a savagely saw-toothed cutter. Crushing injuries to bones are among the most painful accidents.

Internal organs are strangely less sensitive to cuts and burns than the skin. They are most likely to cause pain if they are inflamed by infection (as in appendicitis) or subjected to squeezing or distorting pressures.

All pain, wherever its origin, travels through complex nerve pathways and is perceived in the brain. Sometimes, because of crossovers in the circuits, pain is "felt" at some place far from its true origin. It is even possible for an amputee to "feel" pain in a limb that is no longer there, because the nerve trunks "remember" where it was.

Although medical experts still disagree about the nervous mechanisms involved in pain, two things are certain: physicians now know more about how to interpret pain than they did only a few years ago, and they have more efficient, nonaddicting drugs to relieve it. But it's a mistake just to "kill the pain" without finding its cause, and removing that. When pain persists, the wise man sees his physician—and doesn't prescribe a pain-killer for himself that might just mask the true affliction. ■

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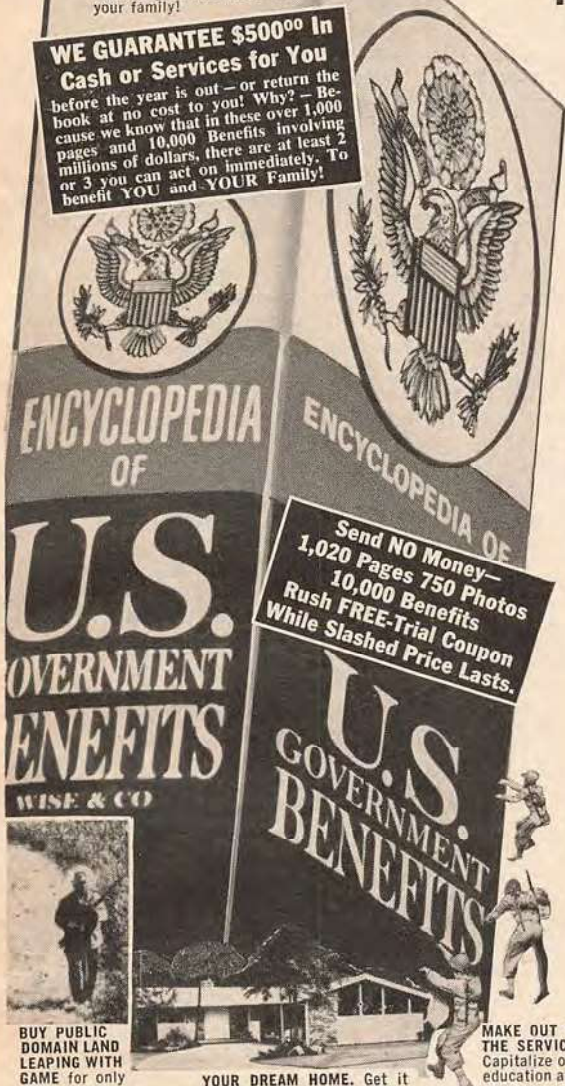

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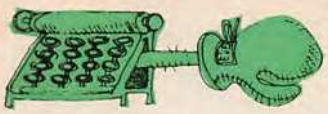

in this corner

PHONY TROPHY HUNTERS ARE MAKING A MOCKERY OF HUNTING

BY PETER BARRETT

■ One summer day in 1957 I had the most wretched meal of my life. A fellow who had read an article of mine on hunting bighorn sheep in Alberta invited me to lunch, since we had both used the same guide. The lunch promised some pleasant reminiscing.

We were getting along fine until he told me how he had shot a ram that landed in the "record book" (about which more later).

"As we came over the rim of a basin we saw three wonderful rams hardly 50 yards away," he said. "Their horns were so similar it was tough to tell which was the biggest, but I got the best of the lot."

He looked at me with a pleased expression. I couldn't fault the guy for bragging a little—not everyone has the good fortune to take a record-book bighorn. Still, how could he be so *sure* he'd taken the best? Judging sheep horns can be tricky.

"It was easy," he replied. "*I shot them all and then measured the horns.*"

He was no better than a common thief! A hunter is entitled to exactly one sheep a season in the province, and he knew it. Yet for fear of taking a ram with horns perhaps half an inch shorter than one of the others, he had slaughtered them all.

An isolated example of dreadful sportsmanship? I thought so at the time. But in the way a newly learned word will crop up again and again, I was to encounter a growing pattern of hanky-panky, deceit and just plain fraud in the taking and displaying of big-game trophies.

What is the "record book" and how does one get a trophy listed in it? Actually, there are two such books—*Records of North American Big Game* and Rowland Ward's *Records of Big Game (Africa)*. Both publications have carefully defined minimum requirements for qualifying trophies.

North American game trophies are the province of the Boone & Crockett Club, founded in 1887 by Theodore Roosevelt "to promote manly sport with the rifle." This club conducts competitions every other year to determine the finest specimens either taken by hunters "in fair chase," or found, as in the case of horns or antlers picked up in the field. Boone & Crockett has now published five volumes of *Records of North American Big Game*, the most recent in 1964.

The London taxidermy firm of Rowland Ward has long put out its *Records of Big Game (Africa)*, now in the 11th edition, with two Addendum Lists to the 1962 volume. European and Asiatic trophies are to be covered in a new book in preparation.

Anyone can submit an entry for the books, but 60 days must elapse after taking the trophy before its horns, antlers or skull (in the case of bears and cats) may be "scored" by official measurers, to allow time for the small natural shrinkage to take place. Remember this rule, for the difference of only 1/16 of an inch can put a trophy like the skull of a huge bear in the Number One position for a new world record... and thereby hangs a tale.

A fellow I met shot one hell of a big polar bear with a massive skull a few years ago. Since he knew about scoring a skull—length plus width in inches, down to the nearest 1/16th—one can imagine the excitement with which he measured the raw bone. He checked... and checked again, to determine that he had a new world record by the narrowest of margins *provided the skull didn't shrink.*

After the required 60 days had passed, he brought the skull to New York so it could be scored for the next Boone & Crockett Club competition. But the club—in the person of an official measurer, the late Grancel Fitz—declined to accept the specimen.

"There were bits of meat and gristle still clinging to the skull in places that would help the measurements," Fitz told me. "But what was even worse, the skull was as bloody as the day it was skinned. Obviously it had been kept in a bucket of water so it wouldn't shrink. Who'd he think he was kidding?"

No one was going to fool Grancel Fitz, who, more than any other individual, gave trophy hunting its big kickoff right after World War II. In the pages of TRUE and elsewhere, Fitz told of his adventures in search of truly outstanding big-game trophies from Mexico to Alaska. He was one of the first to make the so-called "grand slam" of the four kinds of North American sheep, back in 1947. At his death in 1963 he had had 31 trophies listed in various editions of the record book.

The surge in popularity of trophy hunting is reflected in the number of records shown in Boone & Crockett's more recent volumes—848 trophies in the 1952 edition, 2,509 in the 1958 book and 5,072 in the current volume. It has been estimated that had the minimum scores not been tightened again and again, there would have been about 8,000 listings in the latest book.

For whatever reasons, trophy hunting is today a definitely "in" affair, and the more I inquire about it, the worse some of it smells.

I think particularly of the day I paid a visit to a well-known Alaskan taxidermist in the spring of 1960. I was watching work being done on sheep trophies of the past season, and noticed a Dall ram with two or three inches of U-shaped coat-hanger wire sticking out from a horn tip.

"You fixing a broken tip?" I asked idly.

"Hell, no! I'm lengthening it for its owner."

I must have looked baffled, for he went on, "You're nobody today if you come back from Alaska with a ram that doesn't go at least 42 inches around the curl. We fixed all those heads over there—what do you think of 'em?"

After a close inspection I had to admit I couldn't tell that the horn tips had been doctored.

"Surely these heads aren't offered to Boone & Crockett?"

"No. That would be unwise," he said. "It's just that guys want great big rams to hang up."

I think this kind of pretension is pitiful. Imagine hanging a lie on your wall and having to live with it for the rest of your life! What do you say when some friend comes in and admires your coat-hangered ram?

The ambition of so many for the status—I hate that word—of having collected a grand slam in North American sheep (Dall, Stone, bighorn and desert bighorn) has resulted in considerable other chicanery. While Dall and Stone sheep remain relatively plentiful in the far wild, the bighorn, with a natural range in land more accessible to civilization, has suffered. Its country has been exploited by sheep men, miners and lumber interests. As a result, the bighorn has been poached, starved on areas overgrazed by livestock—and sometimes by deer and elk—and infected with scab and other diseases caught from high-ranging domestic sheep. There is relatively little bighorn range left, and in most states the number of licenses is limited. Some states exclude nonresidents.

The desert bighorn situation is even tougher. In the United States only Arizona and Nevada have seasons, limited almost entirely to residents. Recently desert-sheep hunting has been permitted in the Mexican states of Sonora and Baja California, with 50 percent of the licenses reserved for "foreigners," meaning Americans, to whom the cost is high.

But the difficulty of obtaining scarce desert-sheep licenses has not deterred

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PETER BARRETT, TRUE'S OUTDOORS EDITOR, HAS HUNTED SINCE HIS BOYHOOD. HE HAS TRAVELED WIDELY IN PURSUIT OF THE SPORT, AND HE HAS TAKEN BIG-GAME TROPHIES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

some ambitious "grand slammers," more than a few of whom have been nabbed for poaching this trophy in Nevada and Arizona.

But sheep hunting is *work*. Though hunters can ride horses into many areas of Stone and Dall country, most bighorn hunts entail laborious and sometimes dangerous climbing and all desert-bighorn hunting does.

All this has resulted in no end of deceit. A fine desert ram was shot in Arizona by a man who had access to a helicopter. The ram was spotted from the chopper and the "hunter" was deposited on a ridge. Then all the guy had to do was to follow the easy gradients of an old sheep trail a short distance till he could gun down the ram where it lay quietly gumming its cud.

Jack O'Connor, the well-known hunter and one of the four to achieve a grand slam in rams even before Grancel Fitz got his in 1947, told me he'd seen a mounted desert-ram head on exhibition at a Boone & Crockett Club award dinner that he was sure was phony.

"The horns were excellent. But the scalp had a skimpy look about it to anyone who really knows his desert sheep," O'Connor said. "My guess is that the guy had picked up a big set of horns at a water hole, left by some poacher who took only the meat. If the horns were bleached, it would be no problem for a taxidermist to stain them. Then the guy probably shot a mediocre ram and had its headskin stretched over the biggest form the taxidermist dared use as a base for the picked-up horns."

O'Connor shook his head sadly. "You may think this sort of thing is pretty new," he went on, "but there has always been some of it. Back in the days when the spread of antlers and the number of their tines were the criteria for judging the quality of deer, elk and other such heads [Boone & Crockett didn't establish its elaborate system of minimums till 1950], some hunters had a simple method of enhancing a trophy.

"A guy would take his taxidermist aside and say, 'Look, give me two or three inches more spread like a good fellow. I want to be able to kid a friend by having a couple of inches over his pet trophy.'

"This was no problem for a taxidermist," Jack pointed out. "He just sawed the skull in two between the antlers, inserted a wedge, wetted the skin a little so it would stretch and completed the mount."

O'Connor also cited some dandy examples of making up a trophy from different species. About 40 years ago, a western hunter thought it would be nice to own the world-record bighorn sheep trophy. Somewhere he acquired the skull and horns of one of the great Siberian or Mongolian argali rams, and had the trophy mounted with the headskin from a bighorn ram. Then he photographed the mounted head with tape measures showing both the length and the base circumference of the horns. He mailed photographs of this fraud to all the outdoor magazines, told how he had bumped off the grandfather of all bighorns, and claimed the record.

But game biologists recognized the deep corrugations of the horns as belonging to an Asiatic sheep and blew the whistle.

"Some years ago the owner of a roomful of trophies decided his collection wasn't complete without the head of a giant sable antelope," O'Connor told me. "As you know, giant sables are found only in Angola where they're completely protected. This guy had as much chance of getting a permit to hunt one as he had of bedding down with Zsa Zsa Gabor.

"Well, the fellow talked over the problem with a taxidermist who happened to know a man who had picked up a single giant sable horn from a lion kill. This horn was obtained and the taxidermist made a mold of it, then he created a duplicate horn of fiber glass and resin and stained or painted the result. Sable horns sweep back with so little deviation that the average person would never notice that this 'giant' sable wore two left horns —or two right horns—over an ordinary sable skin."

"But *someone* noticed."

"Sure. Probably a jealous African trophy hunter."

Why should wanting a record be so important to a hunter that he'd lie and cheat? Is there some sort of Daniel Boone syndrome in the land that causes a hunter to feel he has brought dishonor to his house if he fails to get a massive trophy?

Sure, it's nice to take an outstanding specimen that honestly rates a place in the all-time records. But there is something sick about a compulsion to go after trophies as if they were rare stamps or chessmen or antique cars, for the sake of *collecting*. There's something sick about "manufacturing" a trophy.

This isn't hunting.

Fortunately, I think it is by no means typical of most big-game hunters. But enough hanky-panky is going on to bring discredit to a sport that millions of Americans cherish, and I resent it.

There have been so many outcries in recent times against plane-assisted hunting that rules are getting tightened. Two years ago Boone & Crockett laid its prestige on the line by announcing it would no longer accept for its competitions polar bears hunted with the help of planes. Since most polar bears are found at least 100 miles out on Alaskan ice, this put a virtual stop to men getting more polar bears into the record book.

Still, a few hardy sportsmen are again hunting these bears out of camps on the ice, using dog sleds. Any of these animals that makes the book will be a trophy really earned.

I've left African hunting pretty much out of this essay because it doesn't touch the lives of the majority of American hunters. But I've been fortunate in going there a few times, and listened to tales of hunting ethics and sportsmanship. There's one I must relate because the outcome was so unexpected.

An Italian count was on safari, and his white hunter was breaking his back to get the finest trophies for his client. But the count was completely relaxed about the hunting and never dismayed if he missed a shot.

At last the safari was over, camp was broken and the white hunter led his client to the pile of trophies. There were headskins galore, some zebra skins and a considerable pile of skulls bearing horns—some of them really excellent.

"Where shall I send your trophies for taxidermy?" the white hunter asked.

"Good God!" said the count. "Did you think I was going to have this stuff mounted so I could ruin the walls of my villa? I'll take the zebra skins for rugs. As for the rest, just saw the horns off the skulls so I can have them made into knife handles."

More often one hears of lifelong friends turning against each other out of jealousy over trophies—men who won't have a drink together because one got a better trophy. Tense types bursting into tears upon missing a shot. Grown-up kids lying on their backs and drumming their heels on the ground and cursing over some lost trophy.

Whatever did happen to "manly sport with the rifle?"

Worst of all, I think, are the men with an obsession for getting everything in the record book.

Once I had the pleasure of hunting with the western movie star Roy Rogers in Mozambique—and I'm not using the word "pleasure" lightly. Rogers is not a competitive hunter, but he had a story to tell about one who had his eye on the book.

"One day I came into camp with a better something or other than this fellow had taken," Roy told me. "He looked at mine for a spell and then said, 'How in the world did you get *that?*'

"I pulled my prayer book out of my pocket and told him I was hunting with a different kind of book."

Roy grinned. He is a man with a warm sense of humor and great compassion for others.

"What happened?"

"Well, for a short time I thought I'd made a convert. But finally he shook his head and went over to the table and made himself one hell of a big drink." ■

it's a man's world

and here's a man's way of looking at it

MISS AUTOMATION OF 1968?

Well, the computer boys are at it again. The latest frontier those technocrats have attained is the human body itself. Two of the largest companies in the field are working on systems that would fit us for suits entirely on an automated basis—we'd just step into a booth, be probed or photographed from every conceivable angle, and the information would be "digitized" in a few seconds. Another computer could probably run up the suit in a few minutes.

Further applications are boundless—it's easy to imagine some tweedy technician revolutionizing beauty contests in the name of efficiency. Program a computer with "perfect" measurements, run the girls through the booth, and the machine picks the girl who comes closest, sings "Miss America" and unplugs itself.

HARK THE HERALD

Want to be a Scottish laird? For a measly $250, an English outfit called Highlandsites will sell you a quarter-acre plot of ground "in an area of scenic beauty in the Highlands of Scotland." They'll build a fence around it, put up a marker, send you maps and photographs, and if you ever go thataway you can actually squat on your property. You can't put up a building, but you can pitch a tent, or picnic and scatter candy wrappers and cigarette butts around your domain.

But the main appeal, we guess, is a property deed which you can hang where it's sure to be bumped into, eliciting admiring queries which your lairdship can answer with becoming modesty. The deed is more expensive but more exclusive than prints of family coats of arms which can be had by almost anybody with three or four bucks to blow. Rare is the family line, omitting horse thieves, that cannot be linked in some way with noble forebears who tumbled in tournaments which distinguished the joust from the unjoust. There's nothing the matter with a family coat of arms that a little updating couldn't cure. A respectable coat of arms should emblazon the distinctive accomplishments of current scions of the family rather than of the long dead. Say, a beer can couchant on a field azure. Or a protest sign rampant on a field argent.

We the living should have proper heraldic recognition instead of flaunting the presumed nobility of clanking ancestors with rusty helmets who had nothing better to do than guzzle mead and fight for the king.

GIRL ATHLETES

Allegations have been made by Dr. Clayton L. Thomas, of the U.S. Olympic Medical and Training Services Committee, that a "male conspiracy" discourages the participation of women in sports. He thinks that women are discriminated against by males who feel threatened by lady athletes.

In the kindliest way, and with warm avuncular feelings for girlish sprinters

and shot-putters, we doubt that there's much to the conspiracy theory. But there may well be a sort of discrimination—by women. Most women we know seem to feel there's something unfeminine about exuberantly athletic women, or even in watching a broad jump, and we've never met a woman who honestly yearned to watch another woman outstrip her competitively. They tend to sniff and intimate that what a female champ needs most is a sex test.

We suspect that women sit on their hands while most of the applause for female pole-vaulters comes from men who feel neither threatened nor conspiratorial. Once in a while some ill-advised sports promoter gets the bright idea of pitting women against men on the playing field. This happened recently in a soccer game in England where the opponents were male and female employees of a local factory. One man was ejected and benched for the season for kicking a girl instead of the ball. He said sadly that he was just playing to win and anyhow "the girl slipped and fell on my foot."

Threatened by that sort of sportsmanship, men conspire to compete with each other.

TALL TALE

Lucky is the short man who wears elevator shoes. He is unlikely to outgrow his heart. Or so we gather from Dr. Artturi Virtanen, a Nobel prizewinner from Finland, who is worried about men in well-fed countries who keep growing bigger and taller, even to seven-foot fellows who are phenomenally qualified as cherry pickers.

In the long run, you might say, he thinks this taller-and-taller trend may be dangerous, because the heart doesn't grow in proportion to increased height, and it has to pump blood farther and farther to get to toe and fingertips and back. He says that laboratory rats, allowed to eat all they want, grow into unusually big animals whose life spans are 20 to 40 percent shorter than those of less exuberantly nourished little rats.

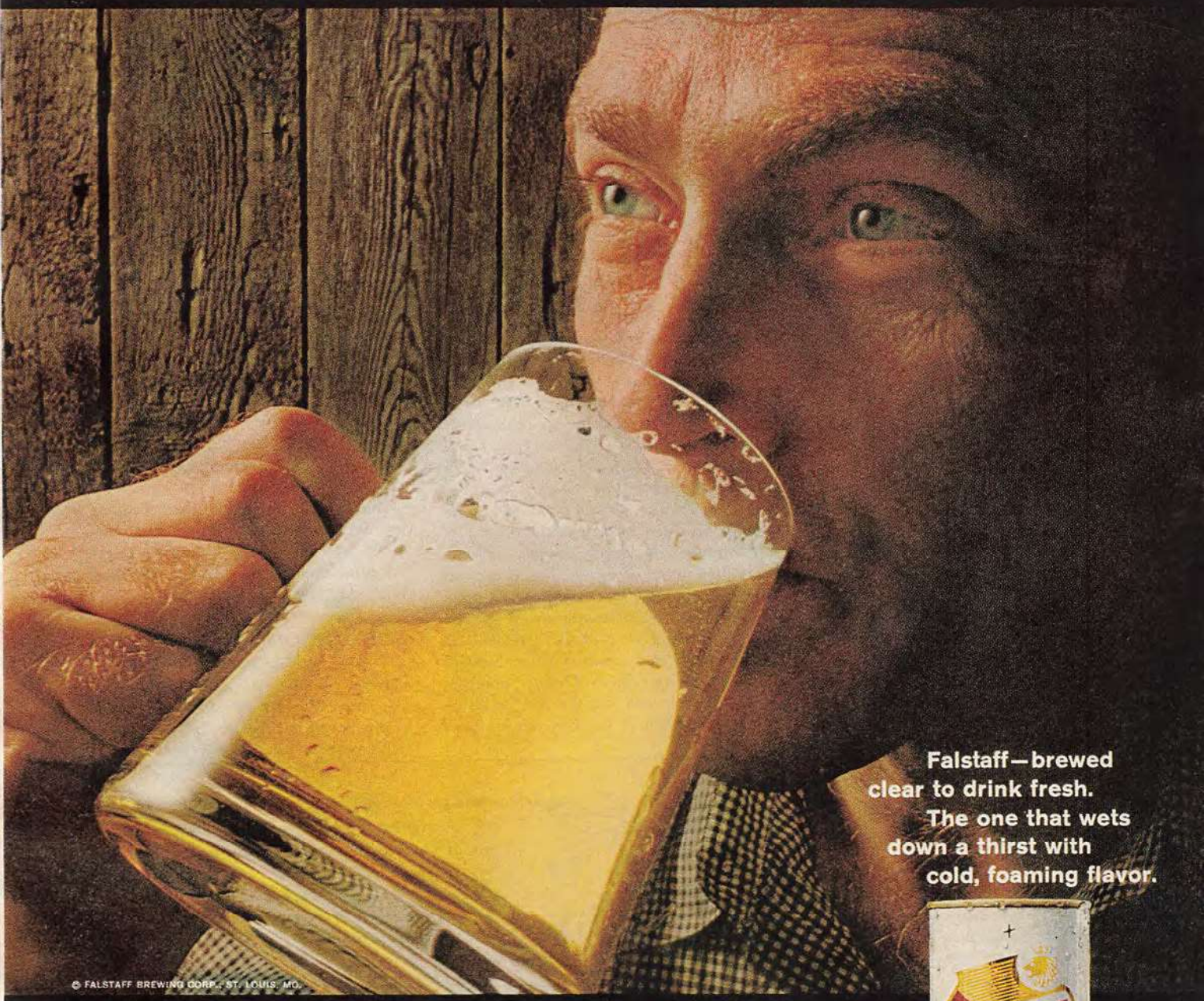
Whether or not this applies to man isn't proved, and we don't want to scare the daylights out of giants, but we are kind of tired of looking up to guys who are taller than we are.

BEAVER!

A beard you raise yourself is worth a couple of cents a day—whatever you save in shaving cream. A detachable full beard for clean-shaven Jekyll persons who Hyde after dark runs to a cool hundred bucks. There's quite a trade in

(Continued on page 20)

the thirst slaker



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it's a man's world

(Continued from page 18)
on-and-off foliage and we were interested in the price list of one firm which advertises a couple of dozen varieties of shaped fuzz. A Van Dyke is worth, or costs, $75; sideburns are $25 and up; soupstrainer mustaches are costlier than slim ones but you'd better figure on laying out half a C.

It occurred to us that a lot of guys are wearing artificial or natural spoonerisms these days. Sideburns, that is. A spoonerism is a transposition of sounds, such as "butterfly" for "flutter by." Sideburns come from Gen. Ambrose Burnside, who sported a handsome set.

DOG GONE

Everybody has a Social Security number. Why not household pets, which sometimes stray, get lost or stolen, to the great distress of tearful children and distraught owners? Obviously, in our supposedly advanced culture there exists a great breach in the identification of all living things by serial number, and into it the Pet Service Corporation of Miami, Oklahoma, has leaped. Said corporation will issue a number which can be tattooed in a pet's ear by a veterinarian. The number is kept in a sort of FBI file for pooches. The company maintains a 24-hour phone service manned by dedicated operators prepared to handle emergencies at any time of night or day. Dogcatchers, police and others concerned with stray animals can get instant information. Thus dog No. 196487 which has been caught raiding a hen house in Sandusky, Ohio, can be traced to its owner in Prescott, Arizona, in a couple of trices. Thus far no animal has entered a complaint about the invasion of his privacy.

THREE'S A CROWD

A crowd of 500,000 wildly cheering Republocrats heard presidential candidate Wanchervote denounce enemies of freedom throughout the world. Police estimate that 200,000 people thronged city square to protest the administration's failure to provide free food stamps for family pets.

Every day we hear fantastic estimates of crowd size which remind a wary man that skepticism is the beginning of wisdom. A Manhattan police commissioner estimated that 8,000,000 people turned out for the parade for Gen. Douglas MacArthur in 1951. That's all the people there were in the city.

This sort of numbers explosion stirred Herbert Jacobs, a journalism teacher, to count actual heads in many enlarged photos of crowds. Out of it has come Jacobs' Law for counting crowds: multiply the length and width of the crowd area to get the number of square feet and divide this by the "density factor"—space occupancy per person. He finds that the average person takes up six to eight square feet in most crowds. He has even measured the density of sit-ins (spacewise, that is)—6.7 square feet per sit. Police often estimate three square feet per person in crowds, a degree of togetherness that cannot long endure and is rough on elbows. Divide "official" estimates of crowd size by five or 10 or even 20 and you'll be somewhat closer to reality.

CRANKCASE PANACEA

American motor oils are great for cars, but have you ever used them for cooking or cancer? Either our refineries are lax in building miracles into crankcase lubricants, or our radio announcers are more restrained than those in India.

Here's a motor oil commercial broadcast over All India Radio: "Use Jayanti Miracle Oil internally for cancer and externally for eczema. Jayanti Miracle Oil brings furniture to a high polish, removes rust stains from metal, and is an excellent cooking substitute for ghee. Use Jayanti Miracle Oil on your hair, on the floor and in the kitchen. All up-to-date artist's pigments are based on Jayanti Miracle Oil. At the last Academy show, a critic called one such painting good enough to eat, and ate it. And now for the news...".

BIG PENNY

To our knowledge, nobody in the country ever thought of erecting a monument to the U.S. one-cent piece. Leave it to the Canadians to think big. There's a Numismatic Park in Sudbury, Ontario, which features gigantic monuments to various coins. The latest is a solid copper replica of the Lincoln penny, 10 feet in diameter and one foot thick. Sudbury hopes to become known as the home of the Big Lincoln Penny. As for us, we have a hankering for paper money.

DEPT OF ODD INFORMATION

A new tax law in Denmark, requiring cabinet members to abandon all private income, hits Prime Minister Hilmar Baunsgaard with a tax bill equal to his next year's income. He voted for it.

"I'll talk to you later. John wants his supper now."

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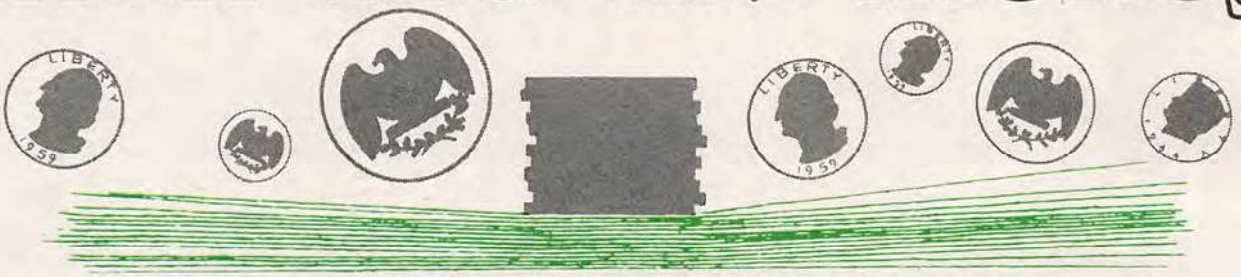
man and his money



BY MAX GUNTHER

HOW TO FIND COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP MONEY

■ The U. S. Office of Education once made a survey of college scholarships. Among the more interesting findings was the apparent fact that, for every $7 handed out in scholarship money each year, another $1 lies around unused because nobody comes forward to apply for it.

Whether you're an actual or would-be college student or the father of one, you ought to study the scholarship situation with care. Literally thousands of government bureaus, businesses, unions, fraternal organizations, family trusts, lone individuals and other sources—in addition to colleges—offer scholarship cash to students they consider deserving for one reason or another. The odds are that unless a student is wealthy or has a below-C scholastic record, some of this money is waiting for him somewhere. The problem is to find it.

How? "It is, indeed, a problem," says a Yale University official. "Unfortunately there is no single, nationwide clearinghouse of scholarship information. There is no single phone number that you can call and say, 'I'm a student with such-and-such qualifications; tell me what scholarships are available to me at what colleges, from what sources, under what conditions.' The only thing you can do is hunt."

There are several books that approach the ideal of such a "nationwide clearinghouse." A good one is *You Can Win a Scholarship*, by Samuel Brownstein and Mitchel Weiner, two high-school teachers. Another is *Scholarships, Fellowships and Loans*, Volume IV, by Norman Feingold. Yet another is *Financial Assistance for College Students*, a U. S. government publication. The average medium-sized library has all three. They list large numbers of scholarships and give details on how you can get the money. But scholarships are in constant flux: new grants are added and old ones are discontinued every year. Thus, though books are a good starting place for your hunt, you should also seek more up-to-date information.

According to experts in the field, here's where to look:

Colleges themselves are a basic source of information. Each college admissions office has a complete list of scholarship and loan money available to its students. Some of this money comes from the college's own funds; some is put up by alumni or other donors and is administered by the college. "Obviously, a student should start by finding whether he can get financial aid at the college of his choice," says Charles Holloway of the College Entrance Examination Board at Princeton, New Jersey. (In a subsidiary business, the CEEB helps process financial-aid applications for several hundred colleges.) "If you want to go to Yale, you find out if Yale can help you. If Yale can't, then you start looking elsewhere. You may find a source of money that Yale doesn't know about—one that can still get you into Yale. Or you may find a source that will get you into some other college, in which case you may have to forget Yale."

Business firms are a major source of money that the colleges don't always know about. Big companies such as IBM, Ford and Firestone offer full tuition grants—and sometimes room and board, too—to deserving sons and daughters of employees. Other companies such as Grumman Aircraft Engineering offer scholarships to residents of certain counties where plants are located, or to students of certain high schools. Still others, such as Westinghouse and General Foods, offer money to students interested in certain subjects related to the company's business. Check with any company where a family member is employed. Check with the nearest chamber of commerce, which may have a list of scholarships available to local residents. Check with a high-school guidance counselor, who may have lists of both local and subject-related scholarships.

Labor unions also provide huge amounts of college money. Some union scholarships are for sons and daughters of union members. Others carry no membership requirement but are based on residence in a certain county or state, and sometimes on the results of a competition. The Massachusetts Federation of Labor, for instance, hands out money to Massachusetts students. To get the money, the students must take an exam and write an essay on the American labor movement. To find where this kind of money lies hidden, check with your state government's education and labor departments and with major unions or union federations in the state.

Fraternal organizations such as the American Legion, Knights of Columbus, Kiwanis, Lions and Rotary Clubs offer scholarships and interest-free loans on a national, state and local basis. The national and state scholarships are fairly well publicized, and colleges know about most of them. The local ones are harder to find. Some are offered only to residents of towns in which local chapters exist, or only to students of certain schools or former members of certain Boy Scout troops. The only way to find this money is to ask questions of local citizens.

Military service groups offer college money under various arrangements, often on a narrowly restricted basis. For example, the Fifth Marine Division Association hands out cash to sons and daughters of men killed while fighting with the division. Other groups give scholarships

to descendants of Confederate soldiers; to children of men killed while flying with General Chennault; to children of deceased or disabled Korean War veterans. If a family member has ever done military service of any kind, check to find whether any college money is offered on this basis. The Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force headquarters in Washington are good places to start looking.

Other kinds of military-service scholarships are easier to find. The federal government and state governments hand out various kinds of financial aid to veterans and children of veterans. The GI Bill, which was made permanent in 1966, grants college money to any student honorably discharged from active duty (except six-month enlistees) after January 31, 1955. He gets a month of financial aid for every month he served, up to 36 months. Any college you apply to will have the details of this and other federal programs. A high-school guidance counselor will know about similar state programs that may apply to you.

Individual donors give out scholarships under all kinds of arrangements. Some set up deals with specific colleges, and you can find out about these scholarships, of course, when you apply to such a college. Other individual donors simply make money available without specifying which college the student should attend, and this kind of money is harder to find. Sometimes an individual donor will put narrow restrictions on the scholarship. The student may be required to have a certain surname, for example, or to be descended from a specific part of Europe. The only way to find this money is to ask a lot of questions around your hometown and in clubs and other organizations you or other family members belong to.

Individual donors, however, are gradually making themselves easier to find. Several organizations are working to centralize the money-giving operation, to gather the money in one place or under one name so that students will know where to go for it. One such outfit is the Citizens' Scholarship Foundation of America, which was founded in 1960 and now has nearly 300 chapters throughout the country. Each chapter collects scholarship money from private donors and small businesses in its home area and carefully lets guidance counselors and others know about the money. If there is a chapter in your area, high-school officials will lead you to it.

There's money out there all right, although it may be hard to find. But with education costs what they are today, it could be well worth a lot of searching if you can come up with a substantial scholarship. ■

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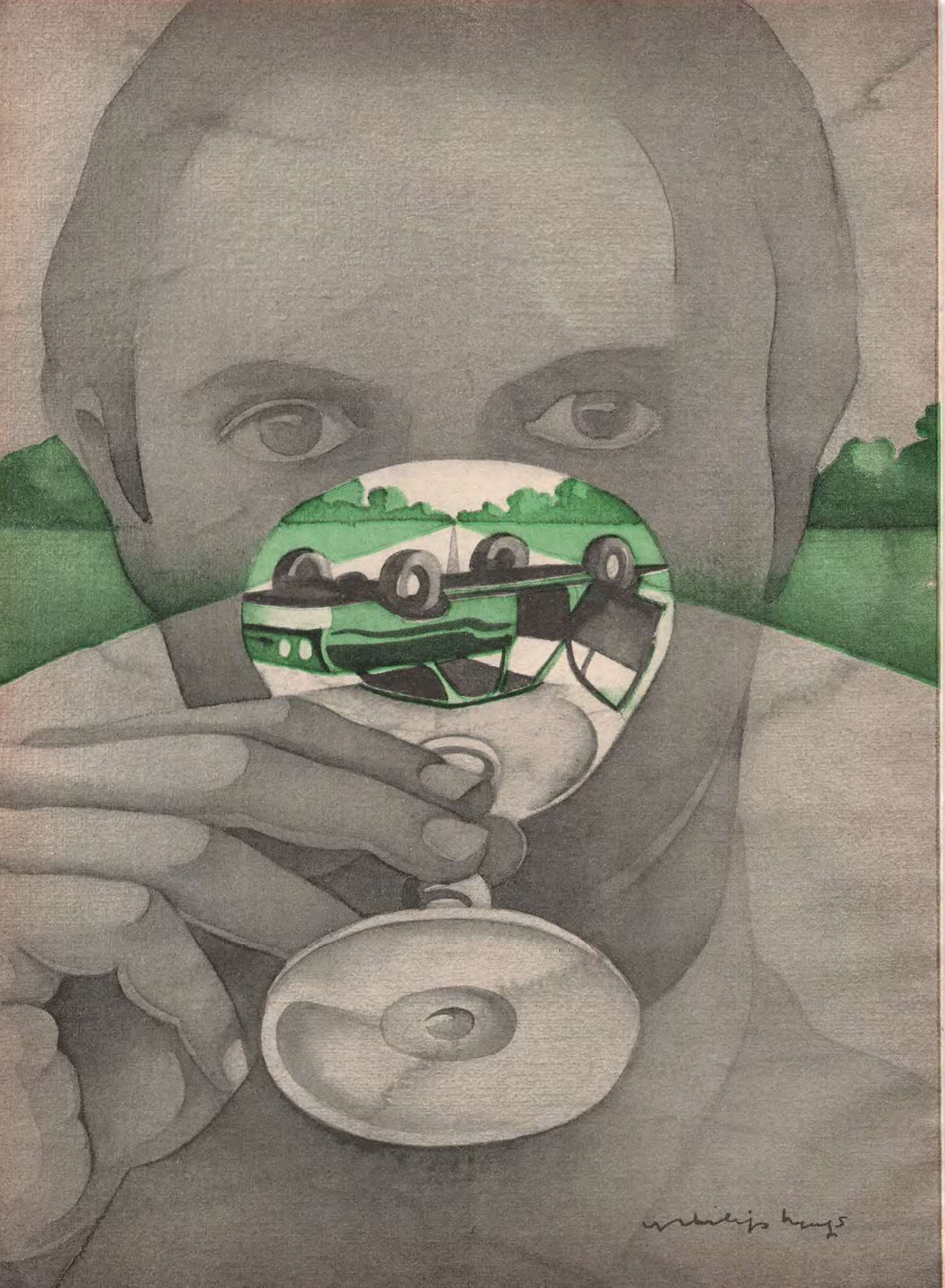
BY ROY BONGARTZ

WAKE UP, AMERICA!

IT'S TIME TO STOP DRUNK DRIVERS FROM KILLING

Last year, 53,000 people died in highway accidents. Half of them were killed because of drinking. Yet we are told nothing can be done about the "nut behind the wheel," that we must spend billions to make cars safer for fools to drive. TRUE says nonsense. The British are solving their drunk-driver problem. So can the United States.

TURN PAGE



ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP HAYS

America's worst highway nightmare is the mixture of alcohol and horsepower

■ Nobody really loves drunk drivers, but in spite of the fact that they killed half the 53,000 people who died on U. S. highways last year, nobody seems able to stop them, or even to bother them much. They are virtually characters out of American folklore, a traditional joke to whom even police and judges are sympathetic.

The trouble is that they are not very funny. As Arthur G. Petry, of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, commented to a meeting of the National Safety Council, "We've fun-and-gamesed it for about 20 years, and each state has its own criteria for controlling the drunken driver. We've got to move into a forceful position on this thing as a group, as representatives of government and of private enterprise and all the rest. . . .The day is past when we can tolerate hanky-panky."

There are other causes than the drinking driver, of course, for half the carnage on our highways. What has America been doing about them? Many people have been blaming the automobile. Too big, too powerful, too lethal, they say. Line it with foam padding and make it as secure as an astronaut's couch. That's the only way to protect the passengers.

Is it?

There's no disputing the fact that Detroit has vastly improved the safety of its products in recent years. And there's no doubt that some manufacturers had to be pushed, kicking and screaming, toward safer designs. But only so much can be done in this way—and Detroit knows it, even if Washington doesn't. The fatalistic view that we're bound to go right on having accidents at our present rate and therefore we had better concentrate on reducing the injuries they cause, is a defeatist philosophy.

There *is* something that can be done about the ugliest half of our accidents—there *is* a cheap, direct weapon that can be applied against the drinking driver. In England it has just cut highway deaths by nearly a quarter. Called simply "The Test," it is a 25-cent tube and plastic bag that roughly measures alcohol in the breath. If we can spend hundreds of millions of dollars in the United States on seat belts, it may be that we can also afford to equip our police with these kits.

Though chemical testing is legal in all 50 states, it has never controlled drunken driving because the legally allowable blood-alcohol levels are generally so high that a driver has to be falling-down drunk to fail. In England, The Test is tough. A man doesn't have to be arrested to be given it, and he doesn't have to be wholly drunk to fail it.

Here, for example, is Reggie, a London cigarette salesman, who stops in at the Cheshire Cheese on his way home. He meets an old army crony, and in two hours of reminiscing, Reggie has five drinks. Now he drives along the Edgware Road, chuckling at the talk in the pub, and at a red light he pulls up a bit beyond the white line. Beside him suddenly appears a black Humber with two police officers in it.

An officer says, "Good evening, sir. Would you mind pulling over?" Reggie pulls over and gets out of his car to face the officers. "I'm sorry," says one, "but it seems you didn't come to a full halt at the white line. Brakes all right?" Reggie says he thought he'd stopped in time. The officer's tone becomes slightly steely: "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take The Test, sir."

From a container the officer draws out a three-inch-long glass tube. Inside are fine yellow crystals and bits of rolled-up screen to keep them in place. On the glass there is a yellow line at the halfway mark of the deposit of crystals. The officer breaks off both tapered ends of the tube, inserts a plastic red mouthpiece over one end, and places a 100cc.-capacity plastic bag over the other. "If you wouldn't mind just breathing into this little tube, sir?" the officer suggests.

Reggie protests that he'd rather not take The Test, that he's only around the corner from home. But his goose is cooked. He knows that if he refuses The Test now or at a police station, he automatically loses his license for a year, and if he fails it, the same penalty will apply. He appeals to the police: "Constable, couldn't you overlook it this time? I'm a salesman. I make my living driving."

"Just a steady breath until the bag is full, sir," the officer replies.

Reggie has no choice but to comply. The crystals progressively turn green to a point beyond the yellow line. Reggie is taken to the police station to try again in half an hour—a precaution against a false reading from any mouth alcohol that might have lingered. The green again shows [*Continued on page 89*]

AMB

Bravo Company was strung out on the road when a thousand

■ On the morning of July 2, 1967, I woke up with a strange feeling. I turned to Art and said, "Today, Pfc. Hendry is going to get his second 48." Two 48-hour stays in the hospital mean getting shipped out of combat.

I was in second platoon, Bravo Company, First Battalion of the 9th Marine Regiment, and we were assigned to patrolling along the DMZ. The ground was flat, with open fields to the west toward Con Thien and north to the DMZ.

The boys chowed down and piled up their packs in the base command post area. We wouldn't really need them and the day was already warm enough without a packload.

Our immediate task was to move about 600 meters farther toward the DMZ and sweep three square fields divided by trees and hedges. A spotter plane had reported enemy troops in there.

Third platoon took the lead, then came the second—with me—and the first. The men moved slowly in a staggered column with about 15 meters between them. We had gone about 400 meters when we stopped by an old French building. One of my pals had been on patrol in the area before and knew where the well was. I had drunk about a third of my canteen and figured to refill it. But the water was scummy and we let it go. Then the word came to move out, so we hurried back.

Bravo Company headed across a large field staying well spread out. My squad was serving as rear security, which is a very important job. On the other side of the field we reached a wooded area with bamboo clumps here and there. The order was passed to hold up. Third platoon was going to sweep an area while we waited as a reaction force. Then they would do the same for us while we went out. My buddy Art and I sat down with a couple other guys next to a tree in a clearing and watched the rear area. After awhile I took my helmet and heavy cartridge belt off and dropped down on the edge of a bomb crater; Art was next to me. We started playing with the various pieces of shrapnel lying around. I picked up a large chunk and asked Art how he'd like to get hit across the knee or in the arm with it. When he grunted, we picked out instead the bits

BY L/CPL DAVID J. HENDRY, U.S.M.C.

enemy troops came charging at us out of the boondocks

we'd prefer to get hit with. Most of them were about the size of a marble. I needed one like that for my second 48, to get me out of Viet Nam. Art didn't really want to get hit at all. He had too short a time left to want anything to happen to him. His rotation date was October.

I guess we'd been sitting there for 15 minutes when we heard a round fired. Of course, that bothered us all a little and we tried to get some kind of scoop on where the round came from. Then several more shots were fired. When one of the rounds flicked through the tree we were sitting under, Art and I got our gear on in triple time and flattened behind the tree. More rounds sang by and when we heard several explosions from 3.5 rockets and recoilless rifles, Art and I beat feet for better cover. We ran across the clearing to our left and joined Reed and Carvallo in a hole. We were still keeping an eye on the rear, but enemy shots fired from close by weren't helping our concentration much. The shooting and the noise of explosions increased. At first, it had just been carbine fire, but now automatic weapons joined in.

Finally, what I was afraid of happened—our squad was called up. The four of us ran 15 meters to the road, down an embankment and on to an advanced command post at a branch in the road, where the other five members of the squad were already waiting.

Our corporal, Haines, ran past the C.P. and some 30 meters farther along the road. He knelt down and started waving us on by twos to a bomb crater across the road from him. The first two squad members made it to the crater, then crossed back to Haines' side of the road and into a deep ditch. Haines motioned Reed on to the crater. For a fat man, Reed moved out, canteens flapping at his hips, with automatic weapons beginning to crack everywhere. Reed got to the crater and over to the ditch. Harshman, our M-67 recoilless rifle man, followed. Now it was my turn. I jumped to my feet and started running in a crouch. As I went by T. J. Garza's gun position set up on the left of the road pointing north, I dropped the hundred rounds of ammo I was carrying for his gun and said, "Here's a present for ya, T.J." He just nodded, because [*Continued on page* 70]

WOULD YOU BUY A USED SAMOVAR FROM THIS MAN?

In Moscow the man to see for illegal business deals, art purchases or information peddling is Victor Louis. But be careful. Not even the Soviet secret police, who use him for international dirty work, trust him

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

■ The name "Victor Louis" sounds English or French. But its most notorious bearer is a Moscow-born Russian who is the Soviet Union's most unrepresentative citizen. It was Victor Louis who turned up in Western Europe, in August last year, peddling snapshots of Stalin being fatherly with Svetlana, his thankless daughter; it was Victor Louis who in 1964 tipped off Western correspondents to the impending fall of Khrushchev, Louis who then arranged for NBC to televise Khrushchev in retirement. He travels freely all over the world with his wife, who is English. He is presumed by Western intelligence to be an agent of K.G.B., the Russian secret service. He probably is, but only part-time. Mostly he's an independent operator who, although not trusted by Western Europeans and Americans, or even by the Russians themselves, serves both sides as a go-between.

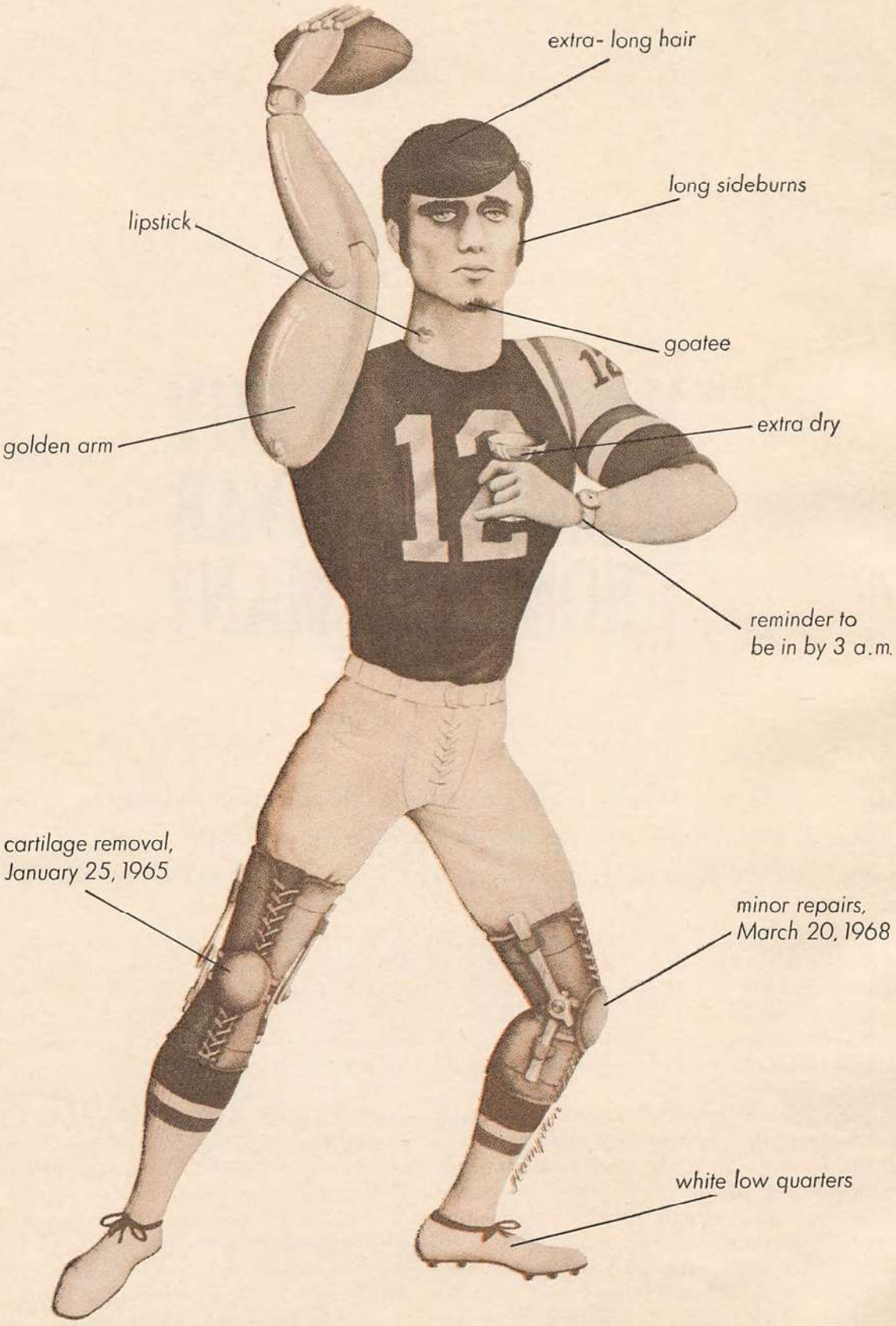
The fact is that if a Westerner wants something done in Moscow, he goes to Victor Louis. If the Kremlin wants something done abroad, it sends for Victor Louis. He is without doubt Russia's most rugged and successful individualist, the kind of person who should not exist in a communist society, but occasionally does.

My first encounter with Victor Louis some years ago was a disconcerting experience. I had telephoned him from the Hotel Metropole in Moscow and was invited over to his apartment at 45 Leninsky Prospect, a section of Moscow usually reserved for diplomats and foreign correspondents. He opened the door and held out his hand. I shook it—but the startled look on his face indicated that a handshake was not what he had in mind. "Where's the hundred dollars?" he demanded.

Some background is necessary to make this odd greeting understandable. There is in Moscow a small group of men [*Continued on page 73*]

BY DAVE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON



To settle football's hottest argument, six experts take a hard look at the New York Jets' $400,000 quarterback and reach some surprising conclusions

COULD SWINGING JOE NAMATH MAKE IT IN THE TOUGH NFL?

■ Joe Namath has been somebody special ever since he was a rookie. His $400,000 contract made him the star of the American Football League several months before he first laced on his white shoes for the New York Jets. The day he did, in 1965, his opening drill had the atmosphere of an event. Writers and photographers were there to record it for posterity. The players elsewhere on the field stopped what they were doing to see if he was really worth all that money. That day, he wasn't. He was overthrowing some receivers and underthrowing others. Nearby, his coach, Weeb Ewbank, was frowning.

"Don't worry," Namath said to Ewbank, "when I get warmed up, I'll hit all these guys."

He's warmed up now. His new $600,000 contract, his llama rug, his girls, his shaggy hair, his night life and his knees often receive more attention, but last season his passes gained 4,007 yards. No other quarterback has ever thrown for that many yards in a season. His accomplishment should have resulted in ravè notices. Instead, as Joe Namath begins his fourth season with the Jets, he has provoked the most compelling controversy in pro football.

The question arises in bars and offices, wherever men discuss pro football: would Joe Namath make it big in the National Football League?

Once the argument involved the comparative strength of the two leagues, but the Oakland Raiders and the Kansas City Chiefs have been decisively defeated by the Green Bay Packers in two Super Bowl games. If the AFL champions were not able to measure up to the NFL champions, isn't Namath's ability suspect, too? Compared to such standout NFL quarterbacks as Johnny Unitas and Bart Starr, don't Namath's 4,007 yards represent a variety of fraud?

To obtain the answer, TRUE talked to six highly qualified observers, all top pro coaches, three from the NFL and three from the AFL. We asked them to assess Namath's arm, intelligence, leadership, courage and dedication—the attributes a quarterback must possess. In general, NFL coaches have not been able to watch Namath as closely as AFL people have. But the three NFL men we talked to have had, on various occasions, strong reasons for studying him carefully. And the three AFL coaches are all men with extensive backgrounds in the NFL. The experts we talked to were:

Vince Lombardi of Green Bay, who saw Namath in game-action films while scouting AFL opponents for the Super Bowl games.

Joe Kuharich, who coached the Philadelphia Eagles during Namath's first interleague appearance, a 1967 exhibition game.

Otto Graham, coach of the Washington Redskins, who was a radio commentator with the Jets during Namath's rookie year.

Wally Lemm, coach of the Houston Oilers, who coached the St. Louis Cardinals when that NFL team also drafted Namath.

George Wilson, coach of the Miami Dolphins, who earlier had guided the Detroit Lions during eight NFL seasons.

Paul Brown, who organized the new Cincinnati franchise in the AFL after coaching Cleveland to seven NFL conference titles.

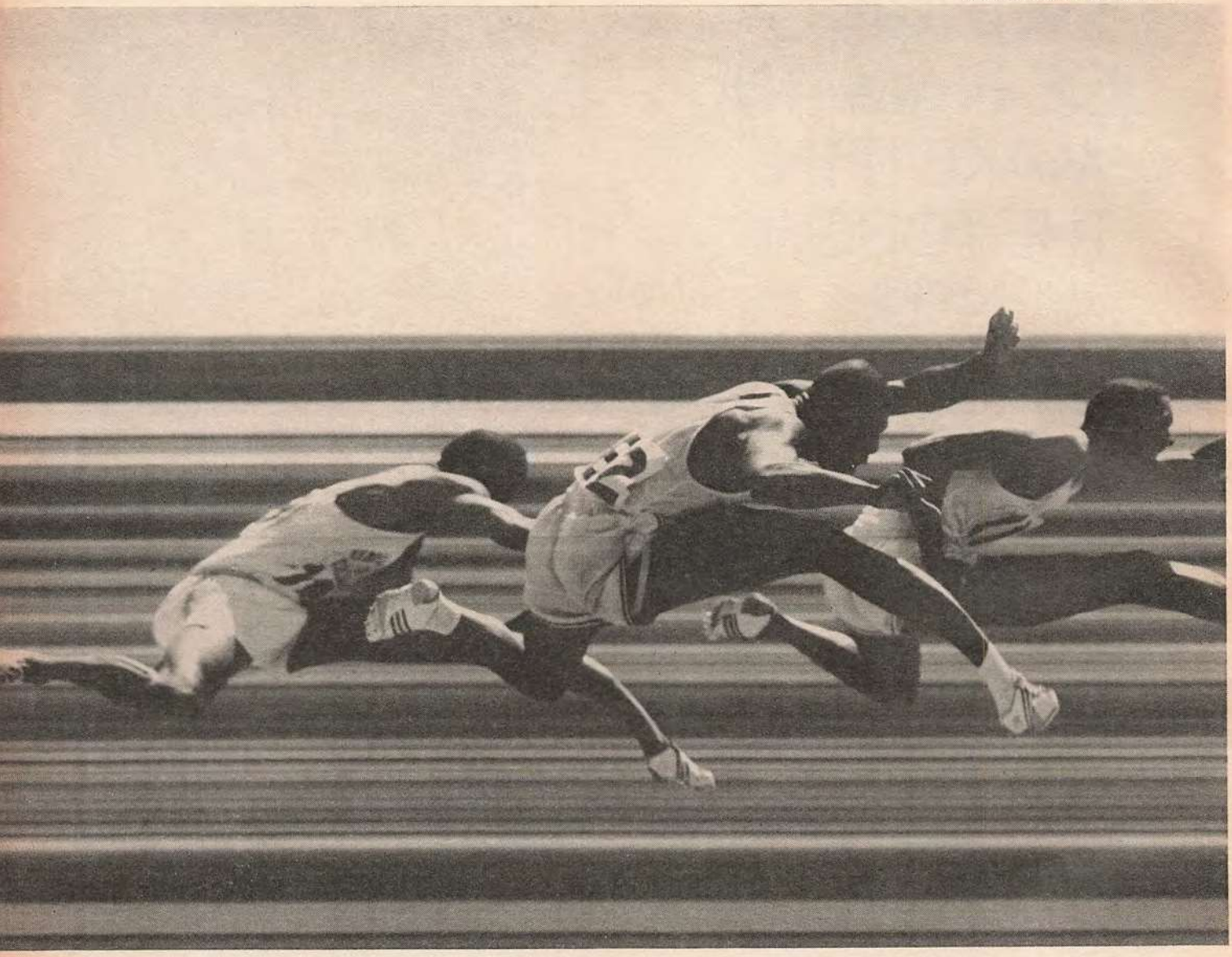
Otto Graham is perhaps best able to make a judgment. Once a star quarterback with the Cleveland Browns, now a coach, he had a chance to view Namath's development as a rookie. Graham is outspoken. He will say what others would rather not.

"To talk honestly about Joe," says Graham, "he has as good an arm as I've ever seen. Mechanically, he could play in any league and be a star, but. . . .

"Whether or not he [*Continued on page* 76]

GEORGE SILK
Three Hurdlers: U. S. Olympic Trials
Palo Alto, California, 1959

Courtesy Life Magazine © Time Inc.

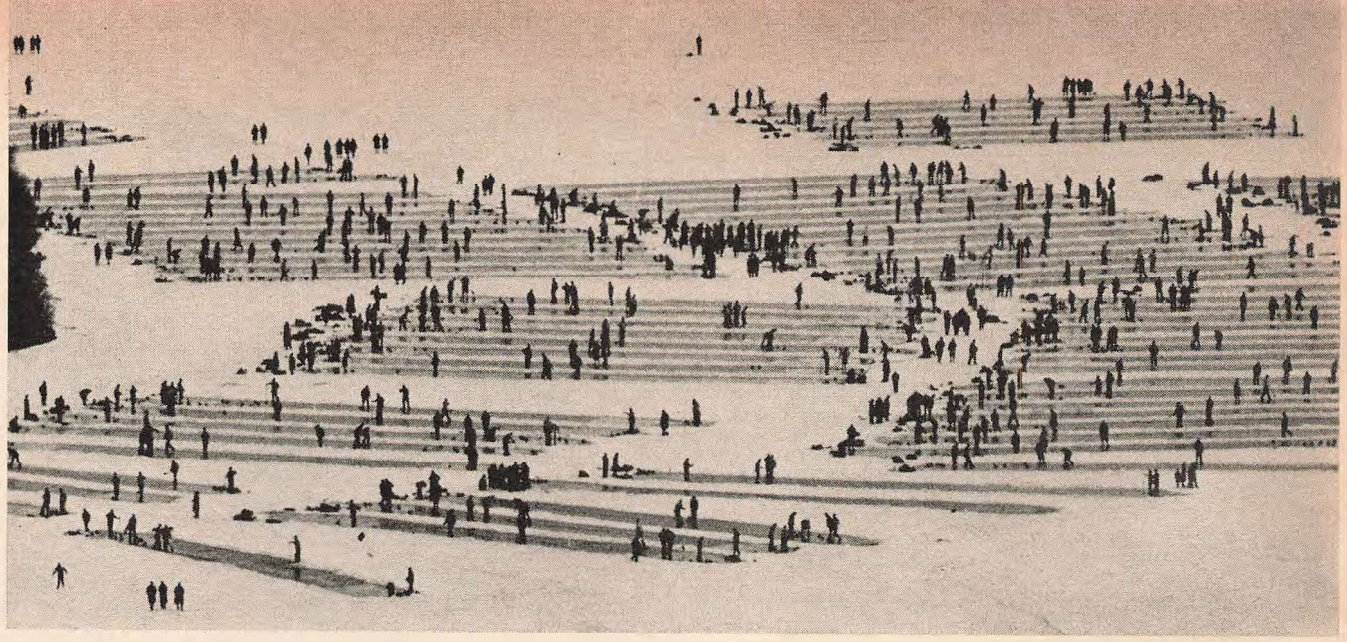


CAMERA EYE ON SPORT

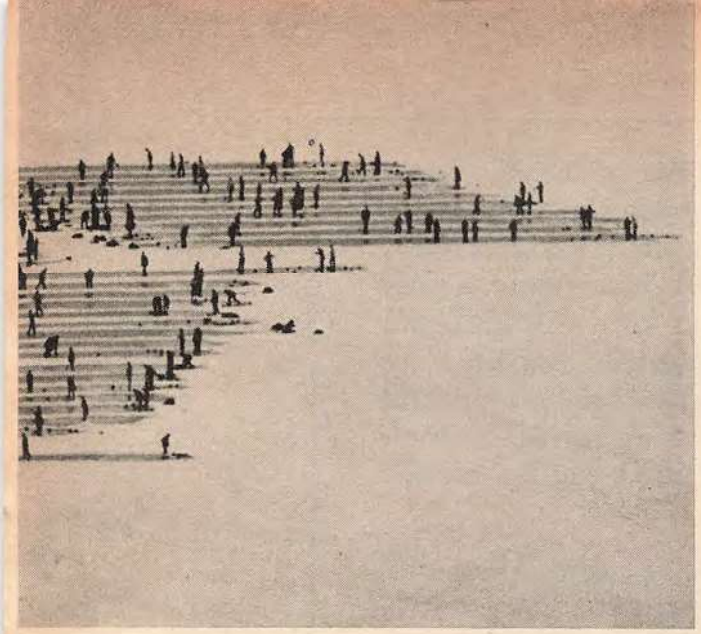
■ It takes a photographer of rare skill and vision to capture all the emotion, beauty and intensity of men engaged in sport. But when one does, he achieves a unique dramatic impact. Nearly 70 of the world's greatest action photographers are represented in a photographic exhibition entitled "Man In Sport," which is now at Hemisfair '68 in San Antonio, Texas. Sponsored by the Trustee Advisory Committee on Sporting Art of the Baltimore Museum of Art, and organized and directed by artist-photographer Robert Riger, the show opened in Baltimore last December, later moved to San Antonio, and will be on view at the Art Institute of Chicago in the fall of '69. From

T. TANUMA
Falconer Headed for Home
Manuro-gawa, Japan, 1964

Courtesy Sports Illustrated © Time Inc.



Through air, water and ice, in all parts of the world, the challenge of sport is caught by great photographers



GERRY CRANHAM
Grand Curling Match
Lake Menteith, Scotland, 1963

ROBERT GOMEL
The Catch: Crawl Stroke Below Water
Los Angeles, California, 1964

PHILIPP GIEGEL
International Alpine Ballooning Contest:
Approaching the Mighty Wetterhorn
Switzerland, 1961

the more than 600 photographs in the exhibition, TRUE has selected five conveying the moods of a variety of sports: the tense grace of competing hurdlers, the lonely patience of an old Japanese falconer, the striking pattern of a curling competition on a frozen Scottish lake, the grandeur of men challenging the Alps in a balloon, the strain of a swimmer grasping for victory. All are strong impressions of the world of sport, which is, in Riger's words, "man's freest expression of his existence." **—Norman Lewis Smith**

"HALF THE FUN WAS GETTING THERE," says author John R. Mac Isaac, a man who has studied a wide variety of jails from the inside. He has, in fact, spent most of his life in prison. Mr. Mac Isaac is now on parole from the state prison of South Michigan. Along life's route from one lockup to another, he encountered many situations which were odd and funny, even to a man of his considerable experience. Perhaps the nuttiest was the term he served in Georgia.

■ There is an old-time hoodlum-turned-pubkeeper in Chicago who, as a matter of record, once took a racehorse for a "ride" after it had cost him a small fortune with the bookies. There is also a story current among his friends that he was once contracted by the syndicate for a special rub-out job.

"We'll give you 10 grand for this hit," the mob's representatives told him.

"Ten G's!" he said. "How come so much? I never get more'n five."

Excerpted from the book *Half the Fun Was Getting There* by John R. Mac Isaac, © 1968 by John R. Mac Isaac. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

I peeked under the door and counted eight shoes. Could this be a bellhop?

ROAD GANG

BY JOHN R. MAC ISAAC

"This," they explained, "will be a tough hit for you. We wanna give you a little something extra."

"G'wan, there ain't no tough hits and I got my ethics. Just gimme the five."

"We're tellin' you it's a rough job," they said. "The guy we want dumped is Lippy Pask."

"Lippy! That's a pal o' mine, for chrissake. . . . I'll do the job for nothing."

The story has a certain apocryphal ring to it. The first time I heard it was just after I had stuck this guy with a bad check. It made quite an impression on me at the time. It didn't discourage Marlene, though. She never worried about getting in trouble, or getting pinched, or catching the clap, or anything. And, so far as I know, she is still untroubled, unpinched, and just as sweet and clean and tasty as when we laid our trail of wallpaper from New York to Chicago, through Springfield and Lexington and points south.

Marlene was good with checks, and we made a beautiful team. Posing as a married couple, we stopped at all the best hotels, ate in the finest restaurants, and drank in the poshest bars. We oozed dignity and sophistication, and we hung checks every place we went. The living was good, the nights with Marlene were a delight, and

Henry scurried past, towing a long white thread attached to a cigarette.

We were a big attraction for tourists. They all stopped to take our pictures.

the money rolled in. And even if we spent it as fast as we got it, we were having a solid ball.

Marlene and I had special plans for Atlanta, Georgia. A year earlier, Marlene had been shacked up for a couple of days with a man who owned a factory there. She had relieved him of $300 as the price of her love, and she also had the foresight to swipe a book of company checks from his suitcase.

On the way south, we picked up a check protector, and we figured out the best way for beating the company.

Our plan was to have all the checks ready to go at once. We would each take a fistful of them and cover the whole town over a weekend. By the time the checks reached the bank on Monday morning, and the machines began gagging on them, Marlene and I would be baking in the sun of a Florida beach.

We broke our pattern in Atlanta to the extent that we took a room in a fairly crummy hotel. Here there was no need to put up a ritzy front to hang our paper, and it was wiser to sacrifice a bit of luxury for the sake of remaining inconspicuous. So we checked ourselves into a fleabag. And while Marlene went out to see a man about some phony identification, I went to work on the checks.

After four hours of agonizingly careful work, I was confident

The straw was in Maudie-Mae's cleavage. When I sucked, I got a slug of gin.

that the product of my labor looked genuine enough to swamp Atlanta clear to the scuppers. I had 100 phony payroll checks dummied up, run through the check protector, and signed by the company treasurer, a fellow named Simon Snitworth. I felt a little silly forging a name like that, but when I was through, Snitworth himself would have guaranteed those checks. Marlene had even gone to the trouble of checking the plant's pay scale, and I had the paper made out to such amounts as $126.84 and $111.48. Atlanta bartenders had been cashing those company checks for years without having one bounce. For these babies, we wouldn't even need false identification.

By the time I was through with the job, our room was a fine, incriminating mess, with blank checks, inks, check protectors, rubber stamps, watermarked check paper, and finished forgeries scattered all over the place. I had just started putting things back together when there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I called.

A very plausible voice on the other side said, "Bellboy."

Now, I'd seen this bit many times before in the movies, and I wouldn't have believed that voice if I'd been engaged in nothing more felonious than trimming the hairs in my nostrils. Very craft-

ily, I tippy-toed over to the door, got down on all fours, and peered through the crack at the bottom. I counted eight shoes on the other side of the door. They were all black, and six of them had blue serge breaking across the instep. I figured this to be a very unlikely sort of bellhop.

Getting up, I eased over to the bed and began squeaking the springs energetically. I hoped it sounded as though I was getting up and putting on my trousers.

"Hang on," I yelled. "Be right with you."

That was good for maybe five or 10 seconds delay. After that, I knew, they'd kick the door slap off its hinges. I made the window in three silent, panicky strides, snatching a completed check off the dresser in midflight. Luckily, the window went up without a squeak.

I hit that fire escape exactly twice—once on the grating outside my window and once on the railing directly opposite as I dropped the 15 feet to the alley below. With my usual agility, I somehow contrived to land in a trash container. Bottles and tin cans went clattering off in all directions, setting up a din that would surely bring those cops into my room and straight to the open window

About three times a week old Jay Dee would decide to write an official letter.

with guns drawn. Despite the fact that my left foot was wedged into a Del Monte pear can, I rolled free of the trash container and dashed for the street. At the end of the alley I paused just long enough to pry the can from my foot, then stepped casually out onto the sidewalk. There was a cop sitting in a squad car directly in front of the hotel entrance, but he didn't even give me a glance as I mingled with the passersby and headed downtown.

I had no idea how the law had gotten on to us so quickly, but I knew it had to have something to do with Marlene. So I put her out of my mind and concentrated on the problem of getting the hell out of Atlanta. Instinct said to head north. That seemed reasonable enough, at the time, and things probably would have turned out much the same no matter what direction I'd taken. What I didn't know right then was that Marlene had gone to the fanciest beauty shop in Atlanta and tried to do a little extracurricular check passing. She had gotten herself pinched, and even though she subsequently managed to beat the rap, the cops had automatically sent out a squad to check the hotel. Now I had every cop in a four-county area looking for me.

There are a lot of cops in Georgia, and it didn't take them long to catch me. I got out of Atlanta by taking a cab to the city limits and hitchhiking from there. A farmer [*Continued on page* 93]

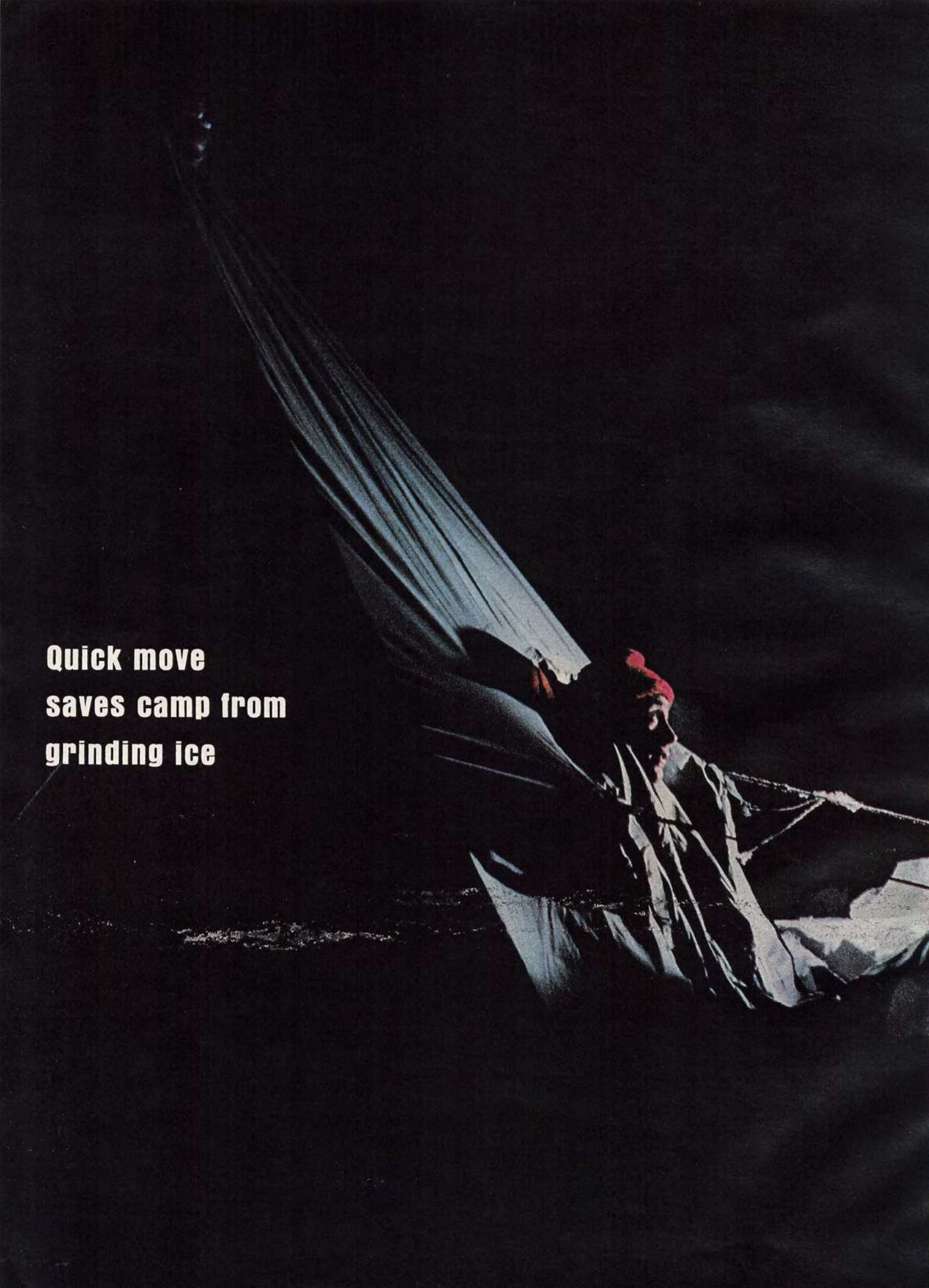
The sweatbox was dark and filled with the powerful odor of dog excreta.

MUSH!

Our Arctic Explorers Press On Toward The Pole

■ On February 21 four men with 40 dogs pulling four heavily loaded sledges trotted out of Point Barrow, Alaska, to begin a 3,800-mile, 16-month journey across the North Pole. This, the British Trans-Arctic Expedition, almost at once ran into monumental problems laced with danger. Men and dogs faced 100 miles of coastal ice for their first lap. The ice on the fringes of the Arctic, scoured by winds and sea currents, is a nightmare of mush, pileup, broken floes, suddenly opening water channels and suddenly crushing pressure ridges. But leader Wally Herbert, in an air reconnaissance just before the start of the trek, had found

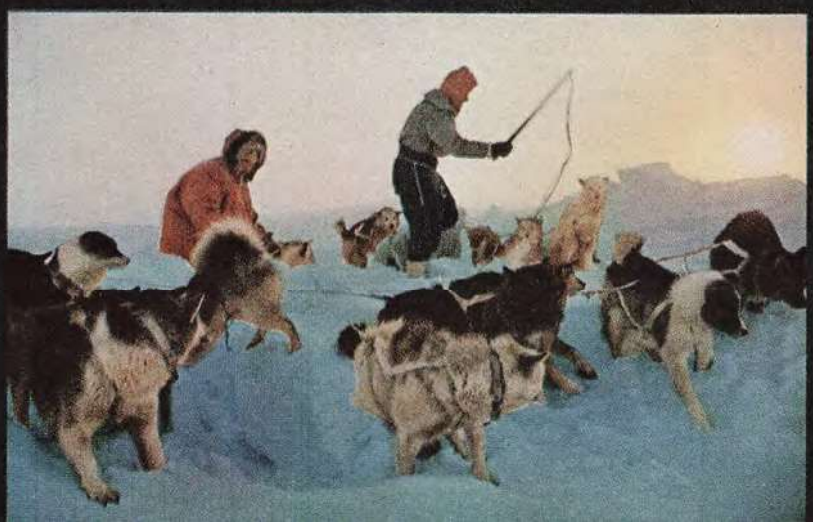
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK HERRMANN


Quick move
saves camp from
grinding ice

a strip of comparatively smooth ice running parallel to the coast. He hoped to follow the strip around a very rough area to reach the outer pack ice in eight days.

But it took three exhausting days out of Point Barrow just to get to the smooth ice, and the relative safety of the polar pack was 30 miles beyond. Three weeks later, the expedition was still seven miles from a safe camp on pack ice. There had been long detours around open-water leads, and precarious waits on ice islands for the isolating water around them to freeze hard with a drop in temperature. Innumerable times the man on night watch had roused his bedded-down comrades (left) with a warning to hustle their gear out of the path of oncoming pressure ice. Men and dogs were worn down by the constant struggle. Each dog team pulled a 2,000-pound load—more than half of which was dog food. The men ate energizing snacks of chocolate and crackers and hastily pot-cooked meals of meat-stew bars, as Wally Herbert (top) and Ken Hedges are doing in the warmth of their tent.

By mid-March the explorers should have been 380 miles from Point Barrow, but all the drifting, the waits and dunkings—and dryings-out—had left them only 50 miles on the way and in



Dogs and men strain through the Arctic night

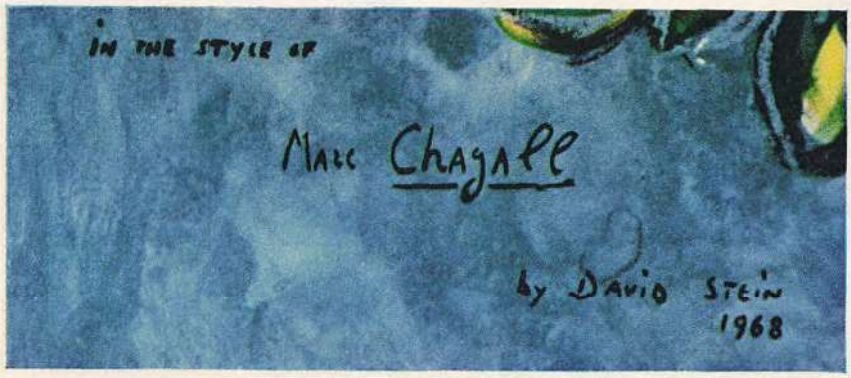
dire need of resupply. At this point Herbert had to decide whether the group still could make its planned long camp near the Pole before the lasting winter night set in. While he and his comrades were evaluating their chances, planes from the Arctic Research Laboratory, which had been scouting safe routes for the sledges, made an airdrop of steaks. Heartened by the tasty meat and by a change of wind that offered a good possibility of getting onto the pack ice—older, thicker and safer than the coastal ice—the men pressed on.

Despite lost time—they are nearly two months behind schedule—the Arctic explorers have reached well above the 80th parallel. Although everything still depends on weather, ice conditions and the drift of the polar pack, they plan to be near the Pole of Inaccessibility at 83 degrees north —the farthest point from any landfall—as these photographs of their rugged journey appear. ■

CRAYLON
CHAGALL
Chagall

THE LAST GREAT WORK OF A MASTER ART FORGER

David Stein, who made a fortune faking art, demonstrates his skill by painting a $20,000 "Chagall" in a single day



■ It had been another long day at the forging desk for David Stein, 32-year-old British-French master art counterfeiter. This one, however, was somewhat different from all the vastly profitable days he had spent at the desk before: David Stein was no longer the kingpin of a phony-art empire that had collected almost a million dollars in genuine money.

On the table in front of Stein rested a 22-by-30-inch gouache, an art work done with opaque watercolors. To either casual art lover or learned critic, it could only have been painted by Marc Chagall, the great Russian-born artist whose extravagant flights of fancy and childlike imagery evoke the magic spirit of folklore. Ablaze with color, the gouache showed a circus acrobat performing in Chagall's innocent fantasy world. In a corner was the signature "Marc Chagall," bold in its pseudo authenticity.

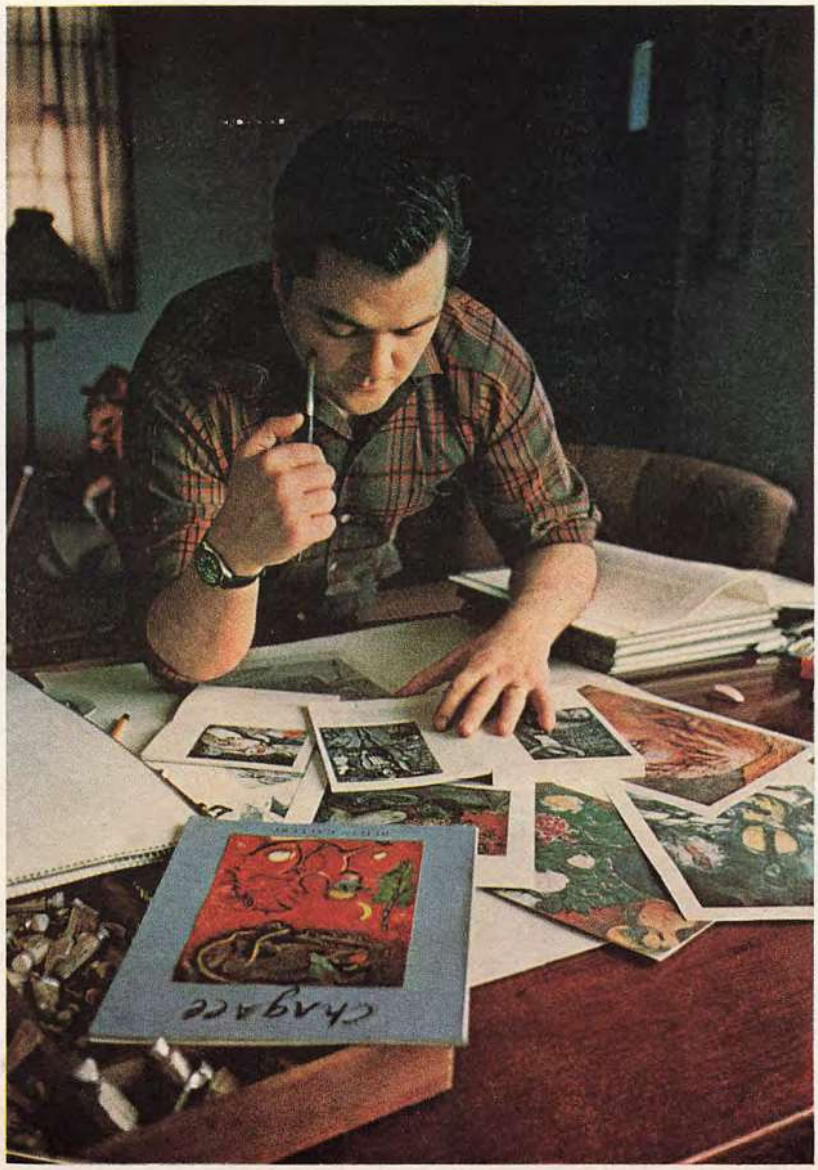
Stein had painted and signed the gouache, but now, because legal niceties have become important to him, he added the words "In the style of" before the signature and "David Stein 1968" after it. With a can of fixative he sprayed the generous layers of gouache and chalk pastel, and set the painting to dry under a sun lamp.

There was a wistfulness on his

BY IAN BALL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE

Copyright © *Daily Telegraph Magazine*, London, 1968.



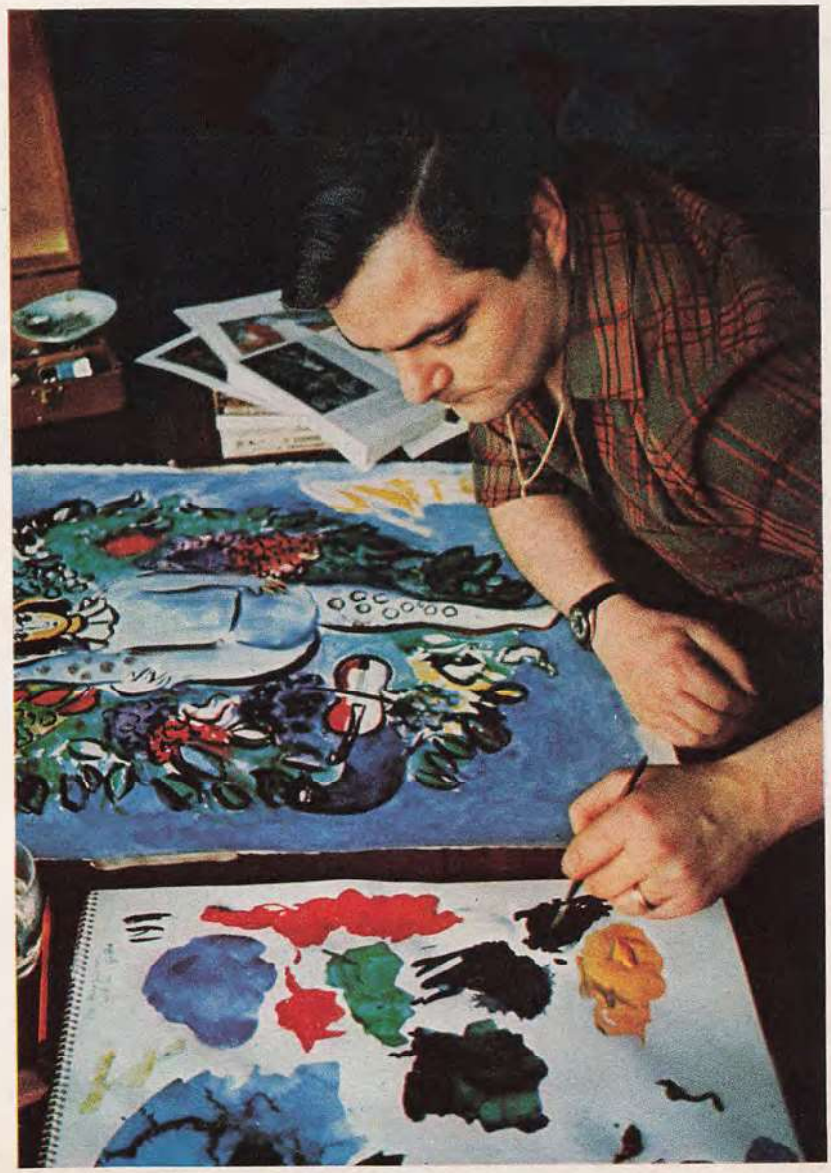
Stein begins his day of forging by studying Chagall reproductions, left, to choose the figures he will include in his painting. He knows Chagall's art so well that selecting the proper colors, as at right, is second nature to him. The photos across the top of the page show the progress of a forgery. At 3:00 p.m., top left, Stein had sketched in the major figures and painted the blue background. Then the other colors and background details were carefully added until, at 5:30, top right, the work was complete.

"When I paint Chagall, I *am* Chagall"

round boyish face as he surveyed his handiwork.

"In the good old days it would have been a $13,000 or $15,000 day's work," he murmured. "That is, for a quick, easy sale. With a little more time to find a buyer and a good certificate of authentication, perhaps $20,000. Yes, in a nice $300 gold frame, in a nice gallery, $20,000 . . . ah, the good old days."

The good old days for Stein, as much a fantasy life as anything pictured by Chagall, ended two years ago when the New York District Attorney's office, the FBI, eight New York City cops and a furious, real-life, 100-percent-genuine Marc Chagall closed in on him. The start of the good times had brought Stein overnight success in the international art world. For four and a half years he lived royally on highly lucrative hit-and-run sales of bogus paintings in every major European capital. Then he turned to the United States and began an art-gallery operation which brought in $865,000 in less than 18 months of rapid painting and selling. His Galerie Trianon included a public gallery on New York's Park Avenue, a second one in the city for private showings, and a branch during the season in Palm Beach. As Stein's business prospered on [*Continued on page* 84]



BY PETER BARRETT
TRUE's Outdoors Editor
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

A FLASH OF FEATHERS

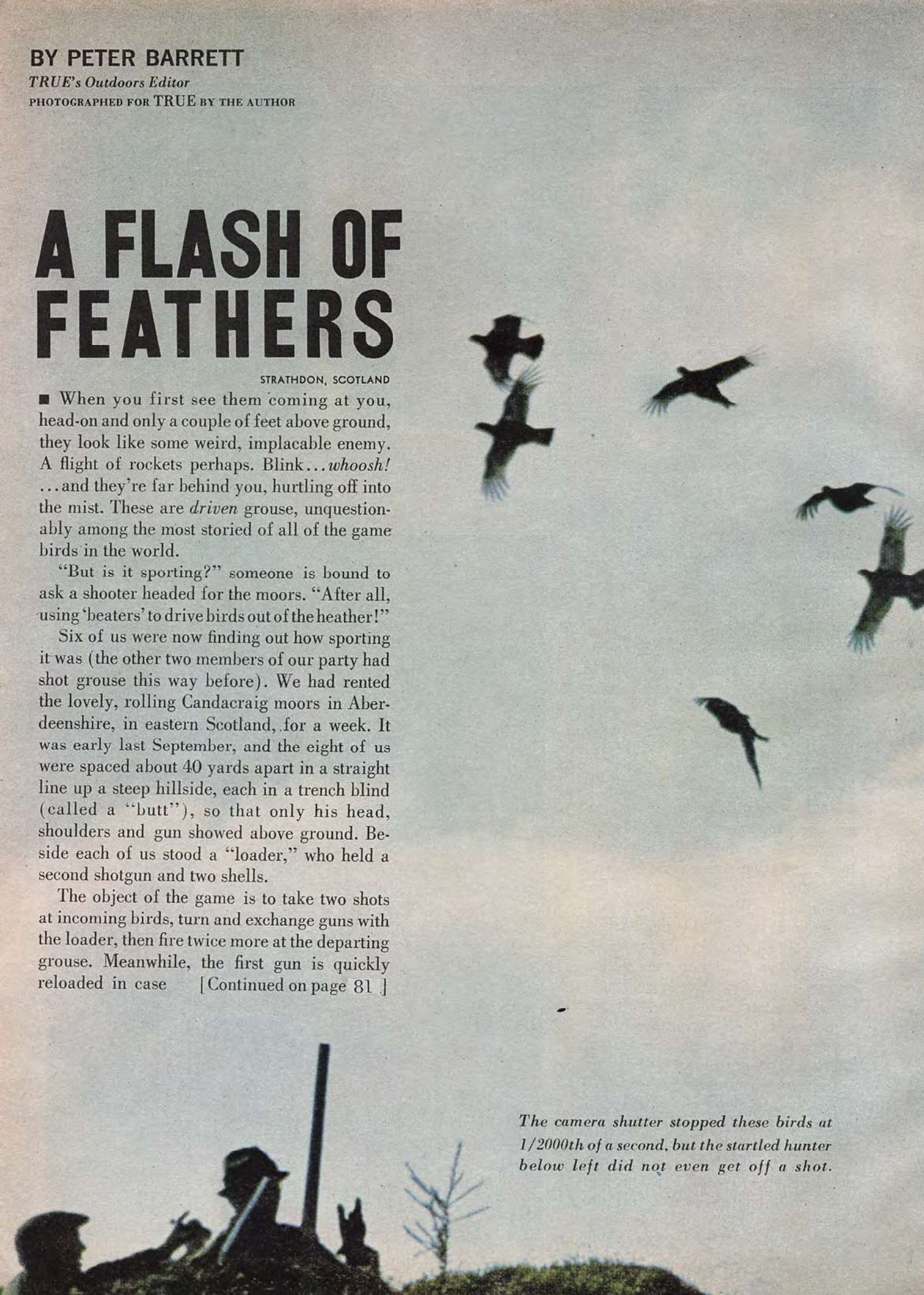
STRATHDON, SCOTLAND

■ When you first see them coming at you, head-on and only a couple of feet above ground, they look like some weird, implacable enemy. A flight of rockets perhaps. Blink... *whoosh!* ...and they're far behind you, hurtling off into the mist. These are *driven* grouse, unquestionably among the most storied of all of the game birds in the world.

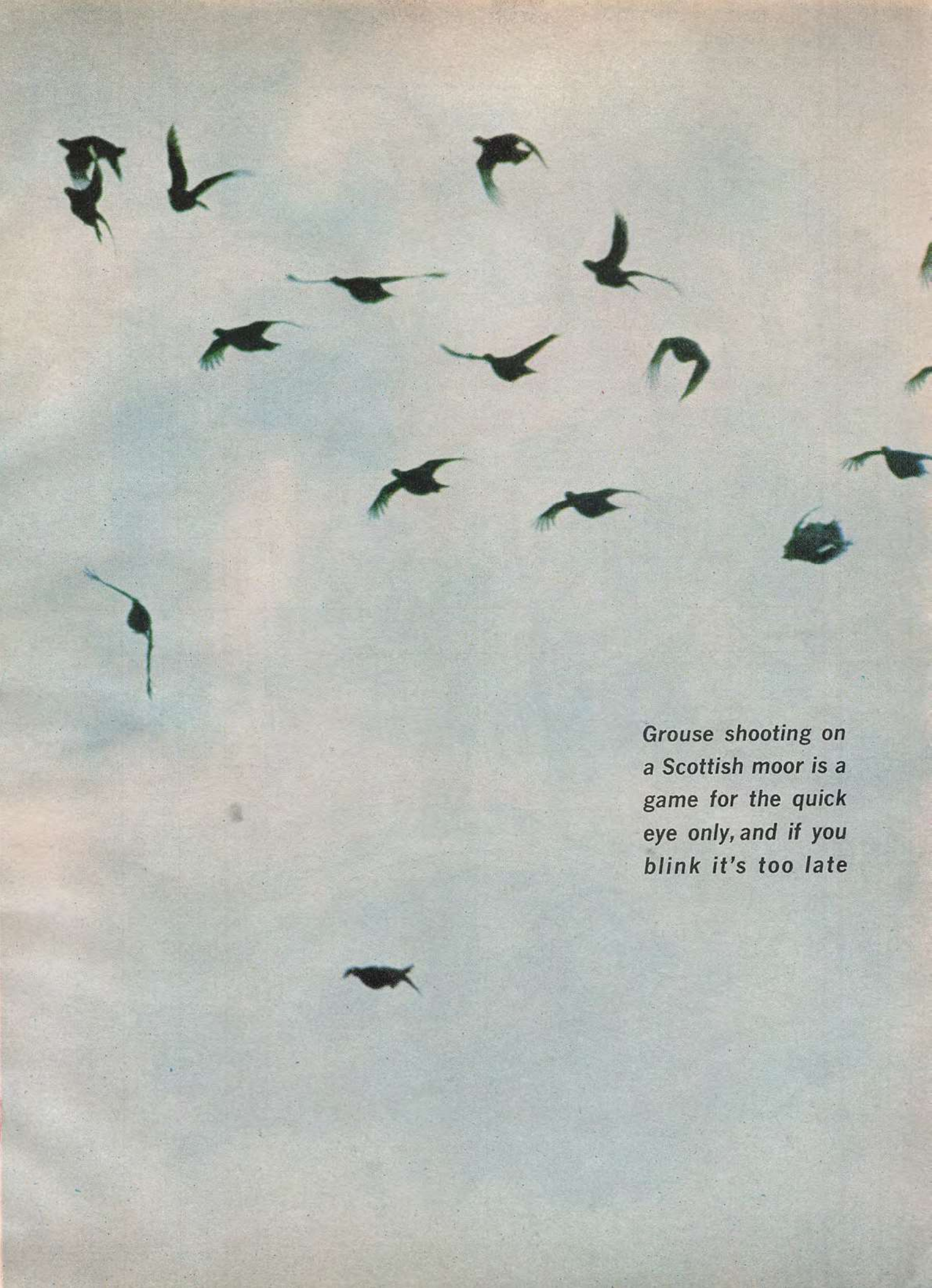
"But is it sporting?" someone is bound to ask a shooter headed for the moors. "After all, using 'beaters' to drive birds out of the heather!"

Six of us were now finding out how sporting it was (the other two members of our party had shot grouse this way before). We had rented the lovely, rolling Candacraig moors in Aberdeenshire, in eastern Scotland, for a week. It was early last September, and the eight of us were spaced about 40 yards apart in a straight line up a steep hillside, each in a trench blind (called a "butt"), so that only his head, shoulders and gun showed above ground. Beside each of us stood a "loader," who held a second shotgun and two shells.

The object of the game is to take two shots at incoming birds, turn and exchange guns with the loader, then fire twice more at the departing grouse. Meanwhile, the first gun is quickly reloaded in case [Continued on page 81]



The camera shutter stopped these birds at 1/2000th of a second, but the startled hunter below left did not even get off a shot.



Grouse shooting on a Scottish moor is a game for the quick eye only, and if you blink it's too late

BY JOSEPH E. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

CALTECH'S FUN HOUSE

■ At the height of the flap over unidentified-flying-object sightings in Michigan a few seasons back, the interest of three California college students was fanned by the discrepancies in the newspaper accounts. One paper said that 40 people near Ann Arbor had watched a UFO land in a swamp; another told of two sheriff's deputies who saw "eerie blinking lights" in the sky; still another quoted a policeman's version of four or five UFO's flying in formation.

Bob Parker, Terry Warren and Jim Gould, students at Pasadena's famed California Institute of Technology, thought it odd that in over 20 years of UFO sightings—the Air Force had recorded 11,000 reports—few of the accounts corroborated another.

"Very strange indeed," said Parker. "Why do all the descriptions differ? Doesn't that suggest something peculiar about *human nature* that we should investigate?"

The method of investigation was simple. The boys built their own UFO's.

Parker and Company's gadget was an ingenious affair. They used a 12-foot weather balloon, with four flares on a rotating platform suspended underneath. A device on the mouth of the balloon was set to leak gas at a predetermined altitude, so the balloon would descend before it tangled with an airplane. A length of aluminum foil, drifting out from the platform when airborne, was added to make the "UFO" appear at least 300 feet long on any radar screen.

While other American universities erupt with student violence, California Institute of Technology pranksters continue to develop the practical joke into a high art form

Within minutes after the elaborate contraption drifted upward into the skies of Pasadena, switchboards around Los Angeles some miles away lit up. One breathless caller gasped out a story about "a weird flying saucer with whirling red lights." Dozens said the craft "zipped" across the sky. Others swore it "swooped," or "made a funny buzzing sound," and "sort of dive-bombed Pasadena."

Parker waited until nearly dawn, then phoned the city desk of the Los Angeles *Times*. "There's this funny thing in the sky. . . ."

"Thanks," a weary voice cut him off, "but you're the thousandth caller tonight."

The three students launched similar balloons on the evenings following. By the end of the week, Los Angeles was agog with the gag.

Like most Caltech pranks, the UFO hoax was soon admitted by its inventors—but not before it had netted 70 minutes of air time on local TV news shows, columns of newspaper space, and a blistering reproach from the Federal Aviation Agency.

People who live near Caltech, the venerable Pasadena brain factory which turns out Nobel prizewinners the way other colleges turn out accountants, are used to such oddball tomfoolery. Down through the years, Caltech's whiz kids have acquired, along with academic esteem, a reputation for perpetrating practical jokes that make the usual collegiate capers seem like kindergarten exercises.

"To pull off a Caltech stunt," says Bob Parker, "you dream up a gag that is implausible, improbable and impossible. Then you make it work."

For instance, a 25-foot-high metal structure over a Pasadena restaurant was to most people just a sign. But to a group of curious Caltech students, it was a challenge. Day after day, as they nibbled hamburgers in its shadow, the kids studied the involved network of nuts, bolts and wires which held it together.

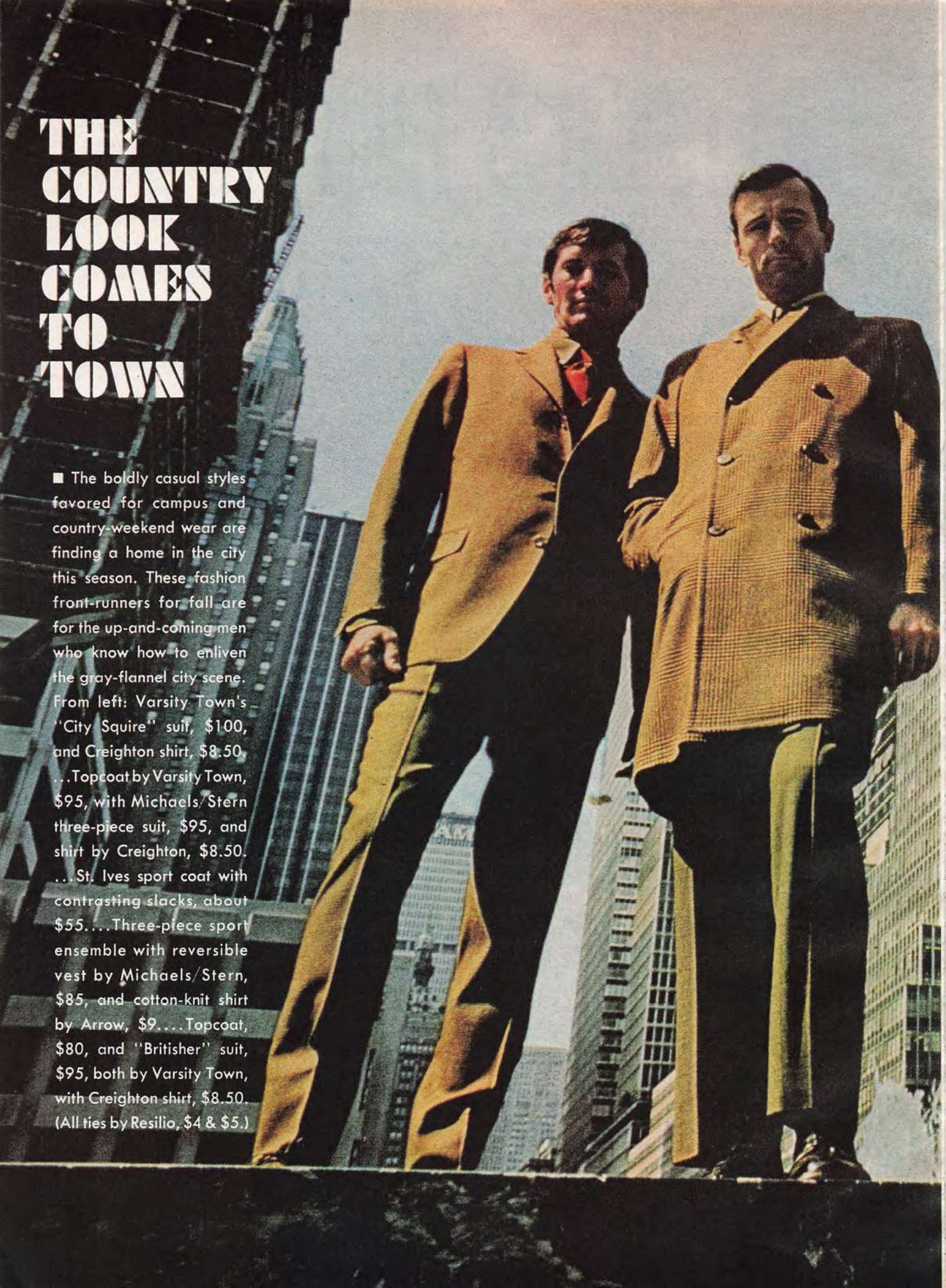
One morning, the restaurant manager arrived to see only empty sky where the sign had been the night before. His astonishment turning from suspicion to conviction, he reached for the phone.

"If your kids will bring back my sign," he told an official in the Caltech administration office, "the hamburgers are on me. But how in hell did they do it? That damn thing must weigh a *ton!*"

Working like an army of ants, the Caltech hoaxsters had descended on the restaurant in the dead of night and disassembled the sign into easily removable pieces.

The most successful Caltech pranks are those which might be classified as the Elaborate Hoax, such as the phony UFO, and the Quickie Shocker. Spectators at a homecoming football game pep rally once got a noisy example of the latter when a bonfire suddenly erupted with a shattering roar. When the embers were sifted for the source of the explosion, it was discovered that one of the original logs had been replaced with a [*Continued on page* 87]

THE COUNTRY LOOK COMES TO TOWN



■ The boldly casual styles favored for campus and country-weekend wear are finding a home in the city this season. These fashion front-runners for fall are for the up-and-coming men who know how to enliven the gray-flannel city scene. From left: Varsity Town's "City Squire" suit, $100, and Creighton shirt, $8.50. ...Topcoat by Varsity Town, $95, with Michaels/Stern three-piece suit, $95, and shirt by Creighton, $8.50. ...St. Ives sport coat with contrasting slacks, about $55....Three-piece sport ensemble with reversible vest by Michaels/Stern, $85, and cotton-knit shirt by Arrow, $9....Topcoat, $80, and "Britisher" suit, $95, both by Varsity Town, with Creighton shirt, $8.50. (All ties by Resilio, $4 & $5.)

PRODUCED BY RICHARD HUBBARD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

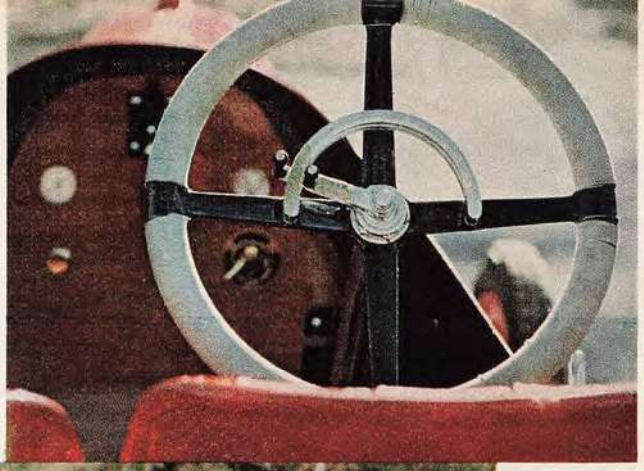
GRAND PRIX GHOSTS RACE AGAIN

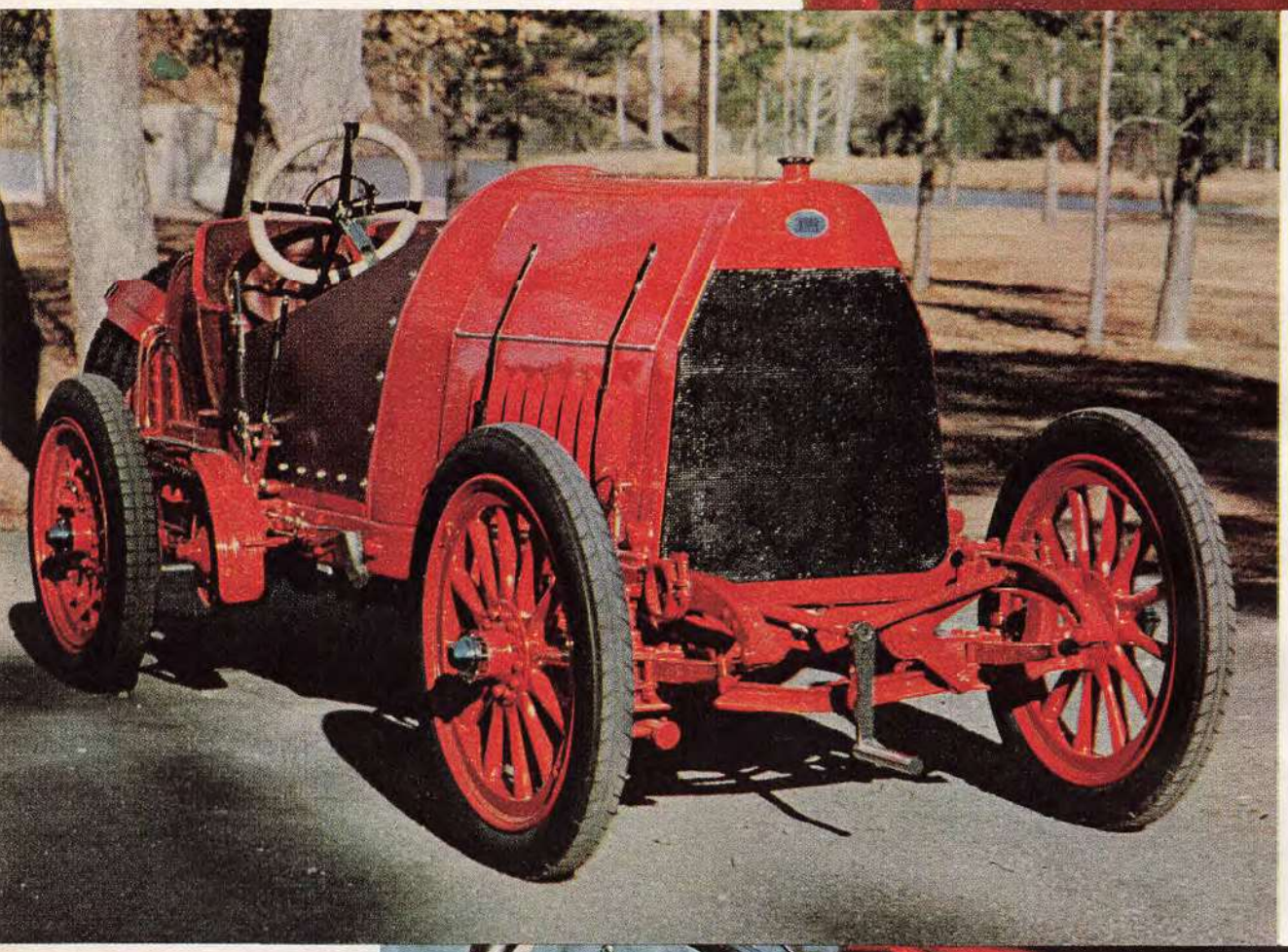
■ Trailing smoke and dust, an imaginary Grand Prix lineup from the early 1900's barrels along over a dirt road. Let out from the Museum of Automobiles in Morrilton, Arkansas, for an afternoon of road racing are (above l. to r.), a red Isotta and a Napier at back, a Benz, a Renault, a Mercedes and a Fiat in front. The museum is a pet project of Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller and it houses 45 classic cars. These racing ghosts could once run 70 to 100 miles an hour; now their pace is slower. Yet the lovingly cared-for engines still tick sweetly and the big wheels turn smoothly. ■

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DENNIS CIPNIC
PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

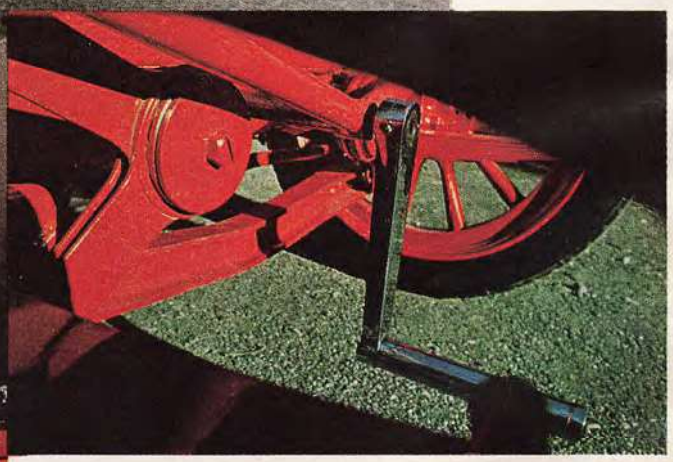
Re-creating an exciting moment in the 1908 Grand Prix, run at Dieppe, France, the Mercedes moves up the center of the road to overtake the Benz (above) while Benz drivers watch them come on (far left).

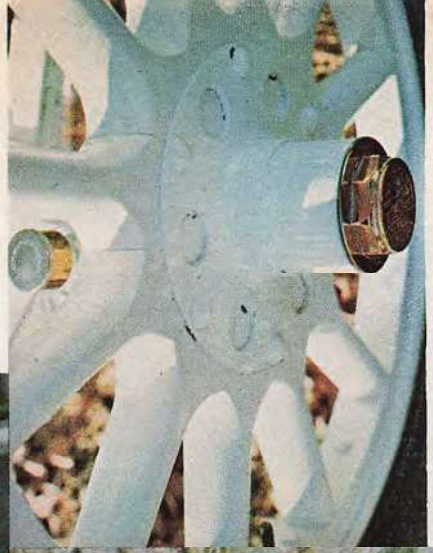
Big iron required big men at the helm



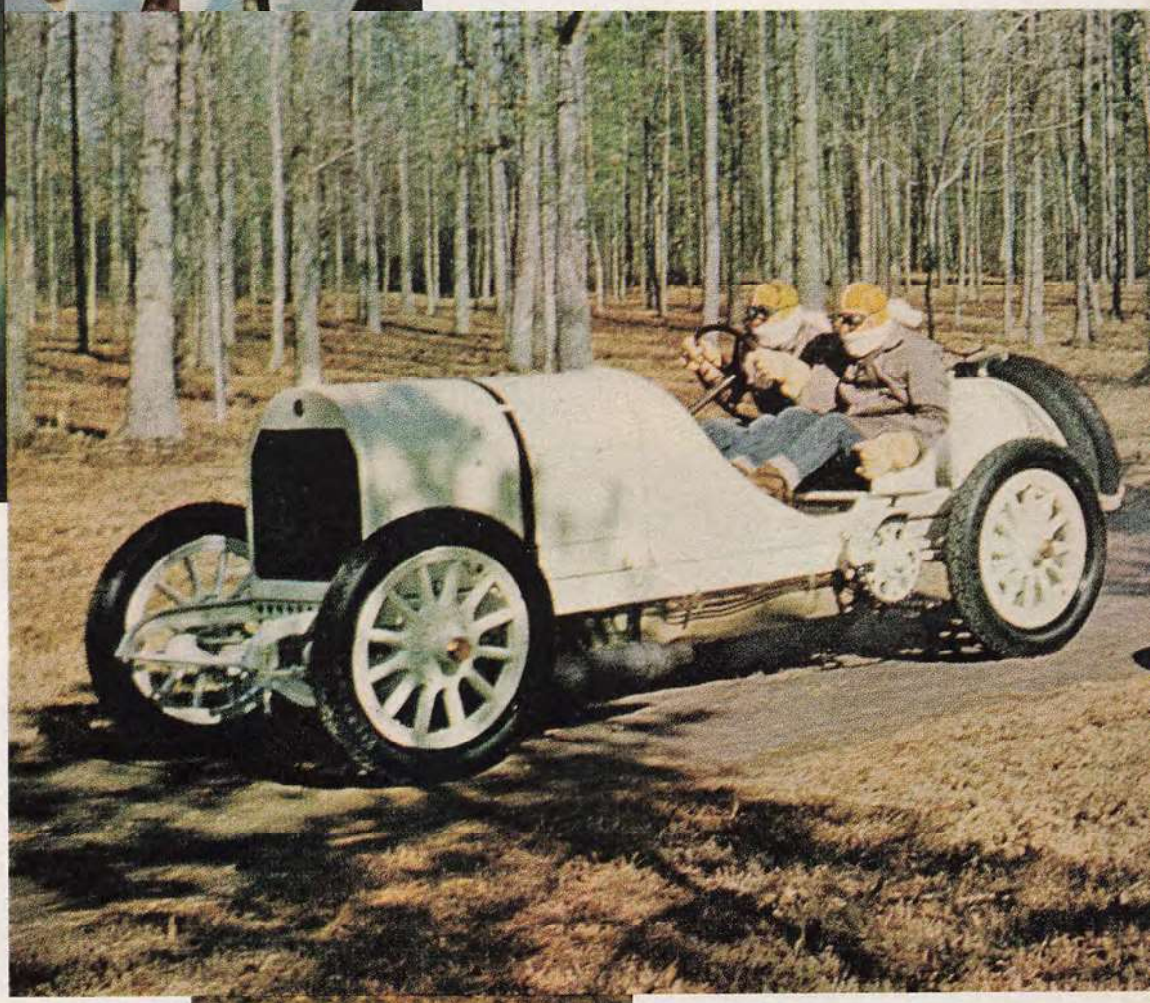


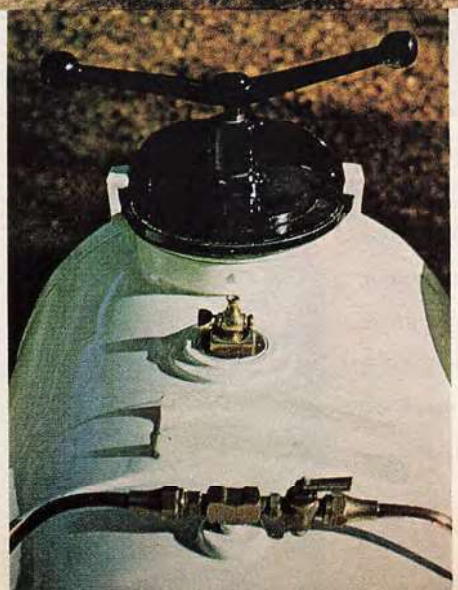
Huge Fiat was a great contender. Car was suspended on four heavy leaf springs. Outside gearshift, brake levers and chain drive were fairly standard on racing cars of early 1900's. This car is one of the last surviving pre-World War I Fiats. It never raced in Europe but won a number of U.S. races.

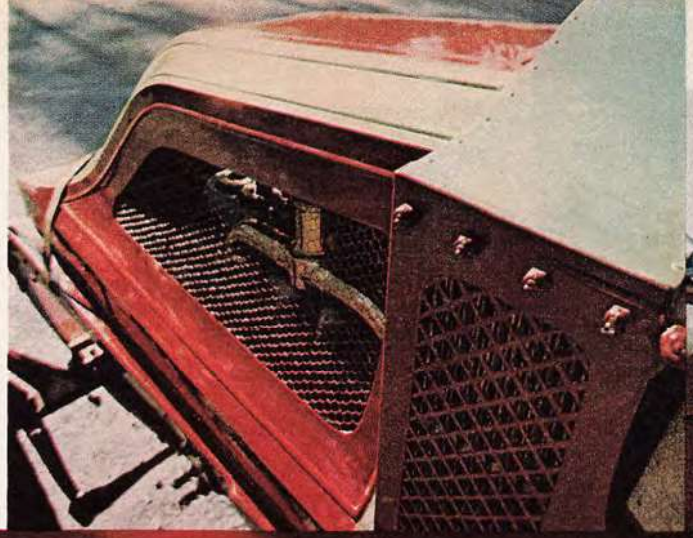


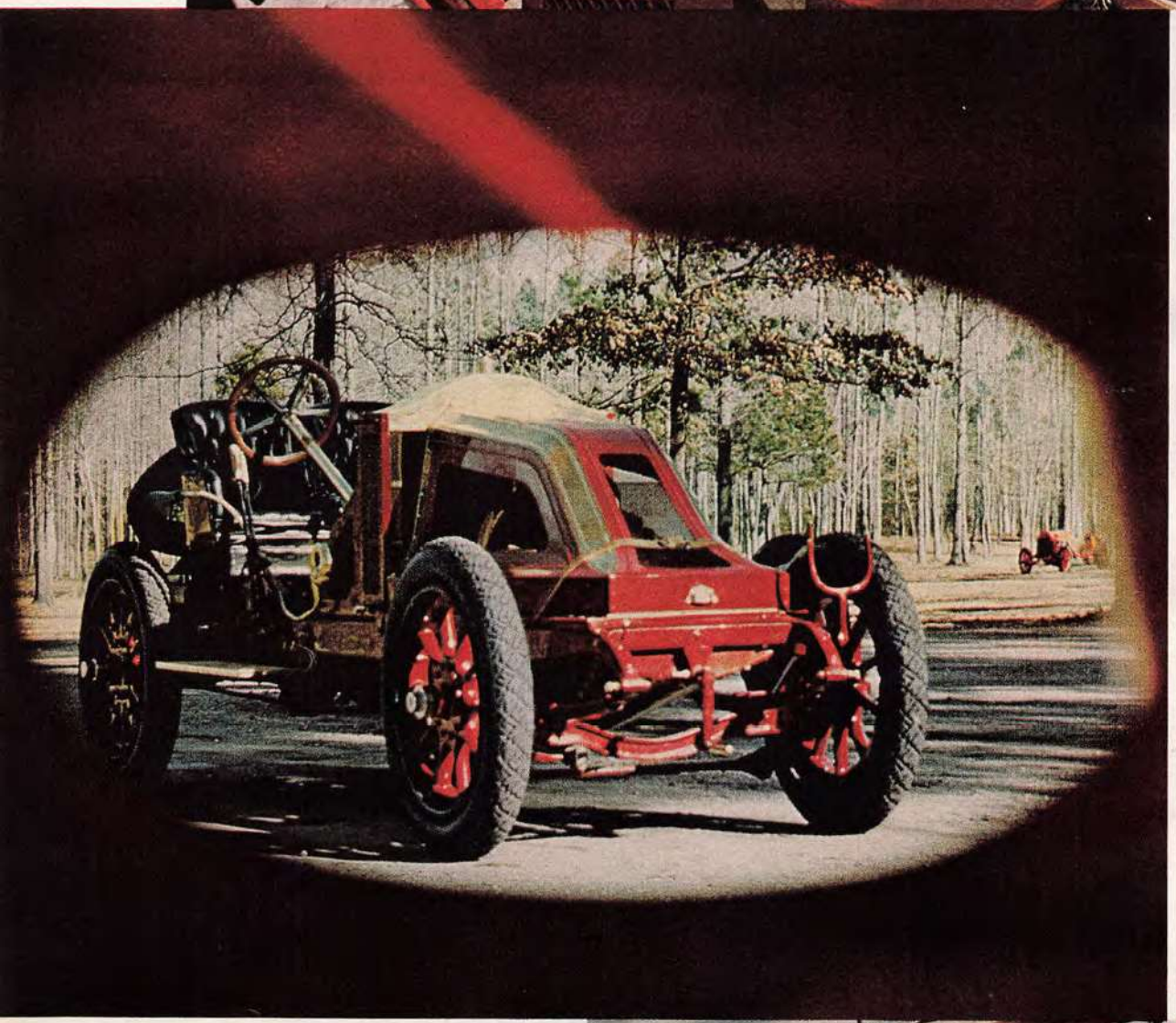


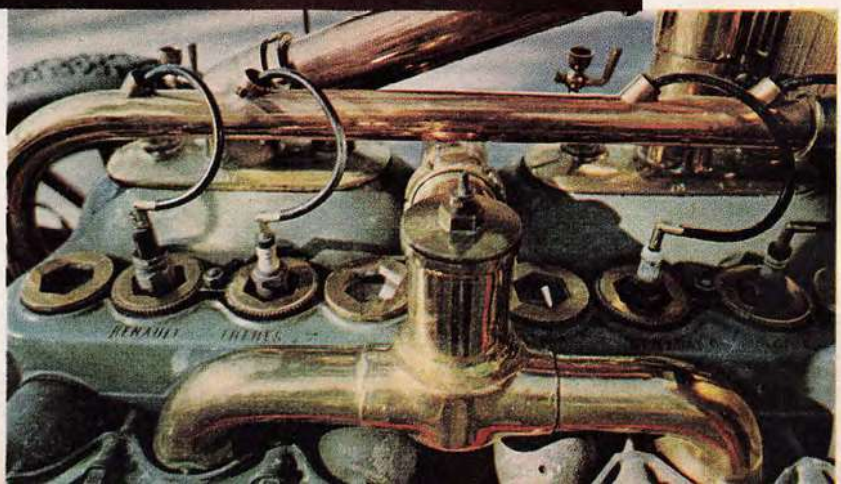
Ghostly white Benz was famous throughout its existence. Thin tires gave considerable trouble. Fuel tank had tightly capped lid, the relief valve (far left) took over if the hand pump, located on floorboard, worked up too much air pressure in the tank while forcing fuel into the engine.





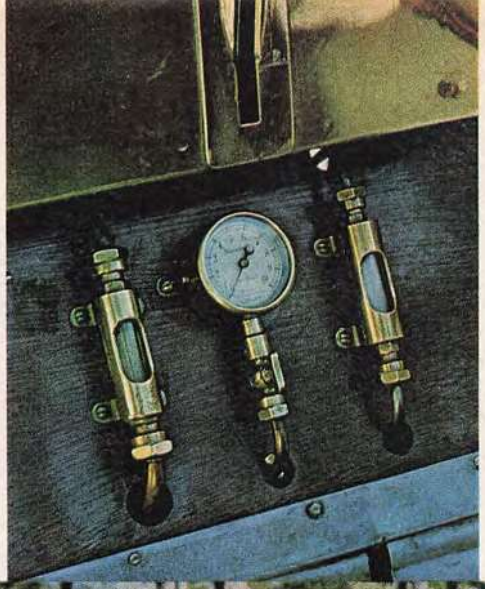




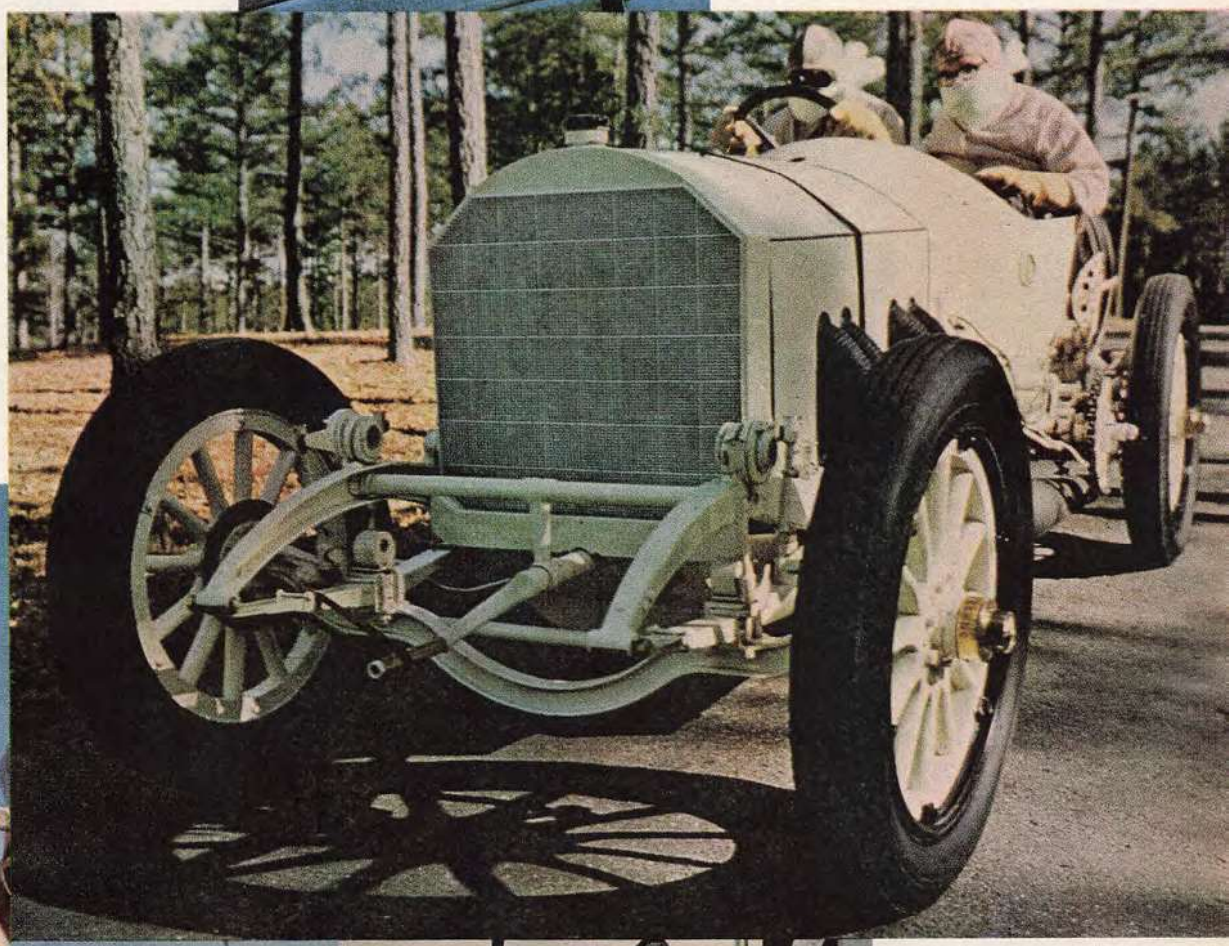


Brass-and-copper engine parts gleam through the distinctive wire-mesh Renault hood. The big-wheeled Renaults were much-feared competitors on racing circuits.

High wheels and big pipes said speed



This Mercedes was once driven in practice by Lautenschlager, who went on to win the 1908 Grand Prix. Huge exhaust was needed to handle output of cylinders the size of half-gallon cans. The 600-cubic-inch engine is rated at 120-plus hp.—extraordinary for the time.



this funny life

I'd always regarded Air Force humor as the best among the services, because the fly-boys are masters of the instant uptake, the short sharp needle, the quick slide out from under. But it was not until I left the service and went to work for a major airline that I met the master fly-boy of them all.

He was pilot to my copilot, and one time during a flight one of our numerous vice-presidents paid us a visit. He sized us up coldly and, in his high-pitched voice, announced importantly, "Well, now, Captain, there seems to be something amiss, very amiss. I see that you are not wearing your lapel service pin. That is very disappointing to me, sir, very disappointing."

My partner, thinking faster than I thought possible, said earnestly, "Sorry, sir. I apologize for my gross carelessness. But for the first time in over 25 years I left my pin on my pajamas this morning."

R. E. Yarbrough
Dallas, Texas

My buddy and I were greatly elated when we were assigned to Army Counter Intelligence. We felt pretty smug joining this elite outfit. Disillusionment came quickly, though.

On the first day of C.I.C. training, our instructor began his lecture by declaring: "Gentlemen, you will please note the encyclopedia lists Intelligence under three headings—human, animal and military."

After a significant pause he added: "In that order. . . ."

Thomas April
Hollywood, Cal.

My teen-age son was packing not long ago for a two-week tour with the school band, when I overheard my wife giving him some last minute instructions. "And another thing," she said, "you'll be stopping in lots of strange places, and in every town there is at least one hotel where there is a lot of drinking, wild women and lots of loose talk—so you know what to do."

"Yeah," he drooled, "find that hotel."

M. L. Martin
Logansport, Ind.

In the mathematics class in our local high school, the teacher was informing the students of the various attributes of his newborn son. These included his looks and intelligence. Finally, he said proudly, ". . . and out of all the babies in the hospital, guess which one was chosen for the bathing demonstration given to the new mothers?"

A weary voice in the back of the room asked, "The dirtiest one?"

Robert L. Eastep
Omaha, Neb.

My good friend and his wife get along fairly well except for one major issue—the raising of their five-year-old son. The mother has a tendency to baby the boy and it drives the old man wild.

Last winter, as she readied the youngster to go out to play in the backyard, she suddenly said, "Darling, you can't go out now, it's snowing."

From another room, my buddy roared, "They're snowflakes, dammit, not meteorites!"

Paul Greeley, Jr.
Bangor, Maine

Posted over the Operations Desk of a jet-fighter squadron was the following message:

The increased head-on closure rate
of jet aircraft requires a sharp look-
out. . . .
If you waste seconds deciding what
to do . . .
it is no longer necessary to take
corrective action . . .
because you are going to be straining
yourself unnecessarily . . .
and are going to die all tensed up!

Capt. Howard W. Shook
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.

My brother and a friend who are both in a rock 'n' roll group went to a music store to buy a guitar case for my brother's new instrument.

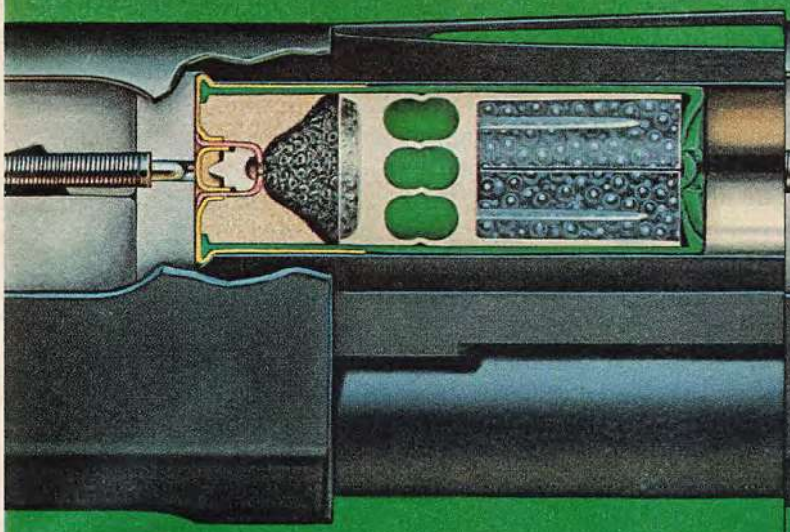
They asked the proprietor about a case, and he quickly entered a back room. A few minutes later he came back with a large black case wearing a $60 price tag and lined with red velvet and satin.

My brother's friend took one look at the guitar case and said, "Man, he wants to carry it—not bury it!"

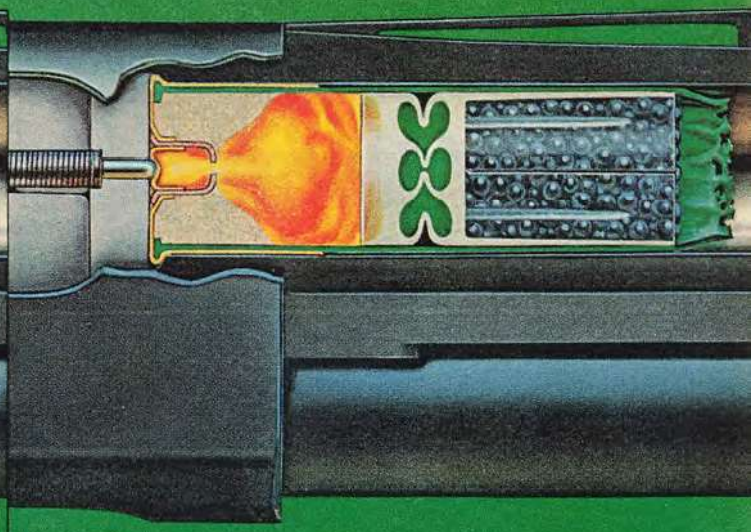
Larry D. Cattell
Bloomington, Ind.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

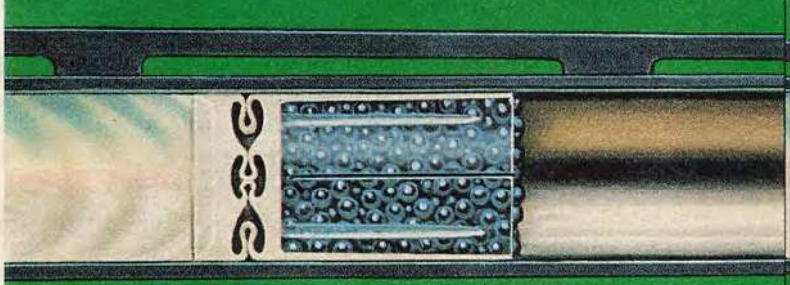
5 milliseconds in the life of a "Power Piston"® wad.



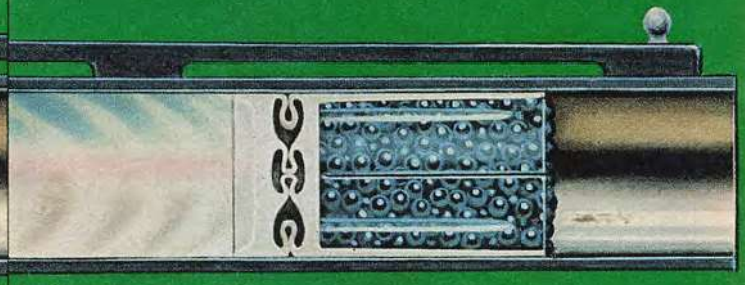
1 This is what the "Power Piston" one-piece wad (loaded in a Remington Express plastic shell) looks like from the time it leaves the factory until you pull the trigger.



2 Right after firing. The built-in shock absorber in the "Power Piston" compresses and absorbs the initial impact of the explosion, so the shot won't be crunched together



3 Halfway down the gun barrel. The back end of the Remington "Power Piston" opens up to seal the barrel and keep the expanding gas from leaking past and losing power.



4 At the muzzle. Though the shot column is moving at top speed, the sides of the Remington "Power Piston" have kept it from touching the barrel and flattening the pellets.

5 A few feet past the muzzle. The "Power Piston" now peels back and drops away, but the shot column is on its way at full power, with no flattened pellets to spoil the pattern.

For some time we've been telling you that Remington and Peters shells with "Power Piston" wads shoot harder, keep your barrel clean longer and put up to 10% more shot in the pattern. But let's face it—you were taking our word for something you couldn't see. And while you may have noticed an improvement in your shooting, it was just as easy to give the credit to your new shotgun or just plain luck.

That's why this little demonstration. We feel that if we can show you what a "Power Piston" does you'll have more confidence in our shells. Also we can clear up a common misunderstanding. The "Power Piston" does not make the pattern smaller. It just puts more pellets into it by eliminating "flyers"—flattened shot that goes wild. No matter what gauge you shoot—12, 16, 20 or 28. And that's a fact.

Remington® (DUPONT) PETERS®

Try a box of Remington/Peters shells with "Power Piston." See how good a shot you really are.

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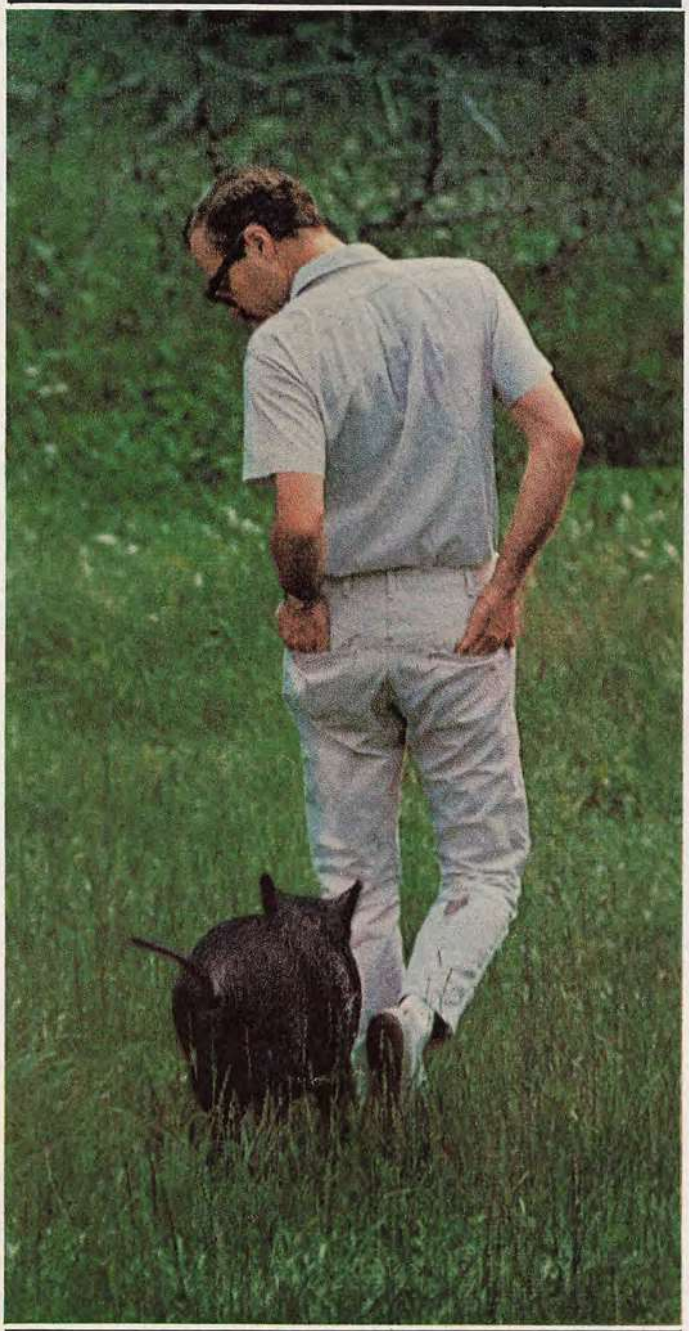
My permanent piglet



She's smarter than the dog, cooler than the cat—and what's more, she's edible

■ Right now, under my window, a pig is howling. It is 5:30 in the afternoon, a half hour after her dinnertime, and she's mad because I haven't served her. She's there because, absurd as it seems, this is her house, too. She lives here. Somehow, I find myself the owner of a household pig.

The trouble began when I read that a new breed of miniature swine, less than half the size of conventional varieties, was being developed for laboratory experimentation. Hogs, it seems, are remarkably like men anatomically and physiologically— much more so than the dog, the usual large lab animal. Like man, a pig eats everything. His digestive system, heart, blood vessels and teeth are similar to those of human beings. Pigskin, being comparatively hairless and thick, is much like manskin. A pig develops manlike heart diseases, tends to acquire a good deal of belly fat, and when worried even forms stomach ulcers.

Furthermore, pigs reach maturity quicker than dogs, and since their food is less expensive, they're cheaper. Besides, Americans don't like the idea of experimenting on dogs. They don't much give a damn about pigs.

Call a man a pig and you imply he's dirty, gluttonous or fat. But those who claim to know pigs best say they really are clean creatures, and they're temperate, dignified and intelligent. A pig becomes a slob, say the experts, because of the way man treats him. Shove him into an overcrowded sty with only a mud slough for amusement and he has no choice but to act the slovenly role assigned him.

I wanted to find out the truth, to give a pig a chance to rise above his image. The best way, I figured, was to keep a pig in the parlor, and to raise him as a pet on my 19-acre farm in upstate New York.

So I telephoned Dr. Almut Dettmers of the University of Minnesota and told her what I wanted to do—raise a miniature pig out here in the clean air of the Shawangunk Mountains, in pleasant surroundings among people who care. Doctor Dettmers, along with Dr. William Rempel, runs the university's pig-shrinking department at the Hormel Institute, in Austin, Minnesota. The institute is a nonprofit appendage of the university, financed primarily for the past 15 years by grants from the National Institutes of Health. It got its name because the Hormel Foundation, which grew out of a meat-packing concern, provided the first funds for the institute and still owns the barn where the pigs are raised.

Doctor Dettmers evidently is a true pig lover, for she agreed that my goal was a worthy one. She's also proud of her charges and was delighted to hear

BY ROBERT GANNON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY WILLIAM TETLOW

that I might write about one. After getting my promise that I'd never despoil this example of Hormel's own by breeding it, she agreed to send me a two-month-old female if I'd pay the postage. (As a further precaution against my starting my own strain, she had the pig spayed.) Ordinarily, such piglets cost $25, while six-month-old porkers run about $100 each.

A few weeks later I got a frantic call from the Albany airport. My Hormel miniature hog had arrived. When I got there, I found three animal packing cases standing in a row. In one was a Burmese cat—silky, serene, immaculate. In another, a rusty, shiny-coated Irish setter lay quietly contemplating the occasional face that peered in at him. In the third, grunting like a pig, was my pig.

"That's one ugly animal," said the clerk. "Gonna have roast suckling, eh?"

"No, I'm going to raise her as a pet."

"Oh."

I looked between the slats. She *was* ugly. Somehow I expected to see a furry-white piglet with a pink nose—cuddly, lovable, cute. Instead, snorting at me was a 10-pound creature the size of a plump woodchuck, with sparse, wiry black hair, wearing a wet, flat-tipped bowling pin for a nose. The bowling pin split, widening to become a pink-and-red gash of a mouth, and from it came a gargling belch as a greeting.

Along with the packing slip and the air express bill ($16.10) was a health certificate from the Minnesota Livestock Sanitary Board: "This Hog Was Not Fed Raw Garbage." I felt better. The slip also stated she had been vaccinated against hog cholera, and that, too, was a relief.

Her name, according to the slip, was 1602, and I was quite willing to leave it at that. My wife, though, thought such a name would warp the little girl's personality. So on the way back in the car she selected "Bijou," and I couldn't have cared less.

At home, I pried off the top of the case, reached down and picked Bijou up. She made a sound indicating she didn't care for the lift. Suddenly I appreciated all the old references to stuck pigs. Her scream was the sound of tearing metal, a squealing railroad wheel, a thousand fingernails on blackboards. I lowered her back to the cage. Silence, except for relaxed grunting as she sniffed her water dish.

I picked her up again. Once more that gash of a mouth opened and out came the mind-searing squeal, with only a moment's respite every three seconds as she gasped for breath, while a string of drool stretched toward the floor.

I put her down with a shudder, and in the renewed quiet took a good look at my beauty. Pigtails are supposed to be pert—curly and corkscrewed. Hers hung as flaccid as an afterthought, half-haired and bony. When I tossed her a dog biscuit, the tail came to life, swinging rapidly and idiotically, like a windup toy.

Her ears were grotesquely malformed, as though hunks had been cut from the edges. Actually, that's just what had happened. Ear-notching is an accepted form of identification for pigs (and other animals), and I guess the U. of M. wanted to be sure mine wouldn't get mixed up with neighborhood strays.

Bijou's neck was virtually nonexistent. I found a couple of extra dog collars in the back room, selected one that fit and, by holding the screaming pig between my knees, succeeded in looping it behind her ears. I pulled the buckle snug and hooked on a leash. She backed away at once, and the collar slipped over her ears and off.

I remembered a harness left over from a fast-growing pup. After additional wrestling matches, I fitted it onto Bijou. But the harness was made for a dog, and a dog's neck is considerably smaller than its chest. A hog's neck and chest are almost the same size; so when a dog's harness is put on a pig, it ends up around the pig's middle, like a corset. I went back to the collar again, but only for decoration.

Some people are said to have trained pigs to a leash. But rarely has man trained a pig to submit to any kind of harnessing for work purposes. As one old pig fancier explained to me, "Dogs look up to you, cats look down on you, and pigs feel you're their equal."

This thought moving me with momentary compassion, I reached down to tickle Bijou—and suddenly found her weak spot: her warty belly. Until now, every time I touched her she'd either go trotting off or turn on her screech box. But when I scratched my fingers against her distended abdomen, she fell over, stiff-legged, to the floor. Closing her long-lashed eyes in ecstasy, she uttered only faint grunting sighs. When I paused, the grunts changed to squeals begging me to continue. From then on, whenever I wanted her to be still, all I had to do was touch her belly.

Her shipping crate, I thought, would make a good bed, so I removed one side and spread fresh cedar chips on the bottom as a mattress. That was at 7:10 in the evening. By 7:30 she had the chips all over the floor. I substituted a sofa cushion.

Housebreaking, I had thought, would be a problem. But everyone assured me that pigs really are naturally clean and should be easy to teach the routine of going outside. The back door already had a swinging panel [*Continued on page* 79]

AMBUSH!

[*Continued from page 29*]

he was as scared as I was. I raced past a dead tree and in a leaping run covered the last 10 yards to the crater. As I landed on the steep side of it, I hit loose dirt and rolled to the bottom. Then I clambered back up and tailed Harshman to the ditch across the road. Haines got Hattison and Demers and the remaining men into the ditch in the same manner.

The fire was coming from a treeline across a fairly barren field to our left. It slackened off a little, and Captain Coates ordered our squad and a squad from the first platoon to get on line and assault the enemy. We figured air support would soon be in to help us.

Haines slid over to tell me I was to be point for our squad, and a lump formed in my stomach. We got into position, even though rounds were still flying. The captain hollered for Haines to get us going. He was going up and down the road firing his .45. Haines told me to move out and make it to a dead tree about 30 yards in front and the rest of the squad would follow. I got up and ran like scared hell, zigzagging to the tree and hitting the deck when I got there. At my left I saw the other squad was pinned down by automatic weapons. I glanced to my rear and saw Reed crawling cautiously toward me. The rest of the squad came along in several minutes without taking any casualties. So far, the North Vietnamese hadn't seen us and we were not being fired on. When Haines got up near, he yelled I had to run 25 meters more to a hedgerow across our front. I was scared spitless.

I got up and hauled ass to the hedgerow, but now the N.V.A. had seen me. As I bellied down, rounds started digging up the dirt all around, so I slid into a bomb crater. I only exposed enough of my head to watch the flank. Back of me I noticed Demers and Reed both hiding behind a tree, in my former position. They weren't any braver than I was.

The rest of the squad finally wormed up to me. Haines told me to crawl to my left front through some short elephant grass. I went and came up on line with one of the men from first platoon. The captain started yelling, "Fire for superiority." Not many fired, though, because every time anyone did, a machine gun would open up on that area. The man from first platoon next to me tried it and the enemy returned fire. He caught a round in the jaw. About that time an N.V.A. rocket hit down at the far end of the other squad and knocked out a couple of men. Some sergeant yelled back to Captain Coates that the fire was too heavy to go any farther. The captain gave the word to fall back. This would have been all right, but most of us were too pinned down to move. What was worse yet was that we still didn't have any air support. I eased back to where Haines was and waited for an order.

At this time, Hattison started yelling about the enemy going around our flank and circling the company. I looked up and saw the little guys streaking through the brush, dashing across the road and taking positions a hundred meters up the road from us. There were now so many of them to the rear that our original front was abandoned and the rear became the front. Our two squads were surrounded, with nothing but open field between us and the rest of the company. Even if we did make it back to them, we would still be surrounded because the enemy was on both sides of the road. We were caught in a U-shaped ambush.

Hattison, Harshman and myself jumped in a crater and started firing at the N.V.A. on the flank and at the ones running around on the other side of the road trying to find cover. Most of them were well camouflaged and blended into the bush. I saw three run into a patch of brush. Harshman fired a grenade into it and only one man hobbled out. Hattison shot him. Then a round hit the crater next to Hattison's head, and he took a 30-second break to swallow his heart before he resumed firing. I hoisted up on the lip of the crater just as 60mm. mortar rounds started hitting all around. The 60 mortars are standard American, and I couldn't figure out why our support was so close. Then I decided these 60 mortars were N.V.A.

Haines motioned us to follow him. We crawled out of the crater, enemy rounds dinging everything in the area, and followed Haines at top speed. He lit out to the left toward where a first platoon squad was. We were in the open, and automatic weapons were tearing hell out of the landscape. Haines and I dived into the dirt behind a log. Hattison and Harshman hit the deck somewhere else. I never saw Reed, Harshman or Hattison after that. The incoming fire got thick—too thick, so Haines and I got up and ran like hell. Demers and a guy from first platoon joined us as we ran past some of the dead. There were wounded, too, but we couldn't stop because two men helping one wounded make three dead. We made it to a cement well top and knelt behind it looking in the direction of the company. Rounds started coming in from all directions and cement was flying as they ricocheted off the well. We ran into a gully close to the well, with large stalks of bamboo on both sides. The man from first platoon was in the lead, then came Demers and me. A bush about 30 feet in front of us leaped to its feet with a rifle and let go. The lead man was shot in the head and killed. Demers caught a round in the arm, but the N.V.A. man missed me. We hit the ground and he fired the whole 30-round magazine from his AK-47 rifle. I grabbed a grenade from my belt, looked down and pulled the pin. But the N.V.A. had vanished, so I tossed the grenade over a little knoll hoping he would be on the other side. Then I tied a dressing on Art's arm, and was just finishing as Haines and the eight or nine men left out of the two squads joined Art and me.

The company was now on our left. An embankment 12 or 15 feet high blocked our vision so we couldn't tell what was between us and the company or how far away it was. We started scrambling up the bank. Three of us made it to the top at the same time and what we saw wasn't good. Lying between us and the company

TRUE

"I'll go along with what you say, Doctor, but, frankly, it never *occurred* to me to regard sex as a *problem!*"

was 80 meters of dirt—no cover at all. Immediately the man on my right was hit from behind. The slug must have gone all the way up his back because he screamed and arched his back and then flipped over on his back and kept screaming, "Oh my God no, no, oh my God." Two men crawled past me working to the right; both were shot by an N.V.A. hiding in the bamboo about 20 meters from where we were. I figured it to be the same one I tossed a grenade at in the gully, only he had moved up into the bamboo anticipating our crossing the field. With him there, I sure wasn't going to the right. I looked behind me and saw a man get up on his hands and knees. He took rounds in the jaw and arm, and then the killer hit his side.

Haines slid past me, so I decided I might as well follow him. He was headed straight across the open field toward the rest of the company stretched along a road behind a low earth wall. Rounds hit all around us as we belly-crawled across that field. I felt terrible as I left wounded friends behind—men screaming in pain and pleading for help. Men who knew they would surely die if left behind, but we couldn't help them or we would die, too.

Haines stopped about halfway across to catch a little breath. Lying flat behind him, I glanced around from under my helmet. There was a dirt clod a foot or two to the front and the right of my head. I heard a shot, the clod disintegrated, and it seemed a good idea to get going. Haines did, too. I dragged along as flat as possible, my cheek to the ground, every muscle straining to move. A round grazed my arm, but I hardly felt it, until I glanced down and saw the streak of red. That gave me a little extra energy. I was still crawling when one of our machine gunners flashed by us with unbelievable speed. I guess he thought he could outrun the bullets—at any rate he made it.

Haines was only about 10 feet from the road now, so he leaped to his feet and ran. I crawled on, the slugs hitting the dirt so close that my ears rang. At last, when I was nearing the road, I stumbled to my feet and sprinted out in a hail of bullets. I plunged down the earth wall, scooted across the road and knelt in front of my lieutenant. I gave him a little wave and asked where Haines went. Just as he was saying that Haines had gone down a branch in the road, I heard a shot and felt the equivalent of a 16-pound sledgehammer hit me from behind. My hip was instantly numb. I hit the ground, rolled off the road and found I had joined Pigott and Corporal Hughes in a shallow ditch. I was happy. I even joked and laughed because I knew I'd got my second 48 hours in a hospital and would be out of combat. I was at the command post and I was sure I'd live to see my family again. Pigott yelled for a medical corpsman. As the doc was coming, he was shot in the back and killed by the same sniper who got me. Hughes took a field dressing from my back pocket and did his best at applying it, while we lay face down in the ditch.

Air support—finally air support came. Two Phantom jets from Da Nang and two Hueys from Dong Ha arrived in response to the captain's radio call for help. The 250- and 500-pound bombs the Phantoms were dropping hit so close we had to open our mouths and plug our ears to keep our eardrums intact. Dirt clods and debris fell on us constantly. The big choppers came clattering in with their machine guns firing wildly, tearing up treelines and hedgerows—including some our men were using for cover.

Enemy rounds kept whistling in constantly, very close. I was breathing hard, but not sweating. My breath made a puddle of dew in the grass my face was lying in. The puddle was cool and felt good on my skin.

Three or four hours later we were still pinned down and still had no reinforcements, and our air support wasn't doing us much good.

Pfc. Weldon was lying down the road from me out of view, screaming for a "Goddam corpsman before I bleed to death."

The N.V.A. were closing in now. I could hear one hollering "Second platoon help, second platoon help!"—trying to make us think he was a wounded Marine and come after him—and get shot. If it had been a Marine calling he would have used very different language. No one would have been crazy enough to go along after him, anyway.

I looked to my rear and saw a man walking across the field with Marine Corps gear on. Pigott saw him, too, but we held fire because of his equipment. When we realized that no Marine would be standing up walking around, he had disappeared into the bamboo. I was mad I hadn't taken a crack at him because I guessed that it must have been the same guy who dinged me.

A grenade sailed over and went off on the ledge above Hughes' head, and gave him a concussion. He was lucky—three rounds had already ricocheted off his helmet. Then the captain caught a round. I heard him say, "Lieutenant, I've been hit, take over." The lieutenant didn't answer, but about three minutes later he screamed in pain. Shots were being fired very close, and we could hear the N.V.A. officers shouting orders. Then it came—a great wave of fire as the C.P. was overrun. I heard the corporal there scream, "No, no, please don't kill me, oh God please." Then a shot and a scream.

Pigott looked back at me and said, "We gotta get the hell out of here." I tried to pass the word to Hughes but he still couldn't hear. So I kicked him and he got the idea.

When we could hear the enemy speaking plainly, Pigott got up and ran across the road. I followed him, limping, but moving as best I could. Pigott went about

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"I'm *not* mumbling! I have a suicide capsule in my mouth."

40 yards along a little path parallel to the road and headed out toward where first platoon clustered around a landing strip. Rounds started following us and Pigott sprawled and I went down behind him and Hughes about 10 yards behind me. Then Pigott jumped up and ran again, and I saw Weldon run across my front about 20 yards up. That was a welcome sight. Hughes was right on my tail as I took out after Weldon. In a few seconds I spotted some men huddled in a bomb crater. I leaped in, looked around and saw old Weldon sitting right next to me. He had caught a round in the hip and one through the arm. He told me he'd been shot at close range, so he had played dead. When the N.V.A. came up to check him out, he started laughing. Weldon flipped up his rifle with one arm and put seven rounds in the enemy's head.

I looked down at my trousers and was surprised to see all that crimson. I thought the round had stayed in me, but according to the clean-cut hole in the front of my pants leg, it went all the way through.

About this time Hughes stumbled by. We screamed at him to get into the crater with us, but his concussion was still too much and he ambled on in a daze.

Sergeant Huff was senior man of the little group. He had a 60mm. mortar tube set up in the road, but so much fire was going up and down the road that he couldn't retrieve it.

The N.V.A. were closing in and it was time to move again. The first five men made it—no sweat. They climbed the side of the crater, ran through a hedgerow and disappeared into a bamboo stand about 30 meters from the crater. When my turn came, my leg was getting stiff and I had to hobble. Rounds kicked up dirt all along my side but none hit me. I limped into the bamboo and lay down. A few more men filed in. Slugs kept cracking through the bamboo over our heads. Then the N.V.A. started a brush fire, and we had to run through it to get back to the road. I ran across and dived into the hedgerow next to a wounded man. He asked me to bandage his arm. He'd been shot in the elbow, and his forearm was just hanging. I was about finished when a mortar shell hit the road about 15 or 20 meters from us. Two pieces caught my leg and numerous others hit my hands and arms. I asked the wounded man how he was, but only a few small pieces had hit him.

About that time it occurred to me I was the last man before the advancing N.V.A. I hurried back across the road as fast as I could and about 20 meters farther toward the landing strip. There I fell into some bushes and lay real exhausted, watching the blood run from my new wounds. For the first time all day I lit a cigarette, and another and another. I drank some water from the canteen I'd been hanging onto. The N.V.A. were firing now into the brush along the road trying to pick us off. There were only about 30 men left out of the company. We were with what was left of first platoon. Everyone in third platoon had been killed, and only 11 of us were left from second. As I lay there, I prayed for help. I prayed very hard. The enemy was getting in close again, and it wouldn't be long before we were overrun once more. I heard a thud and glanced out in the road. A grenade lay there smoking. I couldn't get down lower because the bushes were holding me up, so I put my arms over my head and said to myself, "This is just what I need, goddammit." The grenade was a dud. It didn't explode.

After I'd laid there another hour or so, I heard the faint sound of tanks. I knew there'd be men along with them, and I was never so pleased in my life. Then a barrage of more than 200 N.V.A. 87mm. artillery rounds whistled toward our reinforcements. All of that artillery plus the N.V.A. small-arms fire really hurt the first people that came in to help us—Alpha Company.

The tanks kept boring on, though, and then Charley Company started coming up. Before long, I could hear commands being given to Charley's men. The tanks started firing on N.V.A. positions as they moved parallel to the road. I could see Charley's men helping some of the wounded, although the sniper fire was still heavy.

As the tanks rumbled past me, I got up and started walking, but could make it only about 10 yards. One of my pals, Watterson, and another guy helped me about 100 meters farther along the road. A corpsman came and helped, too. Pretty soon a staff sergeant joined him. They pulled my clothes off and put dressings on me. Then the sergeant had six men carry me to the landing strip on a poncho. We were ducking snipers all the way. Twice artillery came in and sent everyone diving for cover. One of Charley Company's men came by and gave us a soda out of his pack. We opened it and passed it around.

When we got to the strip, I found a guy, Johnson, I knew. He was shot twice in the arm. Old Fred Garcia had two fingers blown off, but was in his usual good spirits.

Some fellas helped me over beside a foxhole in case we got shelled. The N.V.A. did start throwing in artillery and mortars, so I flopped into the hole. All I had on was a helmet, bandages and a flak jacket, and I sat there bare bloody ass in the dirt.

The word came to move to the other side of the strip for the medevac. No one was around to help me, so I got up and began walking. But my leg was a plank and at the rate I was moving, I'd still be there.

Then six Marines caught me up in a poncho and off we went. They stuck to the low places in the strip so we could flatten out in the dirt if more rounds came in. As I glanced around the landing zone, I missed a lot of my friends' faces—faces that should have been there, but were lost forever.

I spoke to Staff Sergeant Burns and told him this was my ticket out, and he was happy for me. I had grown fond of him when I had been his radioman. He was the best staff officer in the company. I talked to several other friends. Then I vomited from the soda on an empty stomach.

An ambulance from Con Thien arrived and they stuck me on it. But a helicopter came in, and I was shifted to that, much to my relief. Then the guys running things started playing games, taking people on and off the chopper and wasting time. I knew what would happen. The first artillery round hit the ambulance I had been in. The next few landed all around the chopper. Even with a goose like that, the pilot took off much too slowly. But I could feel us climb higher and then higher. Behind me was Bravo Company, a half-dead handful of men caught in another artillery barrage. **—David J. Hendry**

WOULD YOU BUY A USED SAMOVAR FROM THIS MAN?

[*Continued from page* 31]

who serve the Kremlin's purposes yet are also invaluable to Western correspondents. They are known among the Moscow press corps as "the little gray men," but they emphatically do *not* include Victor Louis, who is in a class by himself. The little gray men are nearly all Western defectors, and when the Kremlin wants to leak a story unofficially, it lets one of these unsavory fellows pass it on to the correspondents.

I was in Moscow to write an article about Russian movie stars for an American magazine. It was an innocuous subject, but even so, I was faced with going through endless bureaucratic channels to get permission to visit the film studios. To cut the red tape, I called Ralph Parker, one of the most prominent of the little gray men. Parker was an upper-crust Englishman who had gone to Moscow before the war as a correspondent for the *Times* of London, jumped to *The New York Times*, then switched promptly to the *Daily Worker* and apparent allegiance to the communist cause. He agreed to meet me at the Metropole.

I was curious to see this mysterious twilight figure who could make such a transition without apparent regret. Parker proved to be a big, bloated man whose eggplant-colored nose indicated his taste in conspicuous consumption. He wore a faded-blue English double-breasted suit, together with a shirt obviously from GUM, the Moscow department store. Swallowing vodka after vodka, he listened uneasily to my request. I finished by saying, "I'll pay you a hundred dollars if you can help me get into the Mosfilm Studios." It was a not ungenerous offer for a task that required only a couple of telephone calls.

Parker's nervousness, however, increased. He drew heavily on a Russian cigarette and said, "There is only one man in Moscow who can help you. Victor Louis."

"Who is he—a Frenchman?" I asked.

"No, he's a Russian." Parker then gave me Louis' telephone number. We parted, but clearly Parker got to the telephone before I could call Louis for an appointment. He probably said to Louis, "There's an English correspondent with an Italian name who will give you a hundred dollars to get him into Mosfilm."

That was why Victor Louis greeted me in such an odd manner. Louis is tall, fair-haired, good-looking in a foxy sort of way. His posture is poor, he walks with a slight stoop, and he has the suspicious manner characteristic of nearly all people who live in Moscow. His clothes are made in Finland, and are well cut. He smokes Camels and wears a fashionably thin watch with a gold band. The French name "Louis" is not uncommon in Russia; as a family name it usually dates back to Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1813, when tens of thousands of French prisoners were left behind in Russian hands. On their release, they were given the choice of the long walk home or becoming Russians. Many remained, often Russifying their names. "Lapinsky," for example, derives from the French name "Lapin." Victor Louis' passport says his name is Vitaly Yevgenyevich Lui, which, being a snob, he has changed back in usage to that of his forebears.

My first session with Louis was enlightening. When he demanded cash in advance for his services, I said no deal. With business out of the way, our relationship relaxed. While Louis drank Scotch and I drank vodka, we chatted into the night. He had considerable charm, spoke English with an Oxford accent, and was quick to state that he was a Jew of French ancestry. At the end of the evening, Louis was good enough to drive me back to the Metropole in his French car, a Peugeot 403.

It was a mixed introduction to this oddball Russian. Unsuccessful in its business purpose, it had proceeded well enough on a personal level. After several later sessions with Louis, however, my overall impression of him became something less than warm; evidently he grew to feel the same way about me, because he has since described me to mutual friends as "that English wop." Americans might call it a failure to communicate—or perhaps we communicated too well.

But Louis fascinated me as a Russian who shouldn't exist, and I learned a good deal about him. He was graduated from Moscow University shortly after World War II as a student of languages (he speaks five fluently). He worked for a while as a messenger, first in the New Zealand Embassy, then in the Brazilian. Within the Moscow diplomatic community it is a commonly accepted fact of life that all Soviet citizens working for foreigners must report to the secret police, and Louis' period of employment at the embassies was during the worst of the Stalinist era. It can be supposed that he duly reported.

Yet Louis was arrested in 1947. He now says his "crime" was friendliness with foreigners, but he was actually charged with black-marketeering and treason. He spent nine disagreeable years in various labor camps, including the one at Karaganda, generally considered the harshest.

Soon after his release and return to Moscow, he started working as a legman for the veteran correspondent, Edmund Stevens. A Soviet citizen can hold a job like this one only when he enjoys the régime's confidence. It seems obvious that Louis was benefiting from the reaction to the Stalinist era. He began to make connections and gained a reputation as a private operator with varied contacts.

Louis was apparently doing well. But how could a Soviet citizen accomplish such a free-enterprise existence within his own communist society? The answer is that ambition, initiative and a liking for money are qualities common to all communities, and the more the state discourages them officially, the more the person thrives who possesses them.

It was presumed among the Western newspapermen that the authorities winked at Louis' activities because of the information he was supplying. He became well known as an odd character on the fringes of the Moscow foreign set. In 1958 he startled everyone by announcing his engagement to an English girl, Jennifer Statham, the attractive blonde governess of the children of the British naval attaché. What surprised people was not the proposal but the acceptance. Louis, being the kind of man he was, might well seek the status symbol of a Western wife, but for a 100-percent English girl to be willing to embark on the hazards of life as a Soviet citizen was something that shocked the community. The British ambassador warned her of the dangers. Her parents were appalled. Jennifer was in love.

The marriage was followed by an extraordinary widening of Louis' activities. In 1959 he translated the musical *My Fair Lady* into Russian, and wrote the authors, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, a letter breathtakingly brazen: "The comedy is going to be staged in Sverdlovsk and Kiev during the 1959-1960 season. I have got the vocal score and the piano accompaniment as recorded at the New York performance of the play. But I have not succeeded in getting the orchestral score, and I would be very happy if you could send me one. If it won't be forthcoming we will be obliged to reconstruct the orchestral score from the recorded version now in our possession.... I am afraid that you will not be able to benefit from the copyrights as no agreement has been concluded on this subject between the United States and the U.S.S.R."

Lerner and Loewe blew their cool and sent off a raging reply. "At the moment," they bellowed (if one can bellow in print), "when deliberate efforts are being made for creating salutary cultural and artistic exchanges between our two countries, it seems to us inconceivable that you should envisage such profoundly outrageous, immoral and illegal action."

They forbade Louis to go ahead with his project, but he went ahead anyway. Later he told friends in an aggrieved way, "I thought they would be touched to think that 'I Could Have Danced All Night' was being sung in cities all over the Soviet Union." An American who saw the Louis version in Kiev said it was not at all bad.

In the same year this forerunner of a new breed of Soviet citizen embarked on the illegal business of purveying the works of young avant-garde painters of whom the régime officially disapproved. Correspondents and diplomats were taken to his apartment and shown a portfolio of the paintings. Sometimes the painters themselves would be there, available for interviews—in which case the radio would be turned up, on the presumption that the apartment was bugged. To keep appearances correct on the surface, Louis had acquired a cover job as string correspondent for the London *Evening News*. He displayed this connection on his business card, which was printed in English on one side and in Cyrillic on the other.

In 1966, Valery Yakovlevich Tarsis,

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

the noted Soviet writer, was given official permission to emigrate from Russia, and in London he gave a press conference in which he denounced the Soviet leaders as a band of fascist thugs and the Soviet Union itself as a fascist slave state. At the bottom of *The New York Times* report on the meeting there was a line, without amplification, that the interpreter was Victor Louis. When I saw his name I called an old Moscow hand now living in New York. His comment was interesting: "So poor old Victor has had to defect, too. I'm not surprised. He was skating on pretty thin ice. Now he and Jennifer will settle in London."

No assessment could have been more wrong. The whole affair was a brilliantly conceived operation by Louis. To understand why Tarsis was allowed out, one must make two assumptions. The first is that permission could only have been given on the highest level—namely, from Andropov, head of the secret police, who had to weigh the security risk. The second is that neither Andropov nor any other top politician would have dreamed of letting Tarsis out in the normal course of events. The idea must have come from Louis, who probably said something along these lines: "Tarsis is getting a lot of sympathetic attention in the West for what they think are his courageous anti-Soviet declarations. You and I both know that Tarsis is a nut. The Anglo-Americans can recognize one as quickly as we can. If we keep him here, the Western correspondents will make a martyr of him. Who needs him? Let him out so they can see for themselves what Tarsis is like."

Louis himself escorted Tarsis to London and even put him up in his mother-in-law's flat. The impression Tarsis made at his press conference was poor. Even the most conservative reporters could not believe that the Soviet Union was as bad as Tarsis painted it. Afterward, Louis, while still posing as a friend, went around London sabotaging Tarsis' relations with London publishers by hinting that his works were not worth translating. He was believed. Tarsis went to Greece, took out Greek citizenship and has lived in obscurity ever since.

In October that year Louis made his first visit to the United States, where he arranged to have a half-hour interview with Hubert Humphrey in the Vice-President's office. The visit was set up by a Sunday supplement magazine in gratitude for pictures of Khrushchev in retirement which Louis had supplied the publication.

The range of Louis' interests and activities seems almost without limit. He is highly cultured in the arts. Besides owning a good collection of Russian modern painters, he has one of the leading collections of ikons in Moscow.

He even has some gambling equipment in his apartment. Patrick McGrady, a former Moscow correspondent, attended a roulette party which Louis gave. Recalling it, he said, "I agreed to play providing I wasn't the bank. With a small wheel one can tell the imperfections after only a few turns. After the wheel's idiosyncrasies became clear, I began to toss a few rubles on the felt. Within 15 minutes I was 90 rubles [$99] richer. I thought to myself that if the silly bastard plays roulette with anybody but idiots, he'll go broke in no time." Several of the players must have been idiots. Louis paid out the winnings as inscrutably as any croupier, but was well in pocket by the end of the night.

The apartment had six rooms—enormous to an ordinary Russian. But when I last saw Jennifer Louis, who was pregnant for the second time (she now has three children), she was complaining that it wasn't big enough and was pessimistic about the prospects of moving to a larger apartment. But she underestimated her husband's influence, because shortly after their second child was born he was allowed to buy a country dacha in Peredelkino, the exclusive writers' colony outside Moscow, where Pasternak lived and is buried. Louis was also allowed to keep his Moscow apartment, which he now rents to people from the Canadian Embassy. The dacha is a large three-story frame house, completely winterized, with several fireplaces, and it could not have cost less than $50,000. In it he now shows off his ikons and abstract paintings, his library and his sculptures by Neizvestny, an artist considered by many Western experts to be the most exciting in Russia.

Most of the dachas in Peredelkino are only two stories high, and not particularly spacious. Palaces, a category in which Victor Louis' home falls, are usually reserved for the ultrapriviliged classes of the arts. The almost imperial mode of living of the Louises (they often serve whole suckling pigs at weekend parties) causes envy and resentment among the well-to-do of Peredelkino, particularly since Louis' only registered employment is as a part-time correspondent for a little-known foreign newspaper.

In the comfort of their dacha, Victor and Jennifer work on apparently endless capitalist projects. One is a Russian guidebook, a small yellow booklet entitled "Information Moscow" and priced at $10. A "must" for visitors to Moscow, it gives useful phrases in Russian, facts about Moscow, on which Louis is a supreme authority, and details on food and the various types of vodka. Another is a telephone directory. There are no public telephone directories in Moscow, a hangover from the paranoid secrecy of the Stalinist era, and the tattered, much-thumbed pocket address book is as much the mark of the Soviet citizen's personal equipment as the shapeless suit. Louis' book of useful numbers, both public and private, is sold to the diplomatic and press colony at $2 a copy. Louis even sends news stories occasionally to the London *Evening News* and other Western papers, but his features are often so heavy that nobody will print them. Nonetheless they are better than most of what appears in Russian newspapers and magazines.

His first coup of 1967 was to arrange for NBC television to interview Krushchev in retirement. But the great opportunity for Louis' flair came when Svetlana Alliluyeva Stalina fled Russia. Her desertion shook the Kremlin to a degree never fully appreciated by the Western press. It was not simply the fact that she was Stalin's daughter that disturbed the communist authorities; it was the symbolic timing of her defection during the 50th anniversary of the Soviet revolution.

Something had to be done to counteract the shockingly bad picture of Russia that she was giving the world. The plan decided upon was certainly Louis' idea, because it was superbly journalistic in a way that would never have occurred to the political or bureaucratic mind. Yet Louis must have taken a big risk, for no Soviet official would have dared give him in writing the authority to act as he did. Louis first prevailed on Joseph, Svetlana's son, probably with money, to let him rifle the family photograph albums for pic-

tures of Stalin relaxing with Svetlana, a dumpy, unattractive child. The next step concerned Svetlana's manuscript, *Twenty Letters to a Friend,* of which Louis had discovered there were three differing copies. One she had sent to India before her departure from Russia, and had picked up on her way to America with the intent to get it published. The other two, earlier versions, were left with friends in Moscow and Leningrad for safekeeping. Louis, obviously backed by secret police persuasion, "borrowed" one of the latter scripts and found it included material, left out of the Indian manuscript, which might impart to the reader a less favorable impression of the author.

The object of acquiring these documents was twofold. The family photographs presented her generally as a much less interesting person than the glamorized Svetlana who turned up in America, and some of the shots showed her as a child being cuddly with Lavrenty Beria, the diabolical secret police chief, whom, in her book, she blames for many of her father's crimes. Release of the full manuscript, including the episodes Svetlana preferred to omit, was to be made in the West, in order to undermine her official story, to reveal her as an unstable woman, and to cut down the book's sales and publicity impact. Along with the photos and text, Louis would offer fabricated statements in which Svetlana allegedly denounced her friend Andrei Sinyavsky, who was imprisoned for having his works published in the West without Soviet permission. Louis also planned to hint at other material about Svetlana of a pornographic nature.

Going to West Germany, he offered the properties to *Der Stern,* a magazine which was the archrival of another publication, *Der Spiegel.* The latter had contracted to publish Svetlana's authorized version, and *Der Stern* eagerly seized the chance to offset it with unauthorized pictures and text. Louis then went to *Paris-Match* in Paris, *Epoca* in Italy and the *Daily Express* in London. These three publications are the most influential in their areas. There was no bidding and no money changed hands. Louis was handing out a free gift.

The pictures had the chief appeal wherever he showed the package. There was less interest in the manuscript because of the copyright laws, but even so, Louis succeeded in scaring Svetlana's publishers in several countries into hasty action. In London, for example, he pressed the manuscript on an off-beat publisher, Alex Flegon, a Rumanian refugee who specializes in material ostensibly smuggled out of Russia. Under this threat, in order to protect the copyright under British law, Hutchinson's, Svetlana's London publisher, with no time to make a translation, produced her version in Russian and distributed it around obscure British bookstores, hoping nobody would notice it. But the newspapers tracked the book down and put Russian-speaking reviewers to work on it. The extracts were quoted throughout the world—and illustrated with Louis' pictures, which softened the sting of Svetlana's accusations. Louis had accomplished his mission.

But he had also been burned by it, severely. Until now, his Western contacts could politely simulate belief when he assured them he was an independent operator. Now he had nakedly exposed himself as a paid Soviet agent doing a dirty job. Louis realized he was compromised. He complained to a correspondent in Hamburg, "Why should I be a scapegoat? Whenever I go outside Russia, someone is suspicious that I am an agent. It makes me sick. Why can't they just believe that I am a professional journalist?"

Louis' ventures today are not confined to journalistic and artistic enterprise. He makes himself useful to people trying to work out foreign trade deals. He seems to have risen beyond his simple black-marketeering of the '50's and now engages himself as sales representative for firms seeking to export their goods to the Soviet Union. In these deals with the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade there is always a little something for Victor.

Overall, Louis' activities amount to an astonishing flouting of Soviet law, which has severe penalties for black-marketeering, illegal currency transactions, speculation and commercial dealings for personal profit. Clearly a double standard of justice exists in the Soviet Union. Louis, committing multifarious crimes—but many of them on behalf of the party autocracy and the K.G.B.—is rewarded with affluence and privilege, city apartment, country dacha and three Western automobiles. Meanwhile such Soviet citizens as Sinyavsky and Daniel, the writers who merely had their works published abroad under false names, languish in forced labor camps and may well die there.

Louis is well aware of the precariousness of his position in Russia. He sometimes intimates to Westerners that he is basically a dissenter, and might even defect to the West one of these days. Occasionally he talks of settling in Israel. Unfortunately, he adds sadly, his income is so large that he simply cannot afford to seek exile at the moment.

His future is hard to predict. The nimbleness of his footwork dazzles both the diplomatic corps and the press colony, not to mention the faceless bureaucrats of the Kremlin. Nothing seems to be beyond his capabilities. But such men, as every society knows, can become too smart for their own good. In the old days the answer would have been simple. Louis would have been shot. But the Soviet Union is not like that any more. If it decides that Louis has outlived his usefulness, it is more likely that he, Jennifer and their three children will get marching orders.

Israel is an unlikely refuge for someone with Louis' lush tastes. The family would probably set up house in some London suburb. Louis could then try to peddle his life story to some newspaper—and he might find that nobody is interested in him any more. But wherever he decided to live, it would not be in the style of Peredelkino. And Moscow without him would be a different and less colorful place.

—Geoffrey Bocca

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COULD SWINGING JOE NAMATH MAKE IT IN THE TOUGH NFL?

[*Continued from page 33*]

becomes a *great* quarterback depends strictly on him. In each of his three seasons with the Jets, somebody else has been selected as the team's most valuable player by the Jets themselves (Don Maynard in 1967, George Sauer in 1966, Matt Snell in 1965). To me, this proves that he does not have the respect he should from his teammates. It's tough for the Jets to win if their quarterback doesn't have that respect. Being out the night before a game does not generate it."

Graham was referring to Namath's escapade a year ago, the night before the Jets' opening exhibition game.

"If that had been my *son*, and he flouted discipline like that, I'd have fired him," Graham says. "Joe hasn't matured emotionally. Sonny Werblin created a monster by building him into a celebrity before Joe even went to training camp."

Werblin, former president of the Jets, was a show-business executive with the Music Corporation of America before he became a football tycoon.

"Maybe you can get away with conduct like that in the theatrical world," Graham says, "because 39 other guys aren't depending on a star like 39 other players do on a quarterback. And if Frank Sinatra cracks a note somewhere in a nightclub, there's nobody keeping track. It's not in the papers the next day, like a quarterback's statistics are. Namath has a great arm, he can flick the ball a country mile. As far as passing goes, he's on a level with my quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen, and with Unitas and Starr."

Jurgensen is not appreciated as much as Johnny Unitas of the Baltimore Colts or Bart Starr of the Packers, but he holds the NFL record for passing yardage in a season—3,747, established last year.

"I think Sonny is the most accurate passer in the NFL," says Graham, "and Joe would be up there with him if he were in our league. But a quarterback has to be a leader, he has to be a winner, like Starr and Unitas. Joe has the talent, but he has to make the sacrifice. Up to now, his dedication has been questionable."

If Namath is asked about his dedication, he tends to shrug off the question. "I don't think I do anything that hurts my game," he says. "What the hell, I drink a little, but almost all pro football players do.

"I drink sometimes because I've got an acre of pain in my legs, or sometimes because I'm annoyed at something, but it really doesn't do any good. Another thing, if I'm in a bar and if I have *one* drink, and some guy from Oklahoma sees me, man, by the next day he's told everybody he knows that Joe Namath was stiff. But I'm not trying to justify the time I was out all night at training camp. That was all wrong.

"My brother Bob was having trouble with his legs, they were like paralyzed, and I was real worried about him. I wanted to be by myself.

"I asked Weeb for permission to go into New York from Peekskill, where we were training, and he refused. I went anyway because I had to get away. Anybody who has ever wanted to be by himself would understand what I had to do. But that didn't make it right for the team. The next morning, when I got back, two of the older players, Sam DeLuca and Matt Snell, told me the other veterans wanted to know where I'd been, that the players had a right to know because we were about to play an exhibition game that night. I had a meeting with them in one of the classrooms there at Peekskill and told them my reasons."

That night Namath completed four of six passes. He set up four touchdowns in the first quarter and the Jets routed the Boston Patriots, 55-13.

Several days later, he was named in a suit brought by the sports editor of *Time* magazine, who alleged that Namath had assaulted him in an East Side bar during the early hours of the morning he missed curfew.

"The curfew cost me a big fine," Namath acknowledged. "I don't remember whether it was $500 or more than that, but Weeb didn't ignore it.

"As quarterback, I consider myself the leader of the Jets, the leader on the field.

"On the field is where it counts. Off the field it's my own life. I don't believe you have to be a leader off the field. I live *my* life off the field. I want to win as much as anybody else. I sacrifice and I'm dedicated and the older I get, the more I'm going to have to take care of myself. I do now. I always get my eight hours' sleep.

"Even if I'm out or watching TV and get to bed at 2 or 3, we don't have to be at practice until noon. I can get up at 11 and make it."

"Now," concludes Graham, "if Joe would only cut his hair and go to work, he could really be tremendous."

Namath retorts sharply, "My hair has nothing to do with my football. I happen to think long hair looks better, especially when a man's dressed. I used to have short hair, crew cuts, and when I had my A Club initiation, my varsity letter at Alabama, my hair was shaved off. I began to let it grow after that. I think a majority of females like a man with long hair, at least the ones I know. And I like long hair on a girl. But then," he adds grinning, "there are some broads who look awful good in short hair."

Namath has occasionally grown a goatee, but he has always shaved it off after a few weeks.

"I like beards," he says. "I even had one in high school in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. I don't see what's so terrible about a beard. I was in my lawyer's office the other day and on the walls were pictures of famous Supreme Court justices. They all had beards and nobody ever knocks them. Abraham Lincoln had a beard. And I never saw a picture of a saint who didn't have a beard. It's another style, that's all, like mini-skirts.

"Weeb once asked me about my goatee, and I told him, 'I like it,' and he said, 'All right.'

"I had one after my junior year at Alabama. Before you went home you had to say good-bye to Coach Paul Bryant and I had to go see him. It's true I had been ducking him because of the goatee, but I had to face him. When I walked in, he said, 'What the hell you got there?' and I said, 'It's a goatee, Coach.' And he said, 'What you got it on for, boy?' and I told him, 'Because I like it.' He said, 'Oh, all right,' and he never said another word about it, but I was scared to death. I had it off by the time I returned for football camp. I wouldn't want to wear it playing football, anyway. It'd be too hot. I couldn't wear it now, even if I wanted to. They have a rule against it in our league.

"But my hair, the way people think it's so terrible, that really bugs me. I don't want to be a hippie. Not if they're on narcotics or anything like that. But if they're happy, if they understand themselves, well, good for them. I think everybody should try to understand himself. I'm trying to. I've been standing still intellectually. I've got some good stocks, although I made a bad investment in orange groves. But the money from endorsements has been terrific. My lawyer, Mike Bite, set them up. I think he's brilliant. I endorse slacks and socks, and those people don't complain about my hair, man. Neither does Weeb. He never says a word about it."

Wally Lemm might. He's now in his third season as coach of the Houston Oilers after four NFL seasons with the St. Louis Cardinals.

"As great as Joe is," says Lemm, "he could be that much better if he were a disciplined player. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'd love to try to make him one."

Lemm almost had the opportunity. When he was coaching the Cardinals, they bid against the Jets for Namath.

"We had a tremendous scouting report on him," recalls Lemm. "He's the most outstanding quarterback to come out of college in the last seven or eight years. We really wanted him, and the New York Giants wanted him if we couldn't sign him, but the Jets outbid both of us. I'm sure that in 1965 the Cardinals would have stayed in the race in the Eastern Conference of the NFL if we had signed Namath. We were 4 and 1 when Charlie Johnson hurt his shoulder. After that, we lost eight out of our last nine games.

"Charlie returned, but his shoulder wasn't right and he was ineffective. If we'd had Joe, we'd have had a chance to stay in the race.

"In my opinion, Joe compares most to Jurgensen in the NFL. Neither is very mobile, but I think they're the two best arms in pro football. They can throw deep or short, with a quick release, quicker than Unitas or Starr. As a quarterback, Joe is young, and certain things confuse him in reading defenses, but he's improving.

"And he's got courage. He's tough, really tough. He can take a beating without whimpering. He sold me in that game at Oakland."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Against the Raiders late last season, Namath suffered a fractured right cheekbone, presumably when he was slammed by Ben Davidson, a mustachioed six-foot, eight-inch defensive end. Asked when the injury occurred, Namath wisecracked, "At breakfast." The following Sunday, he wore a special plastic protective mask while going beyond the 4,000-yard gain mark with his passes.

"He finished the Oakland game," Lemm says, "and it made me respect him as a competitor. but I wish he were more disciplined off the field. It's up to the Jets, but I wouldn't condone some of the things he does."

The implication is clear. Lemm, and many others in pro football, believe that Werblin and Ewbank have been too permissive with Namath, that Werblin in particular gave him preferential treatment in comparison with the other players. Once, it is whispered, Werblin employed Namath as a bartender at a house party in order to show off his star quarterback to friends.

"I'll tell you how that story got started," Namath says. "It wasn't like that at all.

"I was in Florida and had played golf that day, and I stopped by Werblin's house at Golden Beach, a little north of Miami Beach. I just stopped by to say hello. When he told me he was having a few people over for dinner, I wanted to leave because I wasn't dressed for a party, but he told me to stick around until they came and then I could leave. When the doorbell rang, I hid behind the bar so nobody would see me in my golf clothes, but he gave me away. What the hell, I made a couple of drinks for the people, but he hadn't asked me there to be his bartender.

"Then when I was a rookie and he showed me around New York, that was only the buildup to sell tickets."

But it worked. Shortly after Namath's original signing, the Jets doubled their season ticketholders to 40,000. They now have 56,000, the limit, because the club holds out about 4,000 tickets for game-to-game sale. Still, the team's inability to hold the divisional lead in each of the last two seasons has soured some Jet fans on Coach Ewbank.

"It's not his fault," says Namath, "he's a real smart football man.

"Looking back, I appreciate how he handled me. He didn't try to rush me. When I was a rookie, I'd bust a play in a signal drill and I'd be mad at myself, and the veterans must've been mad as hell, going through all their old plays with me day after day, but Weeb would just say, 'All right, do it again,' real patient. When we prepare for a game, everything we do is sound. If it doesn't work, it's not his fault. Like the way he warned us about the Denver game last season.

"We hadn't played the previous Sunday because of a bye in the schedule. The day before the game, the weather was bad and we didn't get much chance to practice outdoors.

"Weeb was worried. He kept saying, 'Our timing is going to be off, I'm concerned about our timing,' and I remember thinking to myself, *He's crazy, how can our timing be off when we've been practicing for four months?* But in the game I did something I don't do. I had my tight end, Pete Lammons, open and I overthrew him. My timing *was* off. Weeb had been right, but until you learn for yourself, sometimes you don't listen."

Namath might be inclined to listen more closely to Vince Lombardi, the taskmaster of Green Bay.

Lombardi demands discipline, but in molding the Packers he was careful not to destroy the effervescent spirit that Paul Hornung, the playboy halfback, contributed to several championship teams. Significantly, Lombardi refuses to commit himself on whether he'd shear Namath's locks.

"We don't have anybody on the Packers with long hair," he says, chuckling, "but that sure doesn't mean we wouldn't allow it."

As a perfectionist, Lombardi rarely uses the word "perfect" in rating a player, but he applies it to Namath as a passer.

"His arm, his release of the ball are just perfect," Lombardi says. "Namath is as good a passer as I've ever seen. My judgment has to be limited because I haven't had any personal contact with him. With a quarterback, personal contact is the most important thing. His play-calling intelligence, his sense of where to run a play and when to call it, these are things about him I don't know. I'm not saying he doesn't have them—I'm saying *I don't know* if he has them. But from what I've seen on the films, he's a perfect passer."

Quite a compliment, but Namath realizes that Vince Lombardi was evaluating him only as a passer, not as a quarterback.

"I'm still learning," Namath says, with a sad smile. "I forget that at times but I'm also reminded."

His interceptions remind him. He had 28 last season, 27 two years ago. But his 5.7 percentage of interceptions in 1967 was the same as Bart Starr's. Two years ago, Unitas had 24 passes intercepted for a 6.9 percentage, worse than Namath's 5.7 that year.

"And Unitas was 32 years old then," says Namath, now 25.

Ten years ago, he had watched Unitas on television as the Colts achieved their famous 23-17 sudden-death over the New York Giants in the NFL championship game. With a second down on the Giants' 8-yard line in overtime, Unitas drilled a sideline pass to his tight end, Jim Mutscheller. Had one of the Giants intercepted, he would have had a clear field to a possible touchdown. Instead, the Colts had a third down on the one, and Alan Ameche scored.

Asked later if that pass had been risky, Unitas replied, "When you know what you're doing, you don't get intercepted."

"I remember reading about Unitas saying that," Namath continues, "but it's not that simple. He must've known even more about what he was doing two years ago, but he had 24 interceptions. There are usually other circumstances."

In a 28-28 tie with Houston last season, Namath had six passes intercepted, two for touchdowns.

"On two of the six," he says, "it was a

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poor play on my part. One time we had a third down and eight or nine, maybe 12, and we were on the left hash mark. My other two receivers were covered and Maynard, as the flanker, was out to my right, down about 20 yards—but from the left hash mark that's about 45, 50 yards in the air. Their cornerback [Miller Farr] was just layin' there, and he picked the ball off for a touchdown. That was my fault, man, nobody else's, that and another one."

At the time, he took the blame for all six interceptions, but now he was explaining circumstances.

"One was a tipped ball," he said, "and on another, I misread the receiver—he wasn't where he was supposed to be. On still another, the scouting report had rated the strong safety [Ken Houston] as a rookie without much speed. I laid the ball out there and he picked it off like a gazelle for a touchdown. I found out later that he's a 9.3 sprinter. And the last interception, the long one to Sauer, that was just a desperation pass."

The last interception occurred on the final play, and a hectic double lateral sprung Larry Carwell of the Oilers toward the goal line with Namath, wobbling on his bad knees, the only defender left. After warding off a huge blocker, Namath spilled Carwell on the four-yard line, preserving the tie.

"I had to stop him. The worst thing a passer can do is have an interception run back for a touchdown, and I'd already had two that day. I remember in college," he says, recalling his sophomore season at Alabama, "I had an interception run back all the way, and after the game Coach Bryant came up to the locker room and told me, 'Congratulations, you set a record.' I said, 'Thanks, Coach, what one?' and he said, 'You threw an interception for a touchdown. I never had that happen on one of my teams before.' That stuck with me. I wasn't going to let a third touchdown lose the game."

After preventing Carwell from scoring, Namath lay sprawled face-down for several seconds, his knees aching.

His knees always ache. His right knee needed ligament operations in both 1965 and 1967. Last winter his left knee began to balk and required tendon surgery.

"His bad knees," says the Eagle coach, Joe Kuharich, "detract 15 to 25 percent from his efficiency.

"He has virtually no mobility. He can't scramble, he can't even roll out. But even so, he's a truly outstanding passer. He would be as good, maybe somewhat better, with an NFL team because the personnel around him would probably be better. He's got the delivery to throw the ball as well as Unitas or Starr.

"He has the arm, the accuracy and the release to get it there quickly. It's too bad he has those knees."

The knees baffle Paul Brown, who knows NFL quality. He coached Otto Graham during his career at Cleveland.

"Namath is an extremely accurate passer," says Brown, who lived in La Jolla, California, prior to taking over the new Cincinnati franchise, and observed Namath in nearby San Diego. "I'd say he's as accurate as Otto was, or as Starr, Unitas and Jurgensen are right now. He has that great strength in his arm and wrist—all the great passers have that. The ball comes off their hand with a good controlled spin. The great strength is a gift, but the most amazing thing about Namath is that he does so well despite those knees."

George Wilson agrees. He labels Namath "the closest thing to Unitas" that he's seen. As coach of the Detroit Lions, he saw Unitas for eight seasons. Now with the Miami Dolphins, he has seen Namath for two.

"Joe knows where *all* his receivers are *all* the time," says Wilson, "and he picked that trick up faster than most passers. Not being connected with him, it's difficult for me to rate his ability as a quarterback, but he seems to call a good game. Unitas and Namath keep you guessing. I put Joe up there with Unitas, ahead of Starr. On the overall picture, with the Green Bay personnel, Starr has had the better opportunity. I'm sure that if Joe were in the NFL, he'd make a good showing."

"I know I could play in the NFL," says Joe Namath with assurance, not arrogance. "I don't have any doubt in my mind. I'm going to be better, too, and getting my hair cut isn't going to make any difference."—**Dave Anderson**

In the point-spread opinion of Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder, who establishes the pro football betting line in Las Vegas for much of the nation each week, Joe Namath ranks behind only two other quarterbacks, Johnny Unitas and Sonny Jurgensen, and ahead *of Bart Starr.*

Snyder considers several factors in forming a point spread. He awards points for a team's quarterback, overall speed, defensive line, defensive backs, pass-receivers, field-goal kicker, and the like. After adding up the points for each team, the difference is the betting spread.

At the opening of the 1968 training camps, Snyder rated two quarterbacks as each being worth 5 points—Unitas and Jurgensen. Two were 4-point quarterbacks—Namath and Bob Griese of the Miami Dolphins.

"Griese is a 4," explains Snyder, "because he means so much to Miami, which doesn't have much else. But Namath would be a 4 with any team in pro football. He's got a golden arm. With a few NFL teams, like the Steelers and the Lions, he would be a 5. At mid-season last year I had him a 5, but he got hard-headed. He wouldn't listen to his coaches. In one game, he was told not to throw deep down the middle, and he threw two right in there and they were intercepted. He thought he could do it anyway because he's Joe Namath, but Unitas and Starr would know better."

Unitas is "the king," says Snyder, and Jurgensen is "great because other teams wait for him to pass. He has no running game to work with, but he completes 'em anyway." Starr's rating is reduced because of Zeke Bratkowski, the Packers' standby quarterback. "By himself, Starr would be a 4 or a 5," says Snyder, "but Bratkowski has done the job when Starr's been hurt."

SNYDER'S RATINGS

5 JOHNNY UNITAS, *Baltimore Colts*
SONNY JURGENSEN, *Washington Redskins*

4 JOE NAMATH, *New York Jets*
BOB GRIESE, *Miami Dolphins*

3 BART STARR, *Green Bay Packers*
DON MEREDITH, *Dallas Cowboys*
ROMAN GABRIEL *Los Angeles Rams*
FRAN TARKENTON, *New York Giants*
NORM SNEAD *Philadelphia Eagles*
DARYLE LAMONICA, *Oakland Raiders*
LEN DAWSON, *Kansas City Chiefs*

2 FRANK RYAN, *Cleveland Browns*
JOHN BRODIE, *San Francisco 49ers*
JIM HART, *St. Louis Cardinals*
PETE BEATHARD, *Houston Oilers*
JACK KEMP, *Buffalo Bills*
BABE PARILLI, *Boston Patriots*
JOHN HADL, *San Diego Chargers*
STEVE TENSI, *Denver Broncos*
JOHN STOFA, *Cincinnati Bengals*

1 BILL MUNSON, *Detroit Lions*
JACK CONCANNON, *Chicago Bears*
KENT NIX, *Pittsburgh Steelers*
BILL KILMER, *New Orleans Saints*
RANDY JOHNSON, *Atlanta Falcons*
GARY CUOZZO, *Minnesota Vikings*

TRUE

"Atta boy! Build memories!"

MY PERMANENT PIGLET

[*Continued from page* 69]

in it for the cat and the dog, and I figured the pig could use it, too, if properly guided. The plan was this: Set a large tray filled with cat litter beside the door, and let her establish that as the bathroom, then move it outside.

There were some hitches. Not long after she was put in what has since been called the Pig Room, she walked to a corner, squatted and squirted. (Pig urine smells awful.) I dampened litter in the pool, returned it to the tray and, put the tray over the spot. Later I watched as she walked to the corner again, stepped into the box and looked at me pig-eyed as I grinned, then daintily spread her legs, hunched and let fly on the wall. I forgot my plan, hollered and threw her outside. The educating wasn't going to be easy. (For a week it wasn't. One day she suddenly selected a site under a tree in the yard and stopped going in the house. She hasn't slipped up since.)

Four other things I learned that first night:

1. Bijou likes soap—to eat, not to use.
2. She likes coffee.
3. She eats like a pig. Eating like a pig isn't all bad. Bijou doesn't gulp her food, as a dog would, but chews slowly, though hardly delicately. My wife had procured a recipe for slops ("stir water into commercial hog mix") from one of the local country squires. When we set the dish before our new guest, Bijou shuffled to the bowl and with an impressive variety of snorts and slurps submerged her whole face in the guck. Right up to the eyeballs. To show her pleasure after a couple of gulps, she lifted her head and nuzzled my leg, thus wiping off her nose.
4. She snores. And when she dreams, she moans. I know because our bedroom is an open balcony overlooking a room below, where I had put the pig's bed. The snoring I don't mind, but the nightmare moaning haunts me. Whenever she begins, I hang my foot out of bed and stomp on the floor. She answers each time with a grunt and a gassy puff.

It was odd, having a pig so close. Yet pig-human relationships have been going on for at least 8,000 years. Neolithic hogs were first domesticated, goes a theory, when they began to hang around primitive man's garbage dumps. After a few dozen generations of providing them with free meal tickets, man turned the tables and made them provide *him* with meal tickets.

Most early pigs were of the species *Sus scrofa,* as are today's domestic pigs (including Bijou). Modern pigs have developed primarily from the very old Eurasian common wild boar, which still flourishes in parts of Europe and the Near East.

When wild pigs were first shaping up, they wallowed around tropical swamps subsisting on coarse tubers and roots of plants, and this is why Bijou's nozzlelike nose is perfectly suited as a shovel. There's nothing quite like a pig's snout anywhere else in nature. It juts in a straight-lined cone from the thickest part of the head to a flat, slightly flared end. This end is flexible and rather sensitive, but stiffened on the upper side by a strong, bony ridge. Thus the snout is an ideal all-purpose tool—for nuzzling through the ground, for digging, for snuffling.

The writers of the Bible had a lot to say about pigs, most of it unsympathetic. For example: a passage from Leviticus declares man shouldn't eat pig meat because the animal "parteth the hoof and is cloven-footed, yet he cheweth not the cud." Orthodox Jews won't have anything to do with pigs. Neither will Moslems.

Pigs made their way to the New World with Columbus on his second voyage. Eight of them were liberated in Cuba, from which their descendants spread throughout the West Indies. Other pigs came to North America with early settlers, then escaped and set up housekeeping in the forests. They did so well that in 1840 Tennessee officials estimated nearly three million wild pigs roamed that state's woodlands.

The world's domesticated-pig population today runs to nearly 511 million head (the United States has 59 million). Pigs are the most abundant large animal except for man.

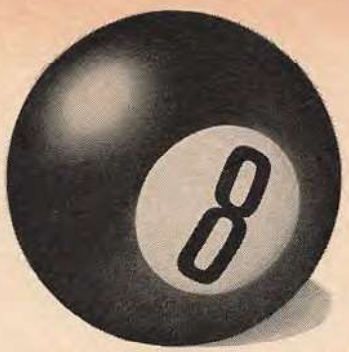
The usual uses of the pig center—unfortunately for the pig—around the dinner table. However, a number of desirable porcine qualities other than succulence have been found over the years, as these examples prove:

ANDREW JONES, of Napier, New Zealand, taught his pig Susi to shepherd a herd of milk goats. Jones claims she's better at it than a dog.

IN PARTS OF BRITAIN, from the 11th to the 15th centuries, authorities sought to cut down on poaching by forbidding commoners to own hunting dogs. The poachers made do with pointing pigs. Eventually the need for the pigs ended, but the tradition lingered. In an 1803 issue of the English publication *Rural Sports,* a Rev. W. B. Daniel told of his hunting sow named Slut who was trained "to find, point and retrieve Game as well as the best Pointer. . . . When called to go out Shooting, she would come home off the Forest at full Stretch, and be as elevated as a Dog upon being shown the Gun." The owner's one complaint was that his dogs refused to work alongside nice old Slut. In the United States just a few years ago, a Portland, Indiana, farmer named Jack Hough trained his pig to point birds and rabbits. When the animal got too fat for field work, she was used as a saddle pony by Hough's small son, who had not yet learned to look a gift horse in the snout.

IN FRANCE, sows are used today to hunt truffles, the flavorsome fungi that grow with tree roots below ground. Hogs can smell truffles 20 feet away.

WHEN LOUIS XI of France was depressed, nothing cheered him faster than a troop of brightly dressed pigs trained to dance to the bagpipes. At Old MacDonald's Farm, in Buena Park, California, a half-dozen piglets climb stairs and slip down a slide. Each trip closes a switch that drops a portion of food.



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"We've got one big trouble," the trainer, Jack Shaw, says. "The darn pigs learn what the switch is for, and begin banging at it with their snouts for more food."

Today's pigs perform more useful scientific functions. One is supplying pituitary glands to the drug industry. The glands yield the medicinal hormone ACTH at the rate of a pound per 400,000 pituitaries. Another is acting as a substitute human being in laboratory experiments, a use that has become practical only with the development of small pigs. A half century ago, Russian physiologist Ivan Pavlov tried pigs in his experiments, but was overwhelmed by their natural tendency toward hysteria. He was also unhappy with their size: up to 800 pounds. A number of other scientists have since used young pigs in the lab. Writing in *Scientific American*, physiologist Leo K. Bustad, of the University of California's School of Veterinary Medicine, says, "I never ceased to be amazed at how much pigs resemble people."

Because of the similarity of the man-and-pig cardiovascular systems, for example, heart-attack research makes much more sense with pigs than with dogs. "The parallels between the pig and man are striking, to say the least," Doctor Bustad explains. "The pig's rearing as an item for the table has produced an animal that is a counterpart, even a caricature, of the overfed, physically lethargic human population." (According to naturalist and pig enthusiast Clifford H. Pope, there is another "noteworthy similarity found between pig and man, or, more literally, sow and woman: both have on the average twice as many nipples as offspring.")

Other areas of current pig research are in radiation studies, drug-reaction work, aging, influenza research, diet tryouts, even dental research.

Despite the pig's likeness to man, no sane researcher wants his lab cluttered with quarter-ton hogs. "As we ran short of feed, housing and patience we began to wish for a smaller pig," says Bustad, remembering early days. First the University of Minnesota, then other institutions began to breed hogs down, with the goal an animal half the size of man.

Bijou's forebears were originally of two comparatively small varieties, cross-bred 18 generations ago: a guinea hog from Alabama and a wild boar from California's Catalina Island. A couple of years later, small Piney Woods swine from Louisiana were mixed in, and in 1957 a Guam pig called Ras-N-Lansa was added. Only the smallest offspring from each succeeding generation were selected for breeding. The rest, too large, were sold to meat-packing plants. After a few years the plants began turning the "oversize" pigs down; they were too small and fouled up production lines.

Today nobody thinks of any Hormel Miniature as food. The demand for research pigs has become so high the university can't half fill the need. The 400-pig herd lives in an enormous, windowless concrete barn under nearly antiseptic conditions. Only people who work with the herd are admitted, except in special circumstances. When anyone enters, he must first change to a white smock and boots, then wade through a moat of disinfectant to guard against bringing in diseases or parasites. The noise within, composed of the collective snorts of 68 sties full of hogs, is ear wrenching, and the odor is enough to make human eyes water.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, my own porcine jewel was matching wits with me. One day she noticed the cat lying on the couch and awkwardly clambered up to join him. (The cat moved off in disgust.) When I came upon her, Bijou was stretched out asleep. I threw her off. An hour later she was on the couch again. I threw her off. Next day we played the game a few more times. The third day I came into the living room ready for the routine, but no pig was in evidence. Then I noticed a black leg sticking out from under the cushions.

Inspired by persistent wifely urgings, I installed the bottom half of a Dutch door at the entrance of the living room. Stopped by the new door, Bijou snorted in puzzled disbelief and butted it gently, then harder. Finally, in a fury, she made a run and slammed her nose into it. Amazingly, it held.

In retaliation, that morning she ripped her sofa-cushion mattress apart and strewed the innards around the room; pushed over a small table, dumping two dozen newly potted seedlings onto the floor; and bit off a row of tulips in the garden.

Fortunately, she is afraid of heights, and was easily discouraged from climbing the stairs. But she insists on sleeping at their foot, stretched out full length and infusing the air around her with a subtle odor, like maple-walnut ice cream. People in the house have to step over her, but the dog refuses to. When he wants to get by, he barks for someone to lift him across.

In some ways Bijou is like the dog. When I go for a walk across the fields she insists on traipsing along, squealing angrily if I walk too fast. Whenever I come home—whether I've been away for a week or an hour—she trots up with grunts of delight. To keep her from dirtying my pants I give a single rub of my finger across her belly, and she falls to the ground.

The trouble is, she won't acknowledge me as her master. As soon as she knows where I want her to go, she becomes pigheaded and takes off in the other direction. The only way to get her to come is to find something exceptionally fascinating in the grass (she'll want to see what it is), tempt her with a saucer of beer (which she can consume in larger quantities than I), or ignore her and walk away (she'll usually follow).

Bijou is smart, but it's hard to tell how smart. She probably is on a par with the dog—or a little brighter. For awhile she tried to chase the car when we drove off. But unlike the dog, she soon had sense enough to quit. Also unlike the dog, she is constantly doing something useful—digging for roots or exploring or smilingly munching a succulent worm.

With all this grubbing around and chomping down, is Bijou clean? Pigs are supposed to be filthy or spotless depending on whether one goes by tradition or current literature. According to Iowa pig farmer Ernest Thomas, "Although many people think of them as filthy animals, they're really very clean if they're put in the right environment." Adds Charles Towne, author of *Pigs from Cave to Corn Belt:* "It is a fact that by nature the pig is one of the cleanest of animals." The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says, "Contrary to general opinion, the pig is a clean animal if given sanitary surroundings."

Nonsense.

Down the hill from my house, coursing along the edge of the lawn, is Rondout Creek, a 75-foot-wide river running cool from the nearby mountains. When the sun burns hot, a refreshing plunge is only a few steps away. Bijou knows this, and every so often she waddles down. But instead of easing into the water, she roots along the shore until she has made herself a mud wallow pungent with rotting vegetation. Then, with rapturous grunts, she flops down and squirms—and never rinses off before coming back home.

Yet, despite her undeniable offenses, we've grown fond of the awful beast. She's endeared herself because of her responsiveness: grunting happily when we approach, wanting to be part of the family. But how long must we put up with her? Nobody can agree on how long pigs live—mainly because few die of old age. Authorities cite figures from five to 20 years, or a very long time.

Bijou won't be growing all those years, of course (although she will be eating). At four months she's still relatively svelte—maybe 75 pounds right now. She'll take another three or four months to fill out. When I was in Minnesota recently, I drove to Austin to visit Bijou's birthplace. There I met senior herdsman Orin Prestegaard, a white-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian wearing white coveralls and a white-peaked baseball hat. He led me, besmocked and booted, to a stall to meet Bijou's mama—for a preview of what daughter would become.

There mama lay—an enormous black mound of blubber plopped obscenely along a wall. Jiggling, the mountain of fat struggled, then staggered to her feet to waddle over like an undulating Japanese wrestler. "She may not look like a miniature to you, but compared with regular hogs, she's small," said Mr. Prestegaard. "She probably doesn't weigh more than a couple of hundred pounds so far."

P.S. In a voice bordering on hysteria, my wife just yelled up the stairway: "Bijou has learned how to open the refrigerator!"

—Robert Gannon

COMING...

Will company loyalty get you ahead in business? Not necessarily, says Max Gunther in

SHOULD YOU MARRY THE COMPANY—OR JOBHOP?

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

[*Continued from page* 54]

more birds start streaking up the hillside.

The men who had previously shot red grouse (as the bird is properly called) probably managed to get off two shots at the first incomers. But I doubt that any of us neophytes did. Hugging the heather, the birds flashed past the butts before some of us could even raise our guns.

Had these birds been flogged from the nearby cover by the kind of stick-wielding beaters familiar in tales of tiger-hunting? Hardly! A line of a dozen or so young men and pretty girls waving white flags had appeared on the ridgeline *more than a mile away* and started toward us. The birds had then jumped into flight somewhere on the slope below and flown in our direction. Soon after the season opening—traditionally August 12—the grouse become so edgy they usually flush at least 100 yards ahead of the beaters.

Whistling and shouting, the advancing beat sounds like a cattle roundup—but with a Scottish accent.

The commotion can be heard from afar, but the beaters are soon out of sight as they drop into the valleys. The oncoming grouse are also usually out of sight . . . till the last moment. For often the butts have been skillfully placed on a knoll, with ground falling away before and behind. On the first drive the birds began appearing suddenly over a rim of heather about 35 yards out; it was all I could do to get off a single shot at an incomer.

Grouse kept coming for half an hour, in singles, doubles, small coveys and once in a big bunch that the Scots call a "pack." I'd guess that we had had something over 200 grouse in range before the head gamekeeper sounded his hunting horn to announce that the drive was over. At this signal, any bird flushed must be taken as a going-away shot behind the butts in order to protect the beaters—now about 100 yards out.

We climbed out of the butts into the misty wind—eight shooters with Lord knows how many years of combined wing-shooting experience—and discovered we had dropped *exactly 10 grouse!*

Ten out of 200! With something close to 100 shots fired, this score could hardly be called unsporting.

Centuries ago, the red grouse was described as "the most sportive fowl in Gaeldom." After that first drive we were unanimous—even extravagant—in our praise of it. Shooting driven grouse is definitely a sporting affair. With practice, our scores were to improve, but our initial respect for the birds never wavered.

This kind of September shooting is the finest possible warm-up a hunter could find for the approaching U.S. bird season. What's more, with driven grouse he can crowd into one glorious week the experiences of several normal seasons at home. In our hunt, I averaged 33 birds a day, but it was far from a slaughter. We were taking a calculated crop of the laird's grouse to help keep his bird population at a level suitable for a good winter's survival.

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Grouse have been driven in this fashion for about 100 years. It is said that Queen Victoria's acquisition of the 25,000-acre Balmoral estate in 1848, and the royal family's delight in the Scottish Highlands and its ways, gave the sport an impetus it has never lost.

Some tremendous bags were made in the early days. Lord Walsingham, shooting in 1888 on a moor in Yorkshire (red grouse are found from the north of England to the far tip of Scotland), downed an incredible 1,070 birds in a single day. Writing of his record to a friend, he remarked: "I never had the semblance of a headache . . . nor was I in the slightest degree tired. I played cards the whole evening as usual."

Huge bags like this are no longer possible, and one wonders how Walsingham accomplished such a feat. Even assuming that he scored exceptionally well on incomers, passing birds and outgoers, he must have had clouds of grouse over him almost continuously. On the Candacraig moors these days, for instance, a total of 250 to 300 brace—500 to 600 birds—is considered a good daily bag for *eight.*

It is estimated that at present some two million grouse a season are being killed, with rentals of moors in Scotland bringing the lairds about $1 million. The daily cost per man for a shoot may run to $140 or so, not counting lodging and tips. But even for that price the hunter doesn't get the birds—the laird sells them (for the London and overseas markets) and counts on the returns to pay his beaters, who may number 40 or more.

After that first beat, a near rout of the new grouse shooters, we shot better. We soon learned to concentrate on getting a gun on an incomer the absolutely first moment the birds burst into view. But what we never quite got used to was the astonishing speed of the grouse—plus an occasional larger blackcock—and the need for a hellish fast swing and lead of the gun.

Time and again, a grouse that was killed out front and perhaps only 20 yards high would be found as far as 100 yards behind the butt. An incoming bird, shot dead, passes the butt like a projectile, literally hissing past. Alex Emslie, my loader, made the understatement of the day when he remarked, "A bit of wind makes the birds crispy."

How fast *are* these passing grouse? To find out, I had brought along the fastest camera available (a Leicaflex with a shutter speed of 1/2000th of a second). Past experience had shown me that 1/1000th of a second would "stop" most passing birds in the resulting picture, but to freeze the motion of grouse took twice that speed—1/2000th second.

Although shooting driven grouse is a team sport—for instance, when four birds approach you try for the last brace so your neighbor gets unflared birds—it is also a solitary sport of remarkable splendor. To be sure, you have a loader in the butt beside you. But somehow, you come to feel alone on the vast moor . . . just you and the unseen grouse.

With the intense concentration of being ever alert, all senses operate in high key. Your glance sweeps a hillside of purple heather; was it ever lovelier than right now?

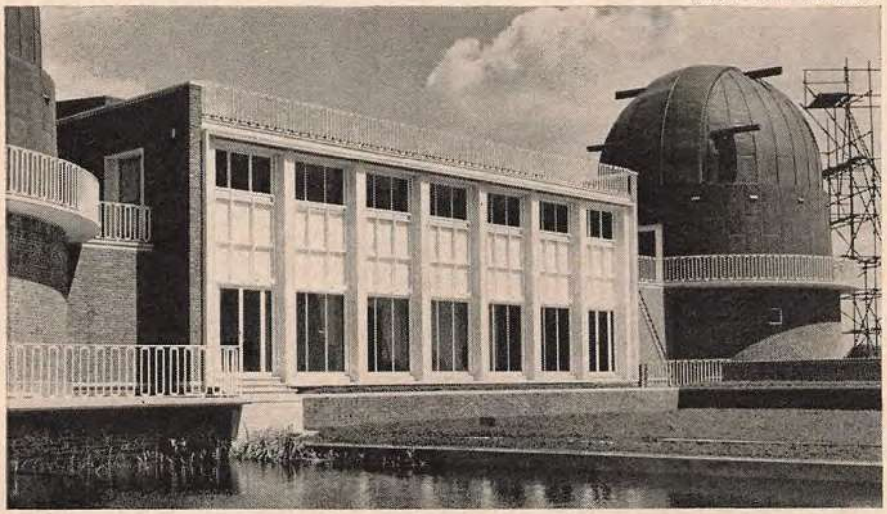
Then the birds come. More and more. They are all yours this time. The coveys swell to packs 50 yards long, hurtling, twisting, confusing masses of heart-stopping grouse. Your guns grow hot. Still they come. Suddenly it seems as if all the grouse in Scotland are right over your head. And beside you. Passing. Coming in low. God, they're everywhere . . . and at last you have savored the excitement of a special kind of shooting heaven in the Highlands.

—Peter Barrett

man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

British Travel Association



New Royal Greenwich Observatory was moved to Herstmonceux Castle in Sussex.

Britain's decision this year to abandon her world-standard Greenwich Mean Time and set her clocks an hour forward has prompted Ed Keyser of Chicago to raise some timely questions. What, he asks, is "mean time"; where is Greenwich, how was time standardized . . . and why did Britain switch?

To answer the last question first: the British had several reasons. By taking an hour of winter light from the morning and giving it to the evening—actually, extending summer daylight saving year-round—they hope to cut fuel and lighting costs and reduce night-driving accidents. Weightier than saved daylight, however, is an international objective. Britain, trade hungry, wants to become part of Europe. The clock shift aligns her business day with that of her neighbor countries, facilitating air and phone contact and strengthening her bid to join the continental Common Market. Britain has, in effect, gone on Central European Time, though she calls it British Standard Time within her own borders.

As for Greenwich Mean Time, it continues to rule world timekeeping, for reasons embodied in its name.

It is "mean" because it averages out irregularities of mankind's oldest timepiece, the sun, in its midday crossing overhead. The sun isn't punctual through the year. It reaches high noon about 15 minutes too early in November and too late in February. Therefore, an imaginary steady-going sun has been calculated by astronomers to provide "mean solar" time, kept on accurate clocks.

Greenwich is the place—once a suburb, now a part of London—where an observatory dating from 1675 linked measurements of time and space. Only a few years ago, the observatory was moved from London's smoke and fog to rural Herstmonceux, but Greenwich is still its mathematical base.

The Royal Greenwich Observatory originally furnished star tables for sightings that enabled English navigators to sail straight. They marked their courses on maps that, from about 1795 on, printed a north-south longitude line through Greenwich labeled 0°. This "prime meridian"—the starting line for 360 global east-west degrees—wasn't fixed. French maps put 0° at Paris, German maps zeroed on Berlin, some U.S. maps favored Washington. But by the mid-1800's, widely sold English maps were being used on two-thirds of all the merchant ships afloat.

Time had yet to be unified. Every community kept local time without regard for other areas. The United States, which took the sun four hours to cross, suffered worst; railroads ran on 50 different times and various cities had dozens more.

Americans finally ended their domestic chaos at a single stroke with the first practical time-zoning plan. On November 18, 1883, at a signal telegraphed from the Naval Observatory, 80-odd times throughout the country melted into four: Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific times, one even hour apart, each zone spanning roughly 15 degrees. These are the standard times we follow today.

The system worked so well that the following year, at a Washington conference called to decide on a world prime meridian, 27 nations—after awarding 0° to Greenwich in recognition of British map-making—voted to divide the entire globe into 24 even-hour time zones, including those of the United States, hinged to Greenwich Mean Time.

The zones today have been zigzagged somewhat to follow natural features or political boundaries. But each remains a slice of "G.M.T."—still the world standard.

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Q: How old does an oyster have to be before it can be coaxed into producing a cultured pearl? ***Mary O'Brien, New York, N. Y.***

A: About two to three years old. Then it takes three to five years from the time the stimulant-nucleus is inserted for the pearl to achieve its growth.

Q: I've heard a person claim he can shoot a .22 short toward a light background and see the bullet in flight. Is this possible? ***Timothy Greene, New York, N. Y.***

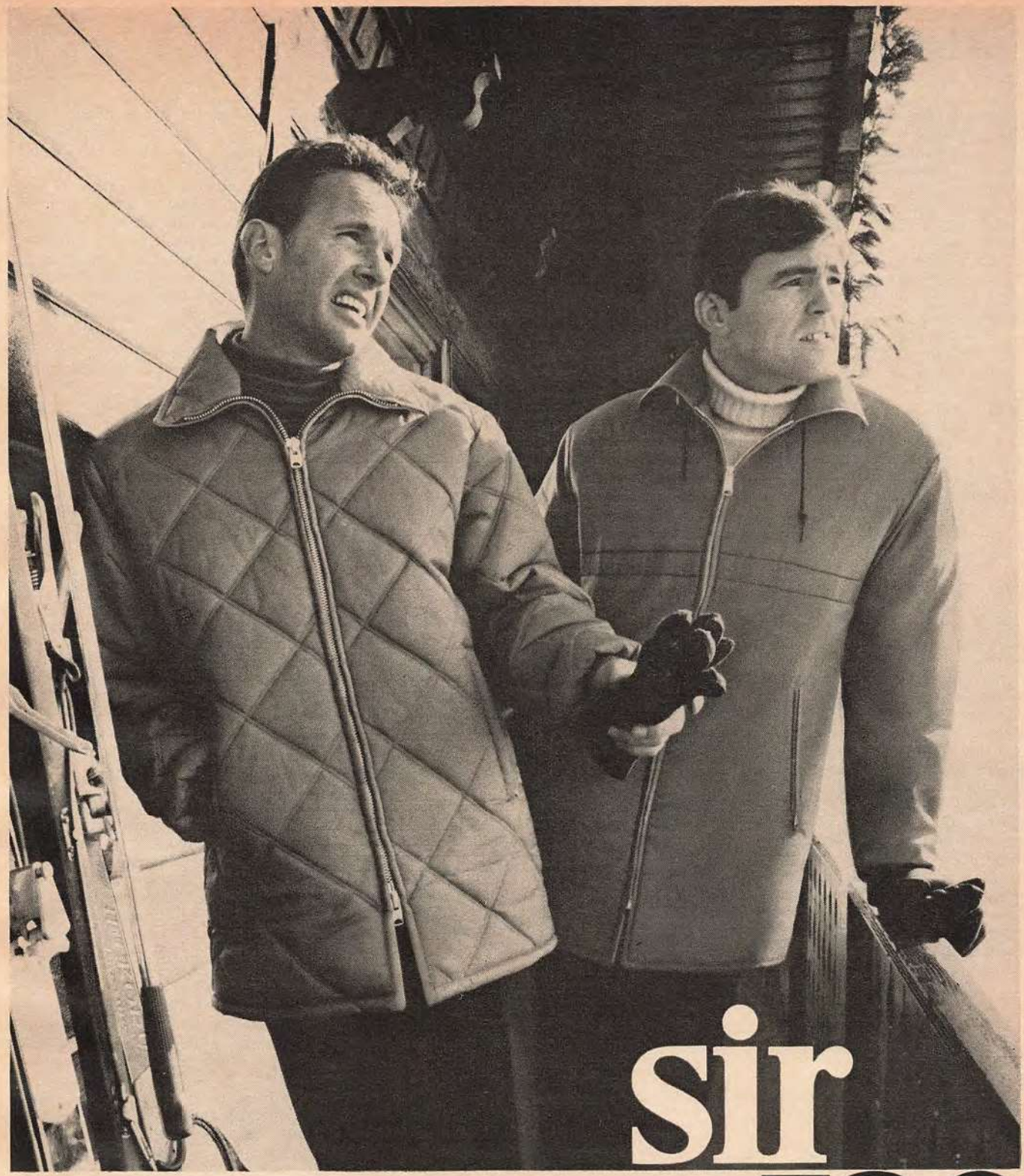
A: Firearms experts say it's not.

Q: Who has served in Congress the longest? ***Robert Faye, Pittsburgh, Pa.***

A: The all-time record for service in the United States Congress belongs to Sen. Carl Hayden. Now 90 years old, the Democrat from Arizona has been a member of the House or Senate for a total of 55 years.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE welcomes any reasonable question, and will publish the most interesting questions and their answers in these columns. Address your inquiries to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-9, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036.



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*Slightly higher West Coast

THE LAST GREAT WORK OF A MASTER ART FORGER

[*Continued from page* 53]

vending his own works, he took on a sideline: dealing in legitimate paintings.

The good old days also meant a Rolls-Royce with a Romanian chauffeur ("It's amazing how much easier it is to sell expensive paintings if you drive up in a Rolls," says Stein). They meant the glitter of black tie, champagne-swilling openings whenever a new collection of fakes was ready for public display, and tingling feelings of pride and repressed excitement at seeing one of his fake Picassos or Chagalls or Matisses exhibited in a collection of works on loan from reputable dealers.

They were the good days. Then came an indictment on 97 counts of counterfeiting and grand larceny, covering the sales of 41 forged drawings, watercolors and gouaches for a total of $165,800. Stein pleaded guilty to six counts and was released on bail.

Before regaining his freedom, however, he spent six months in a New York jail. Part of that time he busied himself turning out Stein-Picassos and Stein-Chagalls to satisfy the district attorney that he had personally executed the forgeries. He surprised the authorities by agreeing to divulge what he knew of the booming international market for counterfeit art. He charted the channels through which bogus paintings were reaching Europe and America, identified the dealers who, wittingly or not, had been trading in fakes, told of the techniques for aging paper, cracking paint and forging authentication, located scores of his own counterfeits and generally dazzled the law with his revelations of how widespread the business of art forgery had become in the past 10 years.

A thoroughly likeable rogue, he became so friendly with the detectives and the men from the D.A.'s office that during his time behind bars, he gave his confession in daily installments over expensive and often liquid lunches. Toward the end, he was asked whether he would do a gouache portrait of the New York police commissioner. Not being quite *that* likeable, he would not.

Out on bail, after conviction, Stein awaited his sentence, hoping that whatever it was, it would be suspended in recognition of his cooperation with the authorities. At the same time he was receiving a wide variety of legitimate offers. He signed a contract with a leading magazine for sketches, bargained with a Hollywood studio over film rights to his life story, and accepted a deal for the publication next year of an art book with color plates of his most fabulous fakes.

He also agreed to take part in a unique experiment with a photographer and this writer. We had proposed that he make his confession "public" by permitting us to photograph the creation of a counterfeit painting step by step.

The work was done in the living room of his small rented beach house in Sea Bright, on the New Jersey coast, where he has been living with his French-born wife and their two small children.

The job began at 10:30 in the morning, and the painting was ready for framing by 7:30 that night. There were interruptions for lunch and a chat with the probation officer, who arrived at Stein's house with a cheery greeting, "Still painting, I see." Just 10 yards beyond the room's picture window, Sea Bright residents whizzed by in their station wagons unaware that their sociable neighbor was busy counterfeiting the work of one of the greatest living artists.

Stein, who reminds one of an optimistic mini-version of Orson Welles, was going through his library of art references when this photo-writing team arrived. He was also dandling on his knee his 18-month-old son Frederic, while his impish two-and-a-half-year-old, Cecilia, demanded attention. She subsequently proved that she could distinguish a Picasso from a Chagall, but she also made it clear she was fed up with Chagall. "She prefers Miró," said her father.

Anne Marie, Stein's slightly built brunette wife, came in wearing a lemon mini and a purple sweater. She explained further: "Cecilia has seen *so* many Chagalls being painted at home. I've started to get sick of Chagall myself. It's the only thing they want now. Chagall. Chagall. Chagall."

Stein had been deciding what he was going to paint. He found a central theme for his work on page 229 of Jean Cassou's illustrated book *Chagall*. The page showed a black-and-white reproduction of *The Acrobat*, which Chagall painted in 1955. Stein has handled so many real Chagalls and studied so many examples in museums that he has a sure knowledge of the colors the great painter uses. The lack of color in the reproduction didn't bother him.

For a few moments more he flipped through the book looking for other components for his picture design. His eye was caught by a creature playing a pipe, in Chagall's *Clown with Violin*, 1956. A red-and-green violin with a ghostly bird was borrowed from *Bouquet and Red Circus*, 1960.

"I don't copy a painting exactly," Stein explained. "That's too dangerous. I try to create a work that Chagall conceivably might have done. You have to know intimately the artist you are imitating. Not only know him but like him —love his work. You go into the soul and mind of the artist. When I painted Picasso, I became Picasso. When I painted Chagall, I was Chagall. There were some artists I could have done, but didn't. They bored me. Léger is easy to forge, but he's too cold as an artist."

Stein was ready now for the forger's tea ceremony. The hand-pressed French drawing paper he buys for $1.90 a sheet is the same as that used by Picasso and Chagall. For Stein's purpose, however, it looked suspiciously new as it had come from the art store. He wanted the appearance of age—and acceptance. Treating the paper with tea is the simplest way of "aging" it. Stein is fussy about the tea—he prefers Lipton's. That morning, to his horror, he discovered the Lipton's in the house had been drunk up, and he was forced to make-do with another brand. The tea infusion, after cooling in the refrigerator, was swabbed over the paper with cotton wool. "You must remember to do both sides," Stein advised. "Now isn't that turning nice and yellow? It looks 20 years old already."

The paper was dried under the sun lamp. The lamp would be used again after the painting was finished to harden and crack slightly the thick gouache. ("Colors should be so deep that you feel you are walking on a thick carpet," Chagall once observed.) Stein laid the paper on his desk, ready for the sketching stage. With a pencil he roughed out the central figure, then started applying the background color.

Stein was well advanced with the painting when we stopped for lunch. Over the meal, bubbling with champagne, he talked about his life and career.

He told us he was born in Alexandria. His father, a British doctor with the Pasteur Institute in Paris, was doing research in Egypt. His mother is French.

TRUE

Although young Stein grew up in Paris, he elected British nationality. He received a bachelor's degree in French literature in Paris he said, and then spent a year at a college in England. But his main interest was music, and he was studying piano at the Paris Conservatoire when his father died. Suddenly needing a job, he became a correspondent for the Paris *L'Intransigeant* and later a press agent for American film companies in Europe. He attended and reported on art exhibitions, but he possessed no formal art training.

His home life, however, had been art oriented. "My father had a fairly good collection," he recalled. "Some minor old masters, a painting by Daumier, a fragment of a Tiepolo fresco and so on." Were they real? He was nettled at the question. "Yes, of course." Then he reconsidered. "Well, maybe they weren't. Who knows?"

For a time Stein worked in Paris for Jean Cocteau, doing, ironically, the screen adaptation of Cocteau's novel, *Thomas the Imposter*. He visited Cocteau's house in the south of France. "Cocteau was always drawing," Stein remembers. "His house was tattooed with sketches. He had a huge Picasso on one wall and I stood before it and said, 'It's marvelous!' Cocteau agreed and told me he had painted it himself. I pointed out that it was signed. 'Well,' said Cocteau, 'Picasso came to see it, liked it very much and signed it.' "

The seed of an idea had been planted in Stein's brain. Now, in Sea Bright, he explained its growth.

"I thought I had a gift for drawing, but I found out I could really paint only about six years ago. I got to know the art dealers and saw the madness of the art world—it was already like a stock market. A friend in Paris was working for an art forger on the Left Bank. I met him and he started talking about fakes and how easily he was selling them. He suggested I do some drawings.

"At his hotel the next day, he told me, 'Start to draw something.' I had just begun sketching when he phoned a client and said, 'I've just come across some rare drawings by Picasso and Cocteau. . . .'

With some guidance, Stein finished three "Cocteaus" and one "Picasso." The "Picasso" was bought for $1,700, the three "Cocteaus" for a total of about $170.

Stein promptly went into the art forging business for himself. Over the next five years he produced more than 200 counterfeits of Matisse, Picasso, van Dongen, Miró, Cocteau, Derain and Chagall. For the kind of art he was turning out—mostly watercolors, wash drawings, gouaches—his work commanded a good market. His top price was $22,000, and his Chagalls were regularly fetching around $12,000 to $15,000.

The Steins, newly married and without a family, began moving nimbly from one European capital to another. Anne Marie recalled the time. "David would forge a few works in our hotel room and sell them quickly. Then we'd take a plane on to somewhere else. Every now and then things would get a bit hot, but we lived well."

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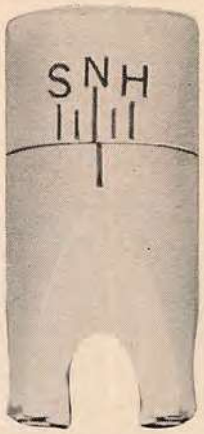

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Stein sold five forgeries during a period in London—two simple Picassos, which brought $4,500 each, two Chagalls and a van Dongen. All were bought by reputable dealers, one a famous Mayfair gallery which was fooled by a Stein-Chagall.

A couple of years later, Stein saw the same painting on the wall of an American gallery which had borrowed works from various distinguished sources for a large Chagall show. He found out that his fake had been sold by the London dealer to a gallery in Stockholm. It was then bought by an agent for one of Manhattan's foremost art dealers, who had loaned it to the Chagall show. It is now owned by a private collector in South America.

According to Stein, at least one other of his Chagalls is still on display in a leading European museum and is reproduced occasionally in catalogues.

Stein himself has come close to being the victim of other art forgers. When he was running his galleries and mixing real works with his own fakes, he handed over a check for $9,000 for two Gauguin drawings that seemed authentic. But before the check cleared he took the precaution of subjecting the drawings to a test against a light source.

The watermark of the paper manufacturer showed through clearly. The paper came from an American mill that had not even been built when Gauguin was alive. The man who was selling the drawings (and did not collect on the check) is a respected dealer in the United States. ("No one is reputable," Stein observed with some bitterness, in recounting the incident.)

Reviewing his career, Stein puts his finger on two basic errors: he became overconfident in New York, and he counterfeited living artists.

"If only I had stuck to dead men," he said, sadly shaking his broad head.

In New York both his own customers and other dealers were begging for his Picassos, Chagalls and van Dongens, but the wariest buyers insisted on getting certificates of authentication. The best type of these is a statement in the artist's own hand, written on the back of a photograph of the work in question. Stein found he could forge the handwriting of a dozen artists.

During the most frantic day of his career he sold to a New York dealer at 1 o'clock in the afternoon three Chagall watercolors he had painted only that morning. In the seven hours since he had arisen at 6 a.m., Stein had aged the paper with tea, invented subjects, executed the works in quick succession, dashed to a framer for a while-you-wait job, zipped on to a photographer for shots of the pictures and run back to his studio to forge certificates of authentication, and still was able to keep his appointment with the dealer. "He gave me a check for $10,500," Stein said.

The amount of the check was the trouble. The dealer was satisfied with the pictures—but their price tags made him suspicious. Stein had fallen into a trap. He was selling attractive Chagalls with papers of authentication for well below the going rate.

Verifying the paintings—or the fraud—with the artist himself might have been difficult—but at that very moment Chagall happened to be in New York.

He had come to the city to see his huge twin murals, a special commission, placed in the New Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center. The dealer made an appointment with the old artist and took along his three Stein-Chagalls. Stein learned later that Chagall looked and spluttered, "Diabolical!"

"He wanted to tear them up," Stein said. "But the dealer made a complaint to the district attorney, and the D.A. stopped the old man from destroying the evidence.

"They came to arrest me with eight cops," Stein went on. "The police came in one door and I went out the other. I fled to Philadelphia and then to California, where I was arrested. Suddenly it was all over. I decided to confess. But without my admission the district attorney could never have proved his case. He could have established easily that the paintings were fakes, but I could have replied just as easily that I bought them in good faith abroad."

Stein foresees more fakes coming on the market and more forgers setting up in business. "People are crying out for original works, or what they think are originals. They have all this money, and the modern painters are not that hard to forge. The craftsmanship is not there. It's not like forging an old master, which might mean a year's work."

The master of art forgery has found an appalling amount of ignorance even among the art professionals. One New York dealer, who brought a civil suit against him after his arrest, was asked in court to enlighten the jury about Marc Chagall. "Chagall is one of the most famous of the Impressionist painters," he replied. He is probably the only man who ever called Chagall an Impressionist.

For the future, Stein says he is determined to make an honest living as an artist. If he copies famous painters, he will sign his versions with his own name, as he did in our demonstration: "In the style of Picasso (Chagall, Matisse, van Dongen) by David Stein." He hopes one day to have a home filled with art. At the moment not a single one of his fakes hangs on his walls. "I sold everything I painted," he explained.

Reflecting for a moment, he added, "You know, I still like Chagall. He will go on being one of my favorite painters. One day I'd like to have a really good Chagall hanging in my living room."

There was nothing more to be said.

—Ian Ball

CALTECH'S FUN HOUSE

[*Continued from page* 57]

radio-controlled bomb containing napalm.

Few of the hoaxes have been more elaborate than the one involving Max Dmiczykowicz, a student who astounded the professors of his lecture courses with the fantastically high scores he made on exams. Each passing week Max piled honor upon honor.

Max, of course, didn't exist. The course in which he scored highest was run by a professor notorious for his less than casual knowledge of his classes. Whenever there was an examination, copies of the test were smuggled out to a platoon of young eggheads who collaborated on the answers and smuggled them back in.

Eventually a curious teacher, eager to meet the star student, visited the admissions office to have a look at his record, whereupon the gag fell apart.

When the late Konrad Adenauer was chancellor of West Germany, dormitory students in Blacker House nearly succeeded in getting him to fly over to accept "the coveted Robert Q. Blacker Award."

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They had a local printer run off formal letterheads for the Blacker Foundation and used these in correspondence with the West German Embassy in Washington. The embassy expressed considerable interest in the invitation, and arrangements progressed to discussion of a date.

Somewhat astonished that Adenauer might accept, the students reserved Beckman Auditorium for the occasion. But a faculty member happened to notice the date of the scheduled event. "That's April Fool's Day, isn't it?" he inquired. Adenauer did not come.

So far, no Caltech student has got into serious trouble over a stunt, though some jokes backfire. Once, three students donned workmen's clothes and drove to a public building in downtown Los Angeles. Their mission was to swipe a bronze dedication plaque from the lobby. They began unbolting the sign in plain sight, while employees walking past paid no attention. Finally the plaque was free and the youths lugged it to their car outside. But before they could drive away, a deputy sheriff walked up. "Where," he inquired, "do you think you're going with that sign?"

The cops let the students off with a warning. But it was the last time any of them tried to steal the nameplate from the Los Angeles County Jail.

More successful was a stunt in which pranksters fashioned an exact duplicate of the face of the cornerstone of the nine-story Millikan Library on the campus and secretly cemented it in place—five stories from the ground—*upside down*. Suspicious eyes were directed toward the school's Alpine Club, but no member ever admitted responsibility.

In a similar feat, one night someone managed to scale the sheer-sided tower which houses the campus clock. Next morning, students and faculty were startled to discover their campus Big Ben had been transformed into a Paul Bunyan-sized Mickey Mouse watch.

Not all Caltech gags are as elaborate as the UFO, the invented student or the 1961 Rose Bowl hoax. For a game in the bowl, the Pasadena pranksters ingeniously sabotaged the card-stunt file of the University of Washington cheering section. One of the rah-rah group's standard routines was to spell out the name of its own team, the Huskies, by flipping up colored cards. At half time, before 100,000 stunned spectators, every time the word "Huskies" was called for by the section leader, "Caltech" came up.

No less admirable, if not so public, are the Caltech rituals of lock picking, electrical rewiring, steeplejacking and "thief proofing" of rooms during the annual Ditch Day in the spring.

Highbrow tomfoolery reaches its zany zenith on Ditch Day. Tradition dictates that for 24 hours seniors must leave the campus after first "burglar-proofing" their dormitory rooms. It's the task of junior classmen to break into the rooms and sabotage them.

Often the juniors succeed. One senior, for instance, returned to find a school of goldfish swimming in a tank of polyethelene plastic covering the whole floor. Another couldn't find his room at all. Someone had plastered up the doorway and papered it to match the adjoining wall.

Seniors have returned to find their rooms stuffed to the ceiling with crushed newspapers or cakes of ice. As a defense against these didoes, they have resorted to such protective devices as shotguns (loaded with blanks), water pails balanced over the transom and electrical booby traps, which give the tamperer an unforgettable jolt.

One remarkable electrical prank was evolved by some enterprising students to harass the kids in an adjoining dormitory. An ordinary fire hose was commandeered and a salt cake whittled to fit the hose was shoved into it. The cake, one genius explained to the others, "makes the water salty. Salt water conducts electricity better than fresh. . . ."

On the target evening, the boys hooked a power line into a transformer "borrowed" from a lab to step up the voltage. When the hose was screwed to a hydrant, the transformer was wired to the nozzle and the water turned on. An arc of crackling water sputtering blue sparks sailed 40 feet across the campus to burst in a harmless but fearsome display on the walls of the enemy stronghold.

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Caltech's administration tolerates such shenanigans with a hands-off, kids-will-be-kids attitude. It is mindful of the fact that under the incredible academic pressures the institute places on its students, the high jinks are a logical escape valve for pent-up energy. Furthermore, the hoaxsters of today will be the builders of tomorrow, and there's a feeling that an official thumbs down on horseplay just might stifle scientific progress.

"I hate to think," says Dr. William Smythe, Caltech emeritus professor of physics who has taught five Nobel winners, "what might have happened if we'd taken a dim view of Bill Shockley's pranks. Bill was one of the most persistent practical jokers we've ever had. Maybe he was paying us back for our tolerance when he went on to invent the transistor and win a Nobel prize for it."

According to Smythe, Shockley, who graduated from Caltech in 1932, couldn't resist tinkering with electrical things. He proceeded to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for graduate work, and one day, while riding an automatic elevator there, he became fascinated by the control panel. Yielding to temptation and the screwdriver in his pocket, he removed the cover plate and made a few rapid terminal changes.

Soon after, Dr. Karl T. Compton, who was not only a distinguished physicist but president of MIT, was due for a seminar. He showed up late.

"The elevator is all screwed up," he grumbled to his class. "Every time I pushed the fourth-floor button, the cockeyed thing went to the basement. When I pushed the basement button, I went to the roof. Then the whole thing stopped dead, and I was stuck between floors."

It seems obvious there are few electrical mysteries to Caltech people. Even the FBI has learned that. An agent showed up one day to call on a student who had been reported doing some illegal tinkering.

"Someone claims you've been tapping the professors' phones," the agent said.

The student looked shocked. "Oh, no, not the professors' phones! I tapped the SAC hot line."

"The *what*?"

"The Air Force hot line, from March Air Force Base to the Pentagon. Say, you want to listen in?"

The dumb-struck agent was led to the boy's room, where for 20 minutes he tried to absorb an explanation of the wires, tubes and other electronic gadgets stacked behind a bed. An hour later, the agent hurriedly phoned his office in Los Angeles.

"My God!" he told his superior, "this kid can *do* it!"

Satisfied the prank was nothing more and that the student was as innocent of federal law as he was brilliant in his studies, the FBI let him off with a warning. But the next day, the young man received a call from an executive of the phone company.

"I don't know how you managed it," he said in admiration. "But we'd like you to work for us so we'll be sure nobody else can work the same stunt."

It is both the nature of the campus and the egghead environment which invite such zany pranksterism. Almost swallowed up in a residential neighborhood, the 67-acre Caltech campus grounds are literally honeycombed with basements, subbasements, and sub-subbasements entwined in a maze of steam tunnels, manholes and storerooms—a paradise for the joker. Most of the buildings are musty relics of the Victorian era, and only in recent years has anyone moved to modernize the place physically. In atmosphere, however, Caltech, 77 years old this year, is far ahead of other schools. Students are completely responsible for their own government and activities. They have unbelievable freedom. To be admitted, a high-school graduate must be not only brilliant, but capable of becoming "a scientific monk, wearing blinders and pouring his whole being into the test tube." So far, Caltech's achievements have been worth this dedication. With no less than 11 Nobel prizewinners among its faculty and alumni, and with a student body whose average intelligence rating is in the genius range, the school has been responsible for some of the most significant scientific and engineering advances of the 20th century.

With all this energy in the middle of a world they are leading into technical change, Caltech's students can no longer refuse changes in their own attitudes. There is a "new direction" on the campus. Bob Diller, a 1962 graduate and now a computer analyst in nearby Santa Monica, explains it: "Before, we had a lot of strange people. It was and is a great school, but so many kids had their heads in the sand. Today, Caltech is getting a more well-rounded student, dedicated to science but also aware of the world about him. A new humanities course has helped. So has the tremendous pressure of world affairs, which has forced us to be more aware."

Unfortunately, the turn of Caltech students to political and social activities is causing their magnificent penchant for hoaxes and stunts to suffer.

"The pranks were always peripheral," says Dr. Robert Huttenback, master of student houses. "But I think the kids now are really losing interest. They've just got too much else to keep them occupied."

Some Caltech people disagree. There is a substantial student bloc which thinks the practical joke will always be around. "When you're cramming for finals," says Bob Parker, "having a rousing water fight with a liquid nitrogen cannon is the best way to blow off steam. You've got to have a release, otherwise you'd crack up. And what better way than to pull off a stunt that will be remembered?"

At this very moment, blueprints have been drawn up for one of the most colossal hoaxes ever. Pasadena is the home not only of Caltech, but of the famous Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day. The students have never had a float of their own in the parade. If they were to enter one . . . naturally, Caltech wouldn't be caught dead with an ordinary float. . . .

But why spoil it? Just let it be known that the whiz kids are still at it.

—Joseph E. Brown

TRUE

"Mine's a tough case to diagnose."

IT'S TIME TO STOP DRUNK DRIVERS FROM KILLING

[*Continued from page 27*]

up beyond the line. Now a blood test is taken (Reggie can give a urine sample if he prefers) to be tested by a laboratory. For his own legal protection he gets a few drops in a container to take with him. Only these lab results will be acceptable evidence in court, but if they show a blood-alcohol level of over .08 percent, conviction is automatic. There is no defense whatever—unless Reggie can prove he is a doctor forced to drive to an emergency while off duty.

The crucial question is the legally allowed blood-alcohol level. The British .08 percent limit was taken from results of a detailed study of 15,000 drivers in Grand Rapids, Michigan, conducted by Dr. Robert F. Borkenstein, chairman of the Department of Police Administration of Indiana University. Doctor Borkenstein says of the study, "We had only a few hundred drinkers at levels above the threshold. But these people were causing an enormous number of the accidents. Here you have an identified high-accident group. Hitting at this group is hitting at the very heart of our problem."

Doctor Borkenstein found that blood levels of over .04 percent—between one and two drinks, depending upon a person's weight—"are definitely associated with increased accident involvement." At the .08 percent level, a driver is twice as likely to have an accident as he is when sober. Beyond this point, the danger scale rises sharply. At .10 percent, accidents are seven times as likely; at .15 percent, 25 times as likely.

But 31 states have a legal .15 percent level. Only 10—Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, North Carolina, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Vermont and West Virginia—use the maximum level recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau, .10 percent. Utah alone enforces the .08 percent level.

"We know that .15 percent is much too high," says Doctor Borkenstein. "When we say that alcohol is a factor in half the accidents, this includes the fact that at some times of the day there are almost no drinking drivers at all, while at other hours between four and six percent of all drivers on the road have a dangerous blood level—over .05 percent. These are people who have consumed significant amounts of alcohol—we do not even count those who've had only a couple of beers."

Robert L. Donigan, formerly with the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, agrees: "The vast majority of scientists experienced in this field have come to the definite conclusion that practically all of us human beings are unfit to drive a motor vehicle with as much as .10 percent alcohol concentration, and that many of us are unfit at levels much below that."

Doctor Borkenstein adds, "I only wish every person who drinks and drives could have the experience of being fed alcohol and then being given a chemical test, to see how he feels at the crucial level of .10 or .15 percent. No one who is responsible would drive at over .10 percent."

Last year, when Massachusetts made the .15 percent level legal evidence of intoxication, a Boston *Globe* reporter, Carl M. Cobb, reported on the experience. At a police station he drank six one-ounce shots of whisky in half an hour, waited 30 minutes, then had six more. Two hours after he'd begun, his blood level reached .10 percent. He began drinking again and noted, "This Scotch doesn't taste good any more. Having trouble with vision, things don't look right...burned my finger trying to pick up cigarette from ashtray. This is enough. If the next test isn't up to the level I'm not going to get there." Three hours and 37 minutes after he began drinking, he finally reached the legally drunk level. "Anybody who drives in this condition is crazy," he managed to scrawl.

Wall Street Journal reporter Ronald G. Shafer recently drove a Pontiac on the General Motors proving grounds between rows of plastic cones after drinking nine shots of bourbon. "When my final drink put me at .08 percent," he wrote later, "my impairment was obvious. Cones fell like bowling pins as the car weaved unsteadily through the courses. I had made 24 runs without hitting anything when my blood-alcohol level was relatively low; at the .08 percent level, I toppled 40 cones in eight runs....I kept taking one hand off the wheel to wave gaily at bystanders. My reaction time jumped to nearly a full second as I leaned back in my seat and playfully swung the steering wheel back and forth, often shouting 'wheee' with each turn. I had become a potential highway menace."

Doctor Borkenstein's established rates of accident likelihood at various alcoholic levels have become accepted worldwide. The record shows little differences in performance by drunk drivers on the basis of nationality, race, age, sex or social class. Doctor Borkenstein points out, "Given sufficient alcohol, all drivers become about equally accident-involved."

Many countries are even tougher on the drunk driver than is England. In San Salvador a drinking driver who causes a death is executed by firing squad. In Bulgaria homicide by drunk driving gets a minimum 10-year jail sentence; a second offense brings the death penalty. The legal limit there, and in East Germany and Czechoslovakia, is .03 percent—a stein of beer will reach it. At the Russian limit, .005 percent, a driver could only sniff a vodka. Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Yugoslavia and Finland have an .05 limit. Convicted Finns build airport runways with pick and shovel for three months. Helsinki police chief Fjalar Jarva promises, "We have more than enough airports to keep drunken drivers busy for many years." Belgium, France, Switzerland and Austria have the .08 level. When Austria introduced its law in 1960, accident deaths fell by a fourth.

But the experience in England—a drop of about 50 percent in accidents late at night, when most people do their drinking—is particularly meaningful to the United States, because the automobile is used almost as widely there as here. Yet the American problem has its own distinction, according to Doctor Borkenstein, because we have already reduced accidents greatly in proportion to our traffic. "We have the most obedient drivers in the world; the car is no longer a toy for the average American."

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Yet we still have 53,000 deaths a year. Consider what public reaction would be to such a record in commercial plane crashes, train wrecks or bus accidents, with half the pilots, engineers and drivers drunk. Last year there were 24,300,000 drivers in reported accidents in the United States; nearly two million people were injured, and there was $10 billion worth of damage. Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut has predicted that by 1975, America will kill 100,000 people every year on her highways. Says former Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan, "One out of every four cars manufactured in this country ends up with blood on it." Moynihan points out that an Illinois study showed three-quarters of all accidents are not reported, so that our annual accident total may well be much higher. Some experts think the problem can't be licked.

But Doctor Borkenstein is more optimistic. "We are beginning to think of dividing and conquering," he declares. "We are beginning to think of specific groups, and how we can control each of them." His target is the heavy drinker; the average social drinker will usually get good marks from him. "Levels of .04 percent and below apparently are not inconsistent with traffic safety," he says. He has discovered the weird statistic that "subjects with levels of .03 percent are about one-third *less* likely to cause an accident than completely sober drivers.... We can do a great deal to spell out what we expect of people, as far as drinking and driving are concerned. If every driver were to know that a blood-alcohol reading below .04 or .05 percent is apparently insignificant, we might have as many people drinking, but fewer people exceeding the critical levels when driving. In this way we would accomplish our goal. We're not after the drinking driver, as such. We're after the *driver who drinks too much.*"

Doctor Borkenstein has doubts of the deterrent effect of some of our current propaganda on the subject. "I would like to get rid of the slogan, 'If you drink, don't drive; if you drive, don't drink.'" But he is not sure how to tell drivers that while one or two drinks may be safe, the third drink is murder. Furthermore, among the more than 700 organizations involved with highway safety in the United States, it is still anathema to suggest that a driver may ever drink anything at all. But Doctor Borkenstein is after the "compulsive sociopathic drinkers—not drinking drivers, just drinkers! People who drink too much all the time. They drink in the morning. They drink at noon. They drink all day long. And these people drive. These people are our most potent group of offenders. They are identifiable ahead of time." He would revoke or deny licenses to the nation's six million known alcoholics until they can prove they're cured. He would automatically revoke licenses of second offenders on drunk-driving charges.

Andrew R. Hricko, general counsel for the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety in Washington, agrees that the "hard-core problem" is the confirmed alcoholic, and believes "Don't drink" poster campaigns have no effect on him. "He's a disturbed individual, and he's probably having trouble with his wife—the last thing he's going to do is read a sign telling him not to drink." Hricko is doubtful about the usefulness of suspending or revoking licenses. He points to a California study which showed that 33 out of a hundred drivers with suspended licenses drove anyway, and 68 of a hundred with licenses revoked still drove.

To this objection, Doctor Borkenstein replies, "It raises my blood pressure when I hear, 'Well, people go ahead and drive anyhow.' I think that's an indictment of our whole law enforcement process." Doctor Borkenstein would find ways to enforce very strictly the law on suspensions and revocations.

Most experts agree that heavy drinkers do make a wide target for improving safety records. A California study last year places major accident blame squarely on the heavy drinkers. Of 423 single-vehicle fatal accidents (cars running off the road or into obstructions or parked cars), 74 percent of the drivers had been drinking, and their average blood level was .22 percent, indicative of at least a dozen drinks. Between midnight and 3 a.m., 83 percent of drivers involved in accidents were drunk. Says Inspector David S. Luethje, commander of the operational planning and analysis division of the California Highway Patrol, which made the study, "In the single-vehicle fatal accident, the crux of the problem lies not with the social or casual drinker, but the seasoned toper." Between 40 and 50 percent of pedestrians killed by cars are also drunk, according to blood tests made on the bodies of victims. As for the percentage of drivers who are alcoholics, Dr. Julian Waller of the California Department of Public Health estimates that in his state 6.5 percent are problem drinkers, and that these account for two-thirds of highway deaths in which any alcohol is present.

Though it is glaringly obvious that stopping these drivers would sharply reduce the slaughter on our roads, many officials hesitate to rely on breath tests on the ground that all the elements causing accidents have never been completely distilled statistically. Dr. Bernard Fox of the United States Public Health Service explains, "We are in the rather awkward position of not knowing very well what is involved in normal driving itself, to say nothing about what is involved in emergency driving. All we can say is that driving consists of a series of near misses, moderate misses and far misses."

Dr. William Haddon, Jr., director of the National Highway Safety Bureau, a federal agency in Washington largely responsible for improved structural standards on new cars, is cautious about going after a single cause of accidents, as the British have done. He points out a fact known to psychologists that *any* kind of change whatever concerning large groups of people will cause a prompt adjustment in their behavior, but that this compensating change is likely to be temporary.

"The proof of the English pudding is—will the results continue over a period of time?" Doctor Haddon also questions the amount of improvement shown in the English statistics, on the ground that the comparison of the period The Test has been in effect was with the previous year, which had unusually high accident rates.

But the Bureau does advise states to pass "implied consent" laws, and to make the .10 percent blood-alcohol level the maximum legally allowable. The Department of Transportation, of which the Bureau is a part, can hold back 10 percent

of allocated federal highway funds from states that don't cooperate. Yet so far, government experts have zeroed in on the car more than on the drunk driver. Doctor Haddon observes, "Since much of the relationship between alcohol and road traffic will be difficult to change, the proper packaging of the vehicle occupant through better crash design takes on new importance." As for the effect of the chemical testing already done in the United States, he says, "I am not aware of any evidence that existing legislation is influencing the occurrence of accidents caused by alcohol."

Some safety people have doubts of the legality of such tests, though this was permanently established in a 1965 Supreme Court decision against one Armando Schmerber, a California driver. While Schmerber lay in a hospital after an accident, a sample of his blood was taken against his will and later used as evidence to convict him of drunk driving. He pleaded the "due process" safeguard of the 14th Amendment, the right to non-self-incrimination of the Fifth Amendment, the right to counsel under the Sixth Amendment and the guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure of the Fourth Amendment. He lost. The court decided that a blood test may be a legal requirement of an arrested person, like a fingerprint, photograph or signature.

Robert Donigan, of Northwestern's Traffic Institute, studying over 550 appellate court decisions in 48 states and the District of Columbia, found no conviction ever reversed on the ground that breath testing is not legal evidence. Even in the states without a maximum blood-level law —Alabama, Alaska, California, Iowa, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico and Texas—chemical tests are acceptable evidence of drunkenness. A publication of the Rhode Island State Police refers to one opinion that testing is legal because "the person whose breath is tested is not required to make an effort in giving the sample. He must by nature release his breath and his breath can then be collected; there is no invasion of the body. It has been the judgment of courts that the exhaled breath is no longer the property of the person who exhaled it." Even the American Civil Liberties Union goes along with the tests: "They are a reasonable exercise of the power of the state to impose conditions upon the use of a potentially dangerous instrument on the public highway."

But a man may still refuse a test. Are the police then going to drag him to a doctor, or strap him into the testing machine called the Breathalyzer? This has not happened yet, although a conviction was upheld in a case in which heroin was forcibly extracted from the rectum of a suspect: "There is nothing in the Bill of Rights which makes body cavities legally protected sanctuaries," said the court.

What happens to a refuser depends on where he's nabbed. In 28 states he automatically suffers license suspension under an implied consent law. The first such law was passed by New York in 1953, and it states: "Anyone who operates a motor vehicle in this state shall be deemed to have given his consent to a chemical test." In some states an arrested driver must be warned of this law, and in others not. In the states without such a law, police must prove a test-refuser drunk by other means —tests for balance, placing the finger to the nose, picking up coins and repeating such phrases as "Around the rugged rock the rascal ran" or "Methodist Episcopal." Defense lawyers often make hash of such evidence in court. Although there has not been a Supreme Court decision on the implied consent laws, they are included in federal standards laid out for state safety legislation.

The much-feared little tube used in England is known as the "breathalyser." The American "Breathalyzer" is a patented $800 device developed in 1954 by Doctor Borkenstein. It is one of several such instruments—the Drunkometer, the Alcometer, the Intoximeter, the Drunkotester—which are used today in more than 3,000 police stations throughout the United States. In the Breathalyzer, bottom-lung breath is needed for an accurate reading, so vents allow the first part of the exhalation to escape as it enters a tube, then magnets close a piston to trap a quantity of breath. This breath is forced into an ampul containing potassium dichromate in a 50 percent volume of sulphuric acid. As the breath alcohol is oxidized into acetic acid, there is a corresponding reduction of the yellow potassium dichromate. The decrease in color intensity is measured photoelectrically, to register on a dial calibrated in blood-alcohol percentages, from zero to .40 percent. A theory established in the early '50's says there is a constant ratio of 2,100 to one between volume of breath alcohol and that of blood alcohol.

American police like the big testing machines because they are accurate enough to produce legal evidence. The preliminary English test does not give evidence that will hold up in court, but it does indicate the need for further testing. The difference in use is that in England, no arrest has to be made before The Test may be given. In the United States, an arrest must be made first. The British police can give The Test to any driver who looks as if he has been drinking, or who is involved in an accident, or who commits any moving violation. The last provision has brought on what police call a "halo effect" —a sharp drop in all kinds of illegal driving.

The moving force behind The Test in England has been Barbara Castle, a lively, redheaded Member of Parliament, who became Minister of Transport in 1965. To reduce Britain's highway toll, she first introduced a 70 mph. nationwide speed limit, and then, last October, The Test. She warned then, "If casualties go on rising as they have in recent years, more than half of the children born this year will be injured sooner or later in a road accident."

By Christmas, The Test, which with conviction results in automatic license suspension and can bring a fine of up to $120, had caused a social revolution. The Churchmen's Association complained of "breathalyser backlash"—young men, for fear of driving after drinking, were being forced to stay the night in their girl friends' apartments. The Christian Medical Fellowship intoned: "This may set the scene for moral lapses and result in blighted lives and lifelong regrets."

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On the other hand, the Godfrey-Davis car-hire service increased its chauffeur-driven business 20 percent. Young's Dress Hire Service began including do-it-yourself breath testers in each of the 20,000 dress suits it hires out annually.

Business dropped in the pubs, and a parade of 2,500 angry pub owners carrying placards reading "Ban Barbara's Bagpipes" descended on the House of Commons. Their leader claimed The Test was "the reintroduction of a medieval institution—trial by ordeal." Pub customers sent a million protesting letters to Members of Parliament, claiming The Test to be "a breach of justice in that drivers are forced to provide evidence to convict themselves," that it "involved a loss of human dignity," and that it was "at least a technical assault."

The attacks failed, and within a few weeks, the pubs' business returned to near normal. A more valid complaint was that The Test harassed the innocent indiscriminately, since only a quarter of the drivers it was given to showed an illegal alcohol level. In fact, there have been relatively few convictions as a result. In a typical month, only 2,994 tests were given in all of England, Wales and Scotland, and only 795 brought prosecution.

But there is a salient difference between British and American police attitudes. The British are not interested in getting convictions for the sake of statistics; they just want to prevent accidents. Despite the very small chance of a motorist's being given The Test, its psychological effect—at a cost of hardly more than a thousand dollars a month—reduced traffic deaths by 14 percent in October, 20 percent in November, and 33 percent in December. Over the holidays, road deaths in Britain dropped 40 percent. Between 10 p.m. and midnight, casualties were down 49 percent. A January reduction of 17 percent followed, to make the four-month Test record 22 percent better than that of the corresponding period of the year before. Said Mrs. Castle, "On the original estimate, when the law was first introduced, it was thought it might save 200 lives a year." If the present rate of decrease keeps up, the saving in Britain will more likely be 1,600 lives. Applying a 22 percent reduction in deaths to the traffic toll in the United States would save 11,660 lives a year.

An unnerving feature of The Test—but one of the things that makes it work—is that no one is sure how much he can drink and pass it. Since the blood-alcohol level may keep rising for some time after the last drink, a self-test may be misleading. Mrs. Castle, in reply to criticism of this kind, replied, "A lot of people have said they would find it easier to keep within the new law if I published tables showing how many drinks will produce a given blood-alcohol concentration. I am against this because the amount of alcohol needed to produce .08 percent varies widely. In any case, drivers must not go around thinking that impairment through drink starts at .08 percent. Impairment begins far below that level for most people. To try to drink 'up to the limit' would be completely irresponsible." But the British Medical Association did give this guideline: "If a driver must drink, he should not exceed three single measures of spirits, or the equivalent in beer, one and a half pints."

Eating quantities of mashed potatoes or a quarter pound of butter before drinking was at first believed a means of outfoxing The Test. Food does slow the rate of alcohol absorption, but it also dulls the "high" that is often the purpose of drinking. Claims were made in England also that charcoal pills, strong cheese, cloves, onions, garlic or lemon rinds would foul up The Test, but these have proved only wishful. The body consumes alcohol at the rate of about one drink an hour, although it has been asserted that triiodothyronine pills will double the rate. Ordinarily the body gets rid of 10 percent of its alcohol intake through urine, and the rest by oxidation in the liver, which makes it first into poisonous acetaldehyde and then into vinegar acid and finally into water and carbon dioxide. Traditional remedies such as black coffee and cold showers do not speed up the process, but will only make a sleepy drunk into a wakeful drunk.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Alcohol works fast because it is absorbed directly into blood vessels. Its effect is to put the brain to sleep. First to go are memory, judgment and inhibitions. Next are coordination, speech, hearing and vision. A Swedish study found that "alcohol has the same effect on vision as the setting of a gray glass in front of the eyes." Finally alcohol causes coma, and at a blood level of .55 percent it is usually fatal.

In spite of the clear evidence that the drunk driver is a guilty driver, American safety people seem to be lost in a hodgepodge of conflicting plans and campaigns that leave the comical drunk, as usual, at the wheel. A report prepared by Arthur D. Little, Inc., for the Automobile Manufacturers Association comments: "There has been little objective research on methods of changing the public attitude on an aspect of behavior so deeply imbedded in the culture as drinking.... What seems to be missing is an organizing force."

The report adds that in dealing with drunks, "The United States lags behind the most advanced countries; the lag is most conspicuous in the area of penalization...because of the sympathy with which judges and juries view this offense." A study of 1,147 California drivers who killed people with their cars while drunk showed that only 270 were convicted of drunken driving, and only 47 went to jail.

Ideas of substitutes for testing come from all sides, as if the right to drive a car while drunk were a sacred and inalienable part of our heritage. The United States Public Health Service suggests that cars be made too difficult for a drunk to be able to drive—although such a design would undoubtedly eliminate a good many perfectly sober drivers, both male and female, who find cars complicated enough as they are. Automatic highways have been called for, to take control out of the hands of every driver, drunk or sober. A more primitive proposal is that roadside obstacles be removed so that the drunk won't have so many things to run into.

The liquor industry is all for moderation; since 1934, Seagram's, for instance, has been advertising "Drinking and Driving Don't Mix." But the industry has not backed chemical testing. As for the car manufacturers, Ford says that safety is a "systems matter" involving a variety of elements, though it does claim to be in favor of increased use of the tests. Chrysler's chief engineer for automotive safety, Roy C. Haeusler, declares, "I believe breath testing can be a reliable indicator of the blood-alcohol level, and that when administered with proper safeguards it can be feasibly performed by a policeman." But he has not suggested increased testing. In General Motors' study of drunk drivers handling their test cars ("We are interested in the whole area of traffic safety," a spokesman points out), David McClellan, who directed some of the tests, says that only two of seven subjects were even able to reach the .15 level. One driver had to drink 20 ounces of bourbon over four hours to do it. But GM has not yet drawn any conclusions from such performances.

Dr. H. A. Fenner, Jr., M.D., of Hobbs, New Mexico, chairman of the American Medical Association's committee on medical aspects of automotive safety, says his organization's official stand is "that a blood-alcohol level of .10 percent be accepted as prima facie evidence of alcoholic intoxication, recognizing that many individuals are under the influence in the .05 to .10 range." Another AMA representative says, "I think everybody agrees that .15 is too high."

Legislators complain that if they vote for lower blood-alcohol levels they will never be reelected. Yet after the results of The Test became known in England, a Gallup poll showed 80 percent of the people in favor of it. When deaths and mayhem caused by guns reached an intolerable level in the United States, the people demanded legislation and are getting it. But injury and death by blind drunks in cars do not need to get any worse to be intolerable.

The value of chemical testing is summed up by Donald C. Lhotka, programs director of the traffic department, National Safety Council, who says, "Chemical tests—whether of breath or of blood—are the only reliable way to show clearly the presence or absence of alcohol in motorists charged with drunk driving. It is important to us all that drunk drivers be identified.... No one who can't handle a car properly has the right to spread injured victims across the highways. Recent British experience should indicate to Americans something about the kind of results we could hope for if drivers who are impaired by alcohol were truly kept off the road."—**Roy Bongartz**

**The captain's favorite,
a huge yellow mongrel,
was hated by every man in camp.**

[*Continued from page* 43]

picked me up and quoted hog prices to me until he turned off a few miles up the highway, letting me out in front of a roadside store. It wasn't much, but it was the only place available. I went inside and cashed the one check I'd managed to salvage.

Talk about being caught in the act. When I came out of the store, the first thing I saw was a road patrol car with four cops in it parked across the highway. When I put up my thumb, they wheeled their car around and pulled up beside me.

"Hey, boy!" one of them said, "Let's see some 'dentification."

As it happened, I had four separate sets of it in my pocket. That wasn't too cool in this situation.

"Got none," I said.

"Get in," he said, swinging the door open.

"Get screwed," I said, taking off toward the nearest cotton field with much haste.

I woke up with knots on my head and the sweetly acid taste of blood in my mouth. The cell was like any number of others I'd seen; typical bastille decor, with bars across one end and an iron cot hinged to the wall, partly padded with an ancient, straw-stuffed mattress. Naturally, there were the usual plumbing facilities, both chipped and cracked and colorfully orange-green in the autumn of their years.

After a while, I sat up slowly and waited for the throbbing to subside. Then I pulled myself over to the remnants of a mirror on the wall to see how pretty I looked. My lips were cut and swollen but, so far as I could see, my teeth were still intact. There was considerable blood matted in my hair, and one of my ears looked more like a botanist's nightmare of a liverwort than the delicate, shell-like appendage it normally was. At least the ear was still attached to my head, and that much-abused part of me seemed to have held up a shade better than Humpty-Dumpty.

Overlaying a moon-shaped welt on my forehead was a dark and similarly shaped smudge. There seemed to be a series of strange markings across the center of the smudge. Leaning closer to the mirror, I pried open my swollen left eye and peered closely at the cabalistic bruise. The markings were letters. The word they formed was N-E-O-L-I-T-E, right off the heel of a shoe.

Well, that figured. The original blunt instrument was undoubtedly a hillbilly sheriff.

Along toward evening, the jail began showing signs of life. First, a turnkey wandered past my cell and informed me, with a snaggle-toothed grin, that I was a cinch to be sent to a work camp for passing forged checks. As evidence, they had the check I'd passed at the country store just before the lights went out, and they had the check protector and other things that I'd abandoned in Atlanta. That was nice.

A little later, an iron door opened some place and a line of prisoners marched past the front of my cell. They had been out working all day. Now they were back for the night, laughing, yelling, disrupting the peaceful quiet of the place and showing little respect for the sorrows of a chap who had just been assured that he was on his way to a work camp. There was nothing for it—I settled back into the old jail routine, making the best of it, and waiting to see what the future would bring.

I was stretched out on my bunk trying to see how large a slab of paint I could peel from the wall all in a single piece, when the native in the next compartment called over to me.

"Hey theah, Yankee boy, yew got yoh light on?"

"Yeah," I said, "Ah got mah light on."

"Good thing. Leave 'er on an' don' go to swattin' up on ol' Henry when he come by."

I rolled over and peered out into the corridor to see what old Henry looked like. My ribs hurt like hell, and I was just about in the right mood to go to swattin' up on somebody if he turned out to be small enough. The corridor was empty. Presently, however, I detected a movement at the lower edge of my vision and turned my gaze to the floor. A huge Cuban roach—Henry, presumably—was scurrying busily past my cell. He was manfully towing a great, long white thread, one end knotted about his midsection and the other trailing out of sight down the corridor behind him.

"Henry git by yew yit, Yankee boy?"

"Yeah," I said, pressing my cheek to the bars for a better angle. "He's almost past the cell beyond mine."

"Yew heah that, John Dee? Yankee says he almost theah."

"Ah see him, Billy Joe. Turn youah light out an' I'll send 'im back soon's I fetch up the thraid."

And that was the drill for the rest of my stay. Sometimes Billy Joe and John Dee would send cigarettes back and forth on the end of the thread that was costing ol' Henry so much labor, but most of the time they only made dry runs. It was all the same to Henry, though, because he always turned in at the first dark cell whether the string was loaded or not.

In all the jailhouse stories I'd heard of these nicotinic evangels, there was always an element of necessity; a pressing need

for tobacco, and no possible way of transporting it. Then some wise old jail crow remembers the cockroach trick and solves the problem neatly. That makes for a nice, colorful bit of lore, but I've never seen the inside of a jail where it wouldn't have been far easier just to slide a butt along the floor, or even to ricochet it off the opposite wall. There was no question of necessity here. As a matter of fact, Henry was continually zigzagging in and out between my bars, in spite of the light I kept burning to warn him off the shoals, and I spent considerable time untangling the thread and setting the poor creature back on the proper course. An entirely useless endeavor, but it did kill a lot of time for John Dee and Billy Joe. And for me. I had to kill nearly two months before I was finally taken to court on the forgery charge.

Courtrooms—and I have been in a few of them—have a certain uniformity about them all across the country. I mean it's just like Perry Mason. There are always the benches for the spectators, the wooden railing that sets off the arena proper, with its tables for defense and prosecution, and the jury box is usually on the right as you face the raised bench of justice. Justice, herself, poor blind whore, is often depicted above that bench, with her balance scales all out of kilter from the endless tamperings of shyster defense counsels and conviction-hungry prosecutors.

But all that was missing here. The courtroom looked like a Tennessee Williams stage setting, and somewhere between the folding chairs for the spectators and the bust of Jeff Davis that filled in for Justice, there was a distinctly unmajestic air to the place. This lack of grandeur and dignity was not helped by the presence, in one dim corner, of a popcorn machine. It was rather like being tried in the lobby of an all-night movie.

The solemnity of the proceedings was in keeping with the decor. I was escorted to the bench by the sheriff, who identified me to the judge as "the Yankee what swindled ol' Sy Oliver." All I could see of His Honor was a thatch of gray hair and two gray eyes that peered down at me without much interest from the rim of the seven-foot bench. It was the tallest judge's bench I'd ever seen in my life.

"Haow you pleadin', boy?" the judge asked.

"Not guilty, Your Honor."

"You tryin' to weasel out o' this heah charge, boy?"

"No, sir, Your Honor," I said. "I just feel there are extenuating circumstances that should be brought to the court's attention."

Actually, the circumstances I had in mind were no more than what any right-thinking thief would call upon in a court of law. The idea at a preliminary hearing of this sort is to deny your guilt and have yourself remanded back to the county jail. That gives you time to think of additional angles; and it gives the authorities time to weigh the expense of a trial against the wisdom of letting you cop a plea for a reduced sentence. I've known men who were so adept at gumming up the wheels of justice that they succeeded in getting such charges as murder and criminal assault broken down to second degree mopery. Of course, there is risk in these tactics. If you are tried and found guilty, you can always count on receiving a far longer prison sentence than you would have gotten for pleading guilty in the first place. There are probably some soreheads who will contend that this basic American practice is nothing but a shady means of coercing the accused into an admission of guilt. But there *are* traditions of jurisprudence to be upheld, and it's unseemly for the layman to question them.

"You mean, boy, that y'all gonna stand there an' tell this court that you want the State of Georgia to go to the expense o' givin' you a trial for somethin' you shore nuff did?"

Hah, thought I, it's going to work. The old boy is thinking about the taxpayers.

"I'm sorry about the expense, Your Honor," I said, "and I regret the delay in these proceedings, but...."

"Don't fret none over that, boy. Ain't gonna be no delay." The judge's head disappeared momentarily from the ramparts, and he called out to someone in the back room. "Bailiff! court's in session. Check over them jury rolls."

I could hear someone grumbling in reply and the unmistakable sound of a cork being slapped into a jug. A moment later, a gaunt and seedy individual in a shoelace necktie came around from behind the bench, gave me a bleary stare, and reeled on out of the courtroom.

He was back in less than two minutes with the jury. Obviously, he had impaneled them from the citizens who took their leisure—24 hours a day, apparently—on the benches in the square.

When I saw my jury in that Georgia courtroom, I had no doubt what the final verdict would be.

Ask any man in prison to describe his jury for you and he will draw a vivid picture of 12 sodden hicks with bib overalls, red-wool long johns showing at their collars, dung-spattered boots (if he credits them with being shod), and tobacco juice dribbling down their unshaven chins. Honesty compels me to admit that my jury wasn't like that at all. No, indeed. There were only *six* of them on my jury.

The trial itself was not one of those frivolous northern affairs, with reams of testimony from prosecution and defense witnesses, with charges and rebuttals, examinations and cross-examinations, exhibits of evidence, recesses, objections, and all the many fripperies of Blackstone. There was not even a prosecutor. And, since Gideon had not yet blown his trumpet in Florida, forcing the Supreme Court ruling that all accused persons must be furnished with counsel, no one seemed to think it necessary that I should have a lawyer. Not that Clarence Darrow, himself, could have done me any good in *that* courtroom. The only laws I heard quoted seemed to have derived from the code duello.

In keeping with the general informality of the hearing, the judge addressed each juror by name—"Ha theah, Harry. Haow's the waife an' kids? Haow you, Clem? Crops doin' awright, John D?"—and patiently explained to them how I had come all the way from up north just to spread financial ruin among the local citizens.

With the details of my crime certified as gospel, I was allowed to take the stand and claim my innocence. This I did most vehemently, tossing in such mitigating tidbits as my rural upbringing, my fear of God, and a dearly beloved grandmother who hailed from the great State of Georgia. But the jury sat walleyed through my performance, and it was easy to see they were not impressed.

I stepped down from the stand, and ol' Sy Oliver got up and told his story of the infamous robbery. He was magnificent. With tears running down his cheeks, he explained to his neighbors how that check would have driven his store into bankruptcy, how his wife would have had to go back to pulling a plow, and how his orphaned children would have wandered the streets homeless until starvation overtook them. By the time he was through, I had a lump in my throat the size of a honeydew melon—at the thought of my own prospects, you understand.

Finally the judge charged the jury. He explained that they could find me either innocent or guilty, but that anyone who voted for acquittal would sure roast in hell—not to mention having his crops fail and his daughter marry a nigger—for betraying his neighbors and the sovereign State of Georgia. They found me guilty without even leaving the courtroom.

And, just like that, I had myself a year at hard labor.

A little old man in the Scranton County lockup once told me, "Son, don't ever get your Yankee ass in a hillbilly jail." I finally learned the wisdom of this fatherly advice when they packed me up for delivery to the road camp. The place where they were sending me wasn't exactly a modern facility. It was an old turpentine ranch that has been in constant use for the past 60 years.

Back in the early 1900's, turpentine stills were spotted all over South Georgia and Alabama in the pine forests and swamps

that cover that country. Private companies used to lease a few thousand acres and bleed the trees dry with convict labor, which was also leased from the state. When the trees and the convicts were all depleted, the turpentine people would move on, and the lumber people would move in.

Today, there is nothing much left in those parts to attract private industry—just a profitless expanse of mangrove, knotted-pine stumps, and mud—but there is still plenty of work there for Georgia's convicts. The only difference is that there are no more two-dollar-a-day jobs as leased labor under adequately paid and trained civilians. Now the work consists of halfhearted, state-organized, land-reclamation projects, road maintenance and an ineffectual reforestation program.

The chain gangs of those early years are also largely a thing of the past. Someone finally realized that men can't work efficiently when they're wearing leg-irons. But nothing else had changed much in those work camps.

When the sheriff delivered me and two Negro marijuana farmers to that old turpentine camp, he might have been driving us straight into the 1920's—and his creaking old Model A panel truck with the birdcage doors and the floppy fenders would have been right at home in that period. The camp was a compound, 50 yards square, enclosed by a single strand of barbed wire like you might find around a pasture. Its only real purpose was to mark off the camp boundaries and to separate it from the drab expanse of swamp that stretched for 10 of 15 miles on all sides.

The compound contained a haphazard assortment of wooden buildings. The largest was the "cage," a heavily-barred barracks for the convicts. Right beside it was the mess shack, and beside that was the cook shack. At one end of the compound there was a fenced enclosure and a row of kennels for the camp dogs. At the far end was the headquarters shack, a few storage sheds and the blacksmith shop—which was really no more than a tool shed.

Looking at that unpainted clapboard dungeon, I didn't feel much of anything except curiosity. I had been hearing about chain gangs all my life, about the colorful striped clothes, the man-eating cockroaches, and how they locked you up in chains and threw away the warden. They had me scheduled for a year's vacation in this place, so now, at least, I would be able to fill out a gap in my education that hadn't been covered by run-of-the-mill prisons and jails.

My education began in earnest when the sheriff turned me over to the captain in charge of the camp. This man was known to guards and convicts alike as Old Jay Dee. He was a large man in his late 50's, with an exceptionally long, red face, almost chinless, and with immense protruding eyes. If you had looped chains from his ears he would have passed for a fire hydrant.

"Waal, Sam," he asked the sheriff, "what we got hyah?"

"Two niggahs and one Yankee. Mr. Hot-Stuff, here, cashed a rubber check on ol' Sy Oliver owns the mercantile 'stablishment over at Claymore Corners."

"Sure 'nuff? What the niggahs do?"

"They just growed themselves a little hemp. Jedge figured they oughta have about six months on the road to teach 'em the value of real tobacco," said the sheriff.

The captain wasn't listening. He was walking a small circle around me, like I was General Sherman and he was looking for my matches.

"Doggone," he said, "a real Yankee. Been seven, eight years since we had one o' them down hyah."

He smiled at me then, a fire hydrant with teeth. "Lemme tell you, boy, this hyah is a road camp, and y'all wanna keep yoah nose clean if you wanna get back up Nawth. We don't think much of no smartass Yankees come down hyah and deprivin' folks of their livelihood. No. Don't say nothin', boy, I known your wuthless, carpetbaggin' type, and we know how to deal with you down hyah."

He continued in this vein for a good five minutes. He had a double-barrelled shotgun in his hands and when he wanted to emphasize a point he thumped the butt of it against the ground. By the time he had flailed up a good cloud of dust, he was well on the way to making a believer of me. I didn't out and out apologize for being born in Michigan, but I sure went along meekly when he sent me off with a guard to be fitted with prison dungarees and assigned to a bunk.

I found a friend in the camp almost immediately, a huge Negro the color of raw umber. His name was Clyde, and he had one of those fey senses of humor so often attributed to, but so rarely encountered in, people who have been getting stepped on most of their lives. It was hard to imagine anyone willfully stepping on Clyde's six-foot-four-inches of bull strength, but that's just what those hillbillys did. He caught all of the heavy work and much of the abuse. Clyde didn't like the treatment any more than anyone else would. He simply had an abundance of good-natured patience, and up to the last I heard of him, he still hadn't killed anybody.

When they first threw me in the cage and assigned me the bunk next to Clyde, we found we had too much in common not to hit it off. The guards had him pegged as a "rogue niggah." And I was the camp Yankee—which put me just one notch below Clyde. So we pulled all our details together, and worked together on the road gang, which was a break for me. I had a lot to learn about jailing it on the road.

The first thing I learned was that the term road gang is very loosely applied. The one I was on was yanking stumps out of the swamp to make room for a dredger. The idea was to hammer the stumps out with a short, blunt instrument, known locally as a stump axe. This was done in water that might be up to your ankles or up to your chin, with the depth changing at every floundering step. There was also considerable mud. Whenever you set foot in this slop, you liberated about a cubic yard of sulfur dioxide. And when you were working in deep water, it came belching up to the surface in great flatulent bubbles that usually burst right under your nose.

I worked on that road gang for two months before I ever saw a road. It passed through the middle of the swamp we were clearing, and it was the most beautiful stretch of solid ground I'd ever seen. Before long I was bashing away at stumps with great enthusiasm, anxious to work my way to that road bank. Through the intervening mangroves, I could catch glimpses of bright cars speeding past, coming from faraway places and heading, perhaps for places still further away. It had occurred to me that I might find an opportunity to do the same thing.

Clyde must have seen the faraway look in my eyes, or guessed the reason for my unlikely energy. He buried the head of his axe in a rotting log and sat down beside it to wipe the sweat from his face.

"It ain't no use, man," he said. "By the time we gets to that road, the old captain he got maybe two, three shotguns on the bank. You just behave and you won't no more'n get your picture took."

"My picture?"

"Yeah, man, them tourists digs us a whole lot."

We spent two weeks working alongside that road bank, and I found out that Clyde was dead right—both about the captain's foresight and about the tourists. Georgia convicts are regarded as a natural resource, almost as much a part of the scenery as a natural rock bridge, or a waterfall, or similar attraction that might come hemstitched onto a pillow. We had our pictures taken by every other carload of tourists that came by. Most of them only slowed down enough to snap away at us through their windows; but many stopped and asked the guards to move closer to where we were working and to hold their shotguns in a more alert attitude. Then they would stand around and talk about us in the third person, asking the guards how much work we did, what sort of sanitary facilities we had, and how we got along without women. One old fat doll, with an expensive Hasselblad, even managed to lower herself to the bottom of the embankment near where I was working and asked the guard to have me turn my back to her. She seemed convinced that I'd have a lot of picturesque whip marks across my shoulders.

Nearly all of these leeches, as I was continually reminded by the other men, were northerners; fellow Yankees who thought a chain gang was the most picturesque thing this side of an Indian reservation. But while I was trying to figure out why anyone would want to take a picture of a lot of raggedy-assed convicts up to their ears in a swamp, most of the other cons were amusing themselves at the tourists' expense. We weren't allowed to say a word to them, but when the guards were busy shilling a new bunch, it was easy enough to aim a few pointed vulgarities at the female tourists. These crude remarks served both to give the men an outlet of sorts and to send the tourists scurrying, with their hair on end.

Clyde was more subtle. He thoroughly enjoyed having his picture taken, and he absolutely reveled in the attention he received. He was a genius at Uncle Tomming; playing the part of a foot-shuffling, forelock-tugging, old family retainer type,

plantation darky. Out in the swamp or back in the cage, Clyde sang gutty old prison ballads and some of the most profane blues I've ever heard. For the tourists, he sang spirituals, crossing-over-Jordan, and lawd-but-ain't-this-cotton-heavy, and all that kind of rot.

At the end of our two weeks by the embankment, however, I was happy to get back into the swamps and away from the tourists. The only thing I really missed was the food that Clyde had been getting from them.

There are many things about a prison, and especially about a road camp, that a man finds hard to take. But the worst, I'm sure, is the pure, unadulterated horror of grits and molasses for breakfast. Also for lunch and supper every day. For the last two meals, at least, we could usually count on black-eyed peas, as well. This diet was saved from monotony only through the addition of an occasional slab of sowbelly, which was really more of a challenge than a treat.

We were, however, allowed to supplement our fare with a little foraging. When we broke off for noon meal, the guards let us cook any wildlife we had managed to catch while working. All we had to do was find enough dry wood and enough dry ground to build a fire. This wildlife was available in appalling quantities and a wide selection of species. Every noon, you could just about take your pick from rabbits, opossums, muskrats, frogs, turtles, water moccasins and a whole flock of things too far-gone to identify. They had usually been killed with stump axes.

Clyde was a frog fancier. He used to spear them with a sharpened stick, then hold them against the bole of a tree with his left hand while he severed the legs with a deft blow of his axe. He skinned them and ate them on the spot, raw and kicking. Clyde had wonderful manners and he always offered one of the legs to me, with repeated assurances that down in his bayou country everyone ate them that way. I declined.

To Clyde, a frog was a "swamp dog," while anything not normally accepted as table fare was a "critter." Every other day he would come sloshing up to announce, "The boys has got theirselves a critter. C'mon, man, we is eatin'." I'd tag along more out of curiosity than hunger, just to see what new marvel they had pulled squirming from the muck. I figured if it ever turned out to be too extreme for consumption someone should be there to report it to the Museum of Natural History.

The only time I took part in these Paleozoic picnics was when the food was recognizably mammalian. I made an eager exception for terrapin. Clyde and a couple of other Negroes had a knack for gutting these and roasting them in their own shells. I've never since tasted anything quite so delicious.

One time we had a deer. A guard we called Snake Eyes saw it moving in the bushes and mistook it for a convict. He let us carry it back to camp, and everyone from the captain down to Clyde and me had a fine meal. Everyone except Snake Eyes; he was so disappointed to find he'd only shot a deer that he couldn't touch a mouthful.

Snake Eyes was as mean a cuss as ever sought employment as a prison guard, but when he wasn't right on your back it was hard to take him seriously. He was a gangly man with jughandle ears, and knotty muscles on his jaws that made him look like he was always gritting his teeth on a mouthful of hickory nuts. His eyes all but overlapped, and he walked with a heavy limp—according to camp rumor he had badly gashed his foot when one of his socks broke.

If there was one redeeming quality about Snake Eyes, it was probably his sincere appreciation of good liquor. Anyone who cultivates the finer things in life can't be completely bad. Of course, he couldn't really afford *good* liquor, so he settled for white lightning, real honest-to-god squeezings that one of his cousins drizzled out of a still back in the swamps. He used to bring this stuff to work in a Mason jar. If there is any such thing as a true and enduring tradition of the South, that's it—a Mason jar full of mule. The extraordinary thing was his insistence that the jar never contained anything but turpentine.

Snake Eyes claimed that he had to drink turpentine as a physic. He nipped on this stuff all day long and at noon, when the rest of us sat down to our grits and critters, he would pull a fatback sandwich and that Mason jar out of his overalls jacket and really get to work. He used to toast us with that jar before he started. "Turpentine," he'd say, "the best thing in the world for what ails you, boys."

One day when we were out in the swamp, Snake Eyes was given an opportunity to test that theory quite literally. While he was taking his hourly inventory of inmates, a couple of guards from another work detail slipped over and tapped his Mason jar. After they had consumed all of the mule, they replaced it with a full measure of genuine turpentine. When Snake Eyes returned later—with a massive thirst—he swallowed half the jar before he loosed a strangled shriek: "Some bastard's put turpentine in my turpentine!"

The captain was another man who didn't mind an occasional snort, but he suffered from an ulcer that would just barely tolerate alcohol—one good jolt of pure swamp mule probably would have perforated his stomach canker and spared everyone a lot of trouble.

The captain, however, was a man of infinite resource and cunning. He had discovered a formula that allowed him to smuggle alcohol past his ulcer in sufficient quantities to achieve a continued glow. His secret was a 50-50 mixture of milk and Hadacol, a popular snake liniment that assayed out at 32° proof. It was this stuff that brought me as close as I ever came to a real old-time chain gang.

Clyde and I were standing outside the headquarters shack one evening during our one-hour exercise period. We were out of bounds, because we weren't supposed to go more than 50 feet from the cage, but no one ever said anything if you drifted over towards headquarters. Men were always going back and forth between there and the cage, either called over for a chewing out or going on their own to ask a favor or to deliver a tip.

We were just enjoying the last few minutes of evening coolness before the mosquitoes began boiling up out of the swamp, when Clyde called my attention to the captain's window. Through the unscreened opening I could see Old Jay Dee tilted back in his chair with his feet on the desk. He was dead asleep. And on a small table just inside the window I could see two bottles of 32-proof nectar. We didn't bother discussing the matter, and we didn't wait to plan the caper with the care it deserved. Clyde just stretched one of his long arms through the window and quietly gathered up both bottles. He tossed one to me, and we headed back to the cage with the loot under our shirts.

When the captain found his Hadacol missing, he screamed like a cow moose brought to childbed. This was one hour after we clipped him, and we hadn't figured on the loss being noticed until he came back to work the next day. By then it would have been too late to do anything about it. As it was, the bulls rousted everyone out of the cage and began checking breaths about five minutes after Clyde and I had finished off the goodies. It didn't take much of an investigation to pick us out of that lineup.

The captain didn't say anything until he got us into his shack, then he cut loose on us with some of the finest invective I've ever heard. He traced Clyde's haphazardly improbable ancestry all the way back to the Congo, and he called me everything but white. You'd have thought we'd challenged the power of prayer.

Finally he said, in a very reasonable tone of voice, "I s'pose you craven sonsofbitches think I'm going to give you a couple months or so in the mother-rotten sweatbox for that stunt?"

I tried to look meek, and Clyde allowed as to how we most surely deserved that much. He was going into his foot-shuffling bit, and I figured he might at least Uncle Tom us down to two weeks.

"Well, you bastards are wrong as hell," the captain continued. "You're going to keep right on choppin' stumps; 'ceptin' for the next three months you'll damn well do it in chains." He looked directly at me and I guess I wasn't looking convinced, what with it actually against the law and all, which caused him to add, "An' you damn well bet I'm serious, boy. If I tell y'all a chicken dips snuff, you look under his wing and that's where the can'll be!"

And that's where the can was. The law be damned. Four guards escorted us to the tool shed where a trusty rummaged around in a clutter of old shovels and picks, broken halters, saws, files, and rusted pieces of farm machinery, and produced

a five-foot length of log chain with a leg shackle on each end. These things didn't snap on or lock like handcuffs. They put me on a stool and hauled my left foot up on an anvil. The shackle was sprung enough to slide over my foot. Once it was in place, they forced it shut with a C-clamp and fixed it that way with a red-hot half-inch rivet. The riveting only took a few seconds and, before the shackle really had a chance to burn its way down to the bone, they dumped a bucket of water over the whole operation. Then they gave Clyde the same routine on the right ankle.

After a while we achieved a certain skill at maneuvering our iron umbilicus around stumps and snags and other convicts. We were like a precision drill team. When we were moving, one of us automatically hooked up the chain on his stump axe, and Clyde learned to chop left-handed so that we could work on the same stump without taking my head off.

There were still the inconveniences, of course—like getting a leg pulled out of joint in the middle of the night, and accompanying one another to the john, and having to wash our trousers in the swamp without being able to remove them—but it wasn't half the punishment the captain thought it was. For one thing, being in chains already, nobody worried too much about what we were doing. And the guards didn't expect us to get too many stumps. There was also one very tangible benefit: Maudie-Mae.

Maudie-Mae was Clyde's wife, and she came to see him faithfully every Sunday afternoon, the only time visitors were allowed at the camp. Since I was so firmly attached to Clyde, this meant that I would necessarily have to accompany him on his visits and share the lunch basket that Maudie always brought him.

All visits at the camp were held through a screen, with the convicts seated in the mess hall and the visitors on the other side of a barrier that ran the length of the room and about five feet from one wall. When a visitor was escorted into this corridor, any lunch baskets intended for convicts were appropriated, carefully checked for contraband, and then delivered on the other side of the screen by one of the guards or a trusty. Clyde had mentioned a couple of times that Maudie was one heck of a cook, but since he wasn't allowed to carry any of the food away from a visit to share with me, he very thoughtfully had avoided going into detail. Now that the administration had so kindly cut me in on the action, it was all I could do to muster enough tact not to hound him on the subject.

When Maudie showed up for that first joint visit, I felt like nothing less than one long gut. All that week, I had been conjuring up visions of crackling fried chicken, homemade bread, buttered turnip greens and candied yams. I had almost worked up a strong affection for the South and its culinary traditions. I mean, just because they had spawned sowbelly and grits, that didn't mean they were *all* a bunch of slobs.

Clyde introduced me to Maudie, an exceedingly buxom and handsome woman who was two or three shades blacker than he was. She was warm and friendly and completely at ease, as though her husband always walked around with a strange white man chained to him. I'm afraid, though, I wasn't giving this unusual woman the full attention she deserved. I had my eye on the trusty who was bringing the basket of food, and all I could see for Maudie-Mae was a huge piece of fried chicken.

Dear old understanding Clyde didn't keep me waiting. As soon as the basket arrived, he removed the cover and began spreading that southern cooking out in front of us.

There was no fried chicken. To my unutterable stupefaction, our meal was *sauerbraten* and *kartoffelkoessen*.

Maudie-Mae was, indeed, a very unusual woman. Until 1938, Maudie had worked for 10 years at a luxury hotel in Hamburg. She had originally gone there in 1928, with her father, who was employed as a butler by Graf von Tromanhauser. When her father died, and Maudie began to notice that even white Jews were leaving for more congenial surroundings, she surmised it was certainly time for a Negress to pull out.

So there I sat in a Georgia prison camp, eating sauerbraten and listening to a Negro woman recite Heine in beautifully accented German. And I suppose what made it even more unlikely was the gin.

Having been locked up for some time, I noticed right away that Maudie had enormous breasts. These seemed even more prominent after she sat down. On the visitors' side of the screen, a narrow shelf ran the length of the barrier at tabletop height. When Clyde and I had finished the food, Maudie placed her purse on the shelf on one side of her and her coat on the other. Then she spread her bosom out in the middle and canted herself forward. The effect was startling.

It was even more startling when she drew an ordinary soda straw from her purse and thrust one end into her imposing cleavage. The other end fit neatly through the quarter-inch mesh of the screen that separated us.

Clyde nudged me and looked around for the guard. "Go ahead, man. You first," he said.

Maudie-Mae was smiling encouragingly, and I didn't want to offend anyone on top of that sauerbraten, so what the hell. I sucked gently at the straw and was rewarded with a good slug of gin. My respect for Maudie-Mae went up another couple of notches.

For the rest of the afternoon, Clyde and I took turns on the gin straw, getting mellower and mellower. Where we had been pals before, now we were practically litter mates.

"Man, old buddy-boy," Clyde said, "this is really jailin' it, huh?" Then he grinned at me, "But you just pull on that there gin and don't be eye-ballin' my woman."

One thing all the road camps had in common was dogs. They were used both for intimidation and for tracking down runaways; they performed the first function with occasional success and the second with absolute brilliance. I've known men who used every devious trick imaginable to lose those camp dogs in a swamp; from swimming underwater to sprinkling pepper on their back trail. Nothing seemed to fool those animals, though there was never any shortage of convicts with revolutionary and infallible techniques for giving them the slip. It was while I was in the old turpentine camp, for instance, that the TV hucksters first came up with their ballyhoo for chlorophyll as a deodorizing agent. According to the claims, even if your breath was enough to gag a maggot, this stuff would make you the kissable queen of the J-Hop, and the funkiest case of lumberjack's armpit would turn to violets. Chlorophyll was the magic ingredient—one dose and the most sensitive nose couldn't recognize you as human. Almost overnight, it became known to almost every convict in the southern states that this was a sure ticket past the dogs.

So far as I know, the first man with enough empiricism in his soul to offer himself up for the cause of freedom was a skinny ridgerunner they called Rabbitfoot. He had spent a total of 12 years in the camps and had 19 escape attempts against him. He had made it twice, though never for long because it was easier for the law to catch him out of the swamp than in it. Aside from being the skinniest man in the State of Georgia, he had the reddest hair and the spottiest freckles I'd ever seen. Rabbitfoot had the right idea—there just wasn't any place he could go without looking like an extraterrestrial.

None of the commercially available preparations of chlorophyll had yet penetrated to our swampy fastness, so Rabbitfoot had to improvise. He used grass. And for anyone who might be tempted to duplicate the experiment, I will point out that there are probably better ways to obtain chlorophyll. Rabbitfoot was assigned to a perpetual dishwashing detail in the mess shack, because the captain had it figured that no one that skinny could steal much food. This gave him access to the meat grinder that was used for premasticating our boarhide and sowbelly.

For two weeks, Rabbitfoot smuggled huge quantities of grass into the mess shack, were he pulped it in the meat grinder and squeezed the juice off into one of the captain's old Hadacol bottles. Everybody knew when he had the bottle full, because our sowbelly reverted to its usual lighter shade of green. I noticed, too, that all through the experiment our sowbelly had exuded the same rancid odor as always, notwithstanding the generous addition of pure chlorophyll. This plainly boded ill for Rabbitfoot's chances of success.

Rabbitfoot made his break on a Friday evening when most of the guards were off duty, ministering to their thirsts. He

slipped out of the cook shack just after 7 o'clock count and waded off into the swamp, manfully chewing a mouthful of grass and washing it down with the unspeakable crud in the Hadacol bottle. He had also sprinkled the stuff on his clothing and rubbed it into his skin. He was a blotchy, red-and-green swamp specter, a nameless something belched up out of the mud. Some of the guys were making book that if he didn't shake off the dogs, he would at least be able to scare them back to the camp.

The guards were after Rabbitfoot within the hour. And it didn't take the dogs more than five minutes to find the trail. The entire pack caught up with Rabbitfoot two miles from camp. He was sitting on a stump, being very sick, and for two months afterwards he was subject to fits of nausea at the mere mention of grass.

As keen scented as they were, the Georgia camp dogs were a great disappointment to me. I had been a lifelong adherent of the blood hound myth, and when I thought of prison dogs—which I am the first to admit wasn't very often—I thought of noble purebreds, with ears down to their hind quarters and practically tripping over their own dewlaps as they belled the trail of some fugitive. This is not an uncommon misconception, since the word "bloodhound" has fallen upon rather careless usage.

Actually, blooded hounds are as rarely encountered around prison camps as the giant squid. All the dogs I saw were of the most wildly bastardized and bitched-up breeds ever to raid a garbage can. There were great hulking brutes clearly descended from Irish wolfhounds, slatternly assortments of ribs escaped from some sharecropper's chicken yard, and a few that were actually indistinguishable from cats. While I was there, the dominant strain was coon dog, but even that time-honored term had come into somewhat cavalier usage. There was one guard at the camp who used to hunt coon with a dog that was 90 percent Boston bull.

One dog out of this pack was allowed the freedom of the camp. He was a huge yellow mongrel, something between a redbone, a Dobermann and a police dog—and I think it was the police dog in him that appealed to the captain.

"That there animal is nigh pure German shepherd," he used to boast. "And trained—boy, they don't come no better. Here, you old sonofabitch, come to heel!" And the brute would bare his fangs and look around for a convict to bite.

Aside from enjoying the captain's confidence, this beast had another singular distinction. His name was God. Obviously this is just plain *dog* spelled backwards, but the effect was startling. For some of the colored men in camp who had been raised on the Old Testament, it was downright terrifying. It was also considerably ironic when Old Jay Dee would stand out behind our barracks and bellow:

"God! Come to me, God! *God,* you mangy sonofabitch, where the hell are you?"

There were a lot of us chained in that rotten cage who used to wonder exactly the same thing.

Perhaps it was God's continual association with the captain, or maybe it was just because he enjoyed so much freedom, but whatever it was, he was devoutly hated by every man in the camp. His general viciousness, of course, did nothing to improve his standing. God wasn't mean in the savage sense that is associated with a wild beast. There is a certain nobility about that. No. God's was a stupid, glowering, skulking meanness that would have been called sadism in a man.

God couldn't bother most of us, because we divided all our time between the swamp and the cage. But he struck cold fear into the heart of the camp workers. God was the scourge of the trusty inmates, and the most sorely put upon of these was Homer.

Homer was an Atlanta burglar still in his early 20's, a decent lad, with an engaging smile and the look of a college boy, who was pulling his first prison time. He was the slop man, the one who brought the buckets of grits and peas from the mess shack to the cage. This earned him a good deal of abuse from the riffraff who held him personally responsible for all the wrongs done to that sowbelly by everyone from the administration on down to a one-eyed cook who couldn't tell a chitling from a goober pea. Homer took all this with an easy grace, realizing that the men were just letting off pressure. But he didn't take to God with any semblance of grace.

God used to lay for Homer just outside the cage, and when Homer came trundling along, his cart full of atrocities, God would show his awful fangs and snarl until Homer set him down a bowl of beans and fatback. The stupid brute never felt a bit of gratitude. He accepted the offering as his due and looked at Homer like he was a long lost bone. Any normal animal would have learned to wag its tail at the sight of its meal ticket. But not God. With him it was always a shakedown. "A tithing," Homer used to call it.

Eventually this shameless extortion came to be too much, even for the gentle Homer. He decided to poison God.

The most convenient and traditional poison at hand was glass. Homer gathered a few hot-sauce bottles, dumped them into an old sock, and mashed them up with a rock. The result was ground glass, and we all firmly believed it was the deadliest substance this side of Lucretia Borgia. Homer mixed nearly half a pound of this stuff with an equal amount of sowbelly—and when God next waylaid him, just before evening chow, Homer placed it gingerly in front of him.

Everyone in the cage knew what was happening and heartily endorsed the execution. We were all at the windows watching as God clomped over to the deadly mixture and sniffed it suspiciously. Anyway, everyone figured he was *supposed* to sniff it suspiciously. Actually, he bolted it down as swiftly as ever. From where I was sitting at one of the cage windows, it sounded as though the wretched beast were eating gravel. It was either a very inferior grade of hot-sauce bottle, or a pretty sloppy job of grinding.

We all spent a good deal of time, the next few days, watching God with a sharply clinical interest. Some of the fellows got up a pool to see who could come closest to the final hour. But nothing happened. God passed that glass like it was castor oil and came back for more sowbelly. Homer obliged him, but with diminishing enthusiasm. For all of a week, that animal walked around with enough silica in his alimentary canal to make a greenhouse.

Then Homer cut his hand on one of the hot-sauce bottles and got blood poisoning. He swore it was retribution, and gave up. If he'd been free he probably would have turned himself in at the nearest monastery.

Even though God survived like a true immortal, I had been surprised to find that I could wish so sincerely for any dog's death, since I have always been ridiculously fond of animals. But I had seen some of the men brought back after God had tracked them down. I still think more of men than I do of dogs. And damn all that trash about it being a dog's instinct to hunt, even if the quarry is a man. I figured God was a bastard no matter how you cut it. Besides, the jerk got a can of Red Heart dog food every day and I had jolly little sympathy for anyone who was eating better than I was.

The captain *had* lost one good lead dog a few years earlier, though, when he forced the job of dog boy on an old-time thief named Jertha. Around southern prisons, dog boys are even more hated than screws or snitches because, in most cases, they combine all the more revolting qualities of both. They are usually chosen, in the first place, because of their willingness to cooperate with the administration. In any case, the nature of the job forces them into intimacy with the keepers, and it seldom takes long for the isolation of their position to divorce them from the other convicts. They spend a very lonely time with their precious trust: pampering and feeding and training the animals that will hunt down their fellow convicts.

Jertha was a good thief and a solid convict, and he didn't want any part of a deal like that. But the captain had it in his head that Jertha would make a good screw—either that, or finish out his three-year sentence in the sweatbox, which would have been a whole lot more unpleasant than being thought a snitch. So, when tears and lamentations and threats of revenge had no effect, Jertha became the captain's dog boy. For exactly one week.

Jertha stayed with the job just long enough to make friends

with the dogs. When he figured he was buddy-buddy enough with the mutts that they wouldn't eat him, he turned the whole bunch loose one night and escaped into the swamp, taking the lead dog with him on a leash.

Old Cap really went to storming and fuming over that one. Even a dragooned dog boy is not supposed to violate his sacred trust, and he damn sure isn't supposed to run off with the captain's prize dog. The double loss, and the twitting from the sheriff, was almost more than Cap could bear, and he was still cursing Jertha's eyes a month later, when the local freight agent called and told him for God's sake to come down and pick up a crate that was running everybody out of the depot. The thing smelled so bad it had taken three niggers and a bullwhip to kick it out of the freight car onto the loading dock.

Cap picked a strong stomach from his personnel roster and sent it down to bury the box without even opening it. He knew without looking that Jertha had sent back his best lead dog. He was mad as hell, but not particularly surprised, because escapees and ex-cons were always mailing him little tokens of appreciation, such as rattlesnakes and armadillos and dead opossums.

There was another dog in the camp that finally got me into a lot of trouble. He was a nondescript canine blob that went by the name of Bolsich. And this wasn't because he'd had a Borzoi in his woodpile, either. Bolsich had earned his name because he devoted his few waking hours to biting and scratching at a chronic itch in a very sensitive location.

If you got up close enough to this animal, so that you could call him without attracting guffaws from all over the camp, it was possible to dissuade him momentarily from his psychosomatic flea. But neither sowbelly nor sweet talk would hold his attention. He just looked up sadly, with two of the most haunted and watery eyes in dogdom, then returned to his pursuit.

For reasons of his own, the captain allowed Bolsich to live right in his office shack, and that's where I met him.

Our paths crossed six months after I came to the camp, when the captain found out I knew how to type. He called me into his shack one morning and favored me with a long, fishy stare. Then he opened up that little hole in his long red face and said, "Boy, how'd you like to get off that there gang?"

"Yes, suh," I shot right back, being careful not to overdo the southern accent I'd been cultivating for the past few months, "I sure would like to get off that there gang, Captain."

"Well, boy, I understand y'all know how to work one of them things yonder." He pointed to the abandoned ruin of an old Oliver typewriter that was quietly falling apart in a dark corner. It obviously hadn't seen service for at least two decades, but it looked as though it might be coaxed into producing five or 10 words a minute—if I could find any tools to repair it.

When I allowed as how I could work the machine over yonder, he actually got up and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Boy," he said, treating me to a breath full of Hadacol and warm milk, "I'm makin' you my secratree. You just clean out that there corner, and keep yo' nose clean, and I'll see y'all get took care of."

I didn't get took care of, exactly, but at least the guards let up on me for being a Yankee, since I was so close to the throne. And there was nothing exciting about the work. On the order of three times a week, Old Jay Dee would think of a pretext for writing an official letter to someone. And twice a week he would issue a departmental memorandum to stick on the bulletin boards in the shack and in the barracks. No one ever answered the letters, and no one ever paid any attention to the memos, probably because they couldn't read them. There didn't seem to be many people around who could read even simple English, and the captain had a passion for long words. He always insisted that I use the longest, most godforsaken words in the language. Sometimes he would take a finished memo or letter and go over it putting in synonyms that he looked up in "Rawjets Theesarius," with the typical illiterate's disregard for connotation.

Aside from these infrequent diversions, I had a pretty dull time of it. The captain didn't hold much for a lot of jawin', and there was never anything in the shack to read except an old copy of the *Breeder's Gazette* and the "Theesarius." Most of my time was given over to tinkering with the Oliver and looking after Bolsich.

In that fruitcake of a prison camp, Bolsich seemed at first to be only a trifle eccentric. After I got to know him, however, I came to realize that he was actually disgusting beyond words. Aside from his principal habit, he also snorted, snuffled and drooled. His features were oddly puckered, as though he were a canine Mongolian. The net effect was so stupefyingly loathsome, in fact, that I used to sit there most of the day feeling sorry for the poor brute. I made an honest effort to find good points in his character—and when I finally came to comparing him favorably with Old Jay Dee on the other side of the office, I was well on my way to trouble.

Prowling through the file cabinet one particularly dull afternoon, I came across a set of civil-service-examination papers for the position of prison-camp foreman. It struck me all of a sudden that if Bolsich could compare with the captain, he should certainly qualify as a foreman. So I amused myself for the remainder of the afternoon by writing that exam in the name of one Jay Dee Bolsich.

It was a foolish thing to do, really, but I had become rather careless, with my feet out of the mud. And after seven months in that camp, I had lost a good deal of perspective—especially after writing all those unreadable letters for the captain. I did it up all the way. I hung the captain's initials on poor, pitiful Bolsich, and made him out the hottest foreman prospect within 1,000 square miles of turpentine country. Then, to milk it for the last chuckle, I mailed the thing. Like an idiot!

Five weeks later, Old Jay Dee received an official envelop from the civil service people. J. D. Bolsich was appointed as a foreman under the captain's command.

It was hard to tell when the captain was mad, since he was never really happy and there wasn't much room for comparison. I did, however, detect an extra hardness in his eyes and a certain tightness in his voice when he put down the envelop and began bellowing at me. There was nothing to do but stand there and try to look as humble and contrite as possible, while his blasts of invective whistled about my ears. After he ran out of swear words, he lapsed into a long rambling discourse on the South and its glories, and the generosity and rare sensitivity of its inhabitants, and why the hell didn't I stay up north instead of coming down here and corrupting their institutions and debauching southern womanhood. He stood fuming, with his chin and his gut out, his hands thrust deep in his greasy pockets.

Finally Old Jay Dee went completely speechless on me. But he was smiling when he motioned a couple of bulls over and pointed toward the sweatbox. That's the way his sense of humor was.

The sweatbox was a sort of cell, four feet wide by four feet high and 12 feet long. One side formed a common wall with the kennels for the camp dogs. It was too low to stand up and too narrow to stretch out crosswise. From one end to the other, it was marked off at three-foot intervals with two-by-six framing members that extended across the floor. There was a very faint light that filtered through the cracks in the kennel wall, bringing with it the overpowering odor of a decade's accumulation of dog excreta. The dogs often relieved themselves directly against that sieve of a wall. They also provided a continued medley of sounds, with their yelping and snoring and scratching and copulating.

The sweatbox was mostly used for punishment.

When the two bulls threw me into this haven, I couldn't see a thing. I huddled near the heavy door, thinking obscene thoughts about the captain and wishing I could go back out and pull pine stumps. Then my eyes became accustomed to the gloom and a lump of pure relief rose in my throat—I wasn't alone in that terrible place. Over in the corner I could see the dim bulk of a fellow prisoner, another member of our great classless mass, a fellow sufferer, united beneath the yoke of our common bondage. He stirred in the darkness and turned to me, doubtless eager for companionship in this dungeon, axious to hear the voice of another human being.

"What they put y'all in hyah fo?" he asked.

"The Cap thinks I'm a baby raper, corrupting your southern women," quipped I in a friendly spirit.

Some place in the darkness I could hear him spit. "No-good, smartass Yankee trash!"

Then he rolled over and went back to sleep.

—John R. Mac Isaac

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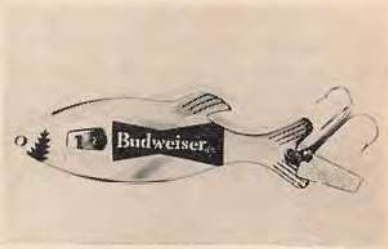

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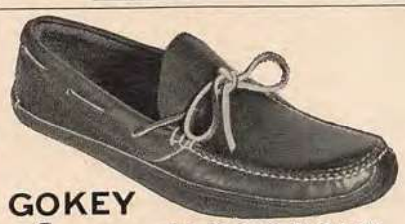

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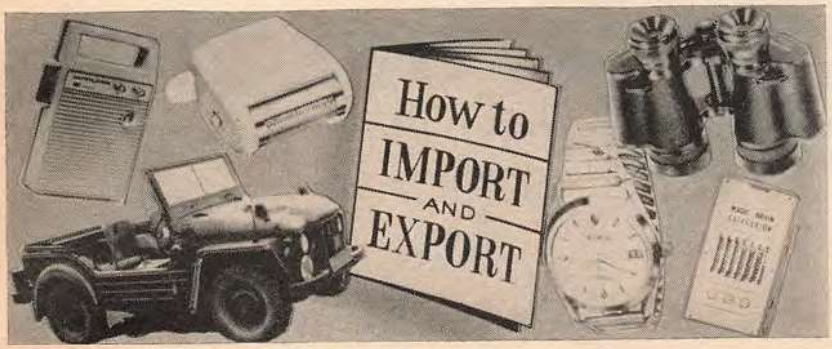

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BY JOHN DuBARRY

strange but true

Live chess, played on mammoth boards with human chessmen, never really made the scene until a Russian revolutionized it not long ago. Since the Renaissance, actors garbed as pawns, rooks, and the other pieces had bored spectators at occasional living chess games staged in European town plazas. Soviet showman E. Y. Vainer found his inspiration elsewhere. In 16th-century India, the emperor Akbar had played Parcheesi on a palace courtyard layout, using slave girls as counters. Vainer recruited 32 beautiful girls and divided them into costumed chess pieces, white and black. He rented the 15,000-seat Moscow Palace of Sports, doubled the usual admission price, and before a sold-out house presented the world's first chess spectacular. Expert players maneuvered his 32 beauties; every break while a "captured" girl left the board was filled by brief entertainment from a popular singer or movie star on an adjoining stage. Vainer took his much praised show on tour and was acclaimed by capacity audiences, the Soviet Union being a nation of chess players. An unexpected checkmate ended his game. It was discovered he was pocketing profits that, in socialist Russia, belonged to the government. Comrade Vainer is now doing eight years in prison for being too privately enterprising.

The moon that looms romantically over boat excursions and lovers' lanes occupies a surprisingly small spot in the sky. Most people vastly overestimate its size. A sure bet in any bar calls for the number of full moons required to span the sky if they were placed side by side in a line directly overhead from horizon to horizon. Answers may range from 15 to 25; nobody is likely to state correctly that 347 moons would be needed to bridge the 180° arc. (For proof, the moon's visual-angle width of slightly over ½° is given in most almanacs.) The moon can be covered with three matchsticks held together at arm's length before one eye. How small a visual object the moon really is emerges from another figure: to fill the spherical vault of sky, 76,840 moon disks would be required.

Students behave better today—contrary to common opinion—than they have during most of the past 2,300 years. The early Greek and Roman students, young aristocrats all, used to cuff their tutors around, the latter being only plebeians and sometimes slaves. In 382 A.D., rowdy youths tried the patience of a saint—namely, St. Augustine—who as a teacher of rhetoric left Carthage to get away from them. The first universities, in the Middle Ages, set scholars and townspeople brawling murderously. Still distinguished as the bloodiest of all student battles is Oxford's Great Affray of 1354, when an Oxonian celebrating St. Scholastica's Day touched off a local war that left buildings burned and 50 dead, most of them collegians. A students' sit-in first occurred in 1594 at Edinburgh; on strike about holidays, young Scots barricaded themselves in a school building with food, drink and weapons, and shot a city official before they were dislodged. In America, Alexander Hamilton joined fellow students at Columbia—then King's College—in driving their Tory college president off the campus and out of the country. Harvard hell raisers in 1823 and 1834 doused instructors with ink and smashed windows and furniture. Comparatively, present-day American student protesters rate no worse than an A-minus for conduct.

Flower power, advocated by happy hippies, can be acquired by anyone as a simple matter of diet. Instead of pelting your enemy with flowers, or wearing a bouquet behind your ear, you simply eat the blooms. The nourishing quality of edible flowers (warning: some aren't) hasn't yet been analyzed, but they're food for man and beast. Diners feed on flowers in the best restaurants when they eat artichokes, cauliflower or broccoli—which are blossom forms. New York epicures pay dearly for French candied violets, roses, carnations and acacia. The best eating flower is the rose, popular worldwide in a dozen preparations. Among animals, the lemur, a lowly relative of man, stuffs itself with flowers picked avidly with both hands from bushes in Madagascar. Our nearest relative, the mighty chest-thumping gorilla—a natural vegetarian living chiefly on leaves and fruits—has been seen to pluck purple blooms daintily with thumb and finger and eat them as a kind of dessert.

Treading grapes with bare feet still goes on today to yield wine that connoisseurs relish for its rich taste and aroma. The authentic port wine of Portugal originates in scenes that resemble romantic operettas. The harvested grape clusters are dumped two feet deep into great rectangular stone troughs. There the merry peasants, their trousers and skirts tucked thigh-high on well-washed legs, sing in chorus as they tramp back and forth with arms linked. It looks picturesque, but the appearance is deceptive. The treading continues day and night for 36 to 48 hours, the treaders working in relays as the warmth of their legs speeds juice fermentation and their plunging feet squeeze the desired red coloring matter from the grape skins. Port-wine-industry spokesmen claim that foot pressing doesn't crush the seeds and stalks to impart a bitter taste, as mechanical pressing might do. The truth seems to be that treading is subsistence-wage labor which requires no investment in machinery. In neighboring Spain, low cost similarly keeps some men in heavy-soled shoes treading grapes to make sherry. Nevertheless, mechanization seems bound to remove feet from wine before the next generation takes over.

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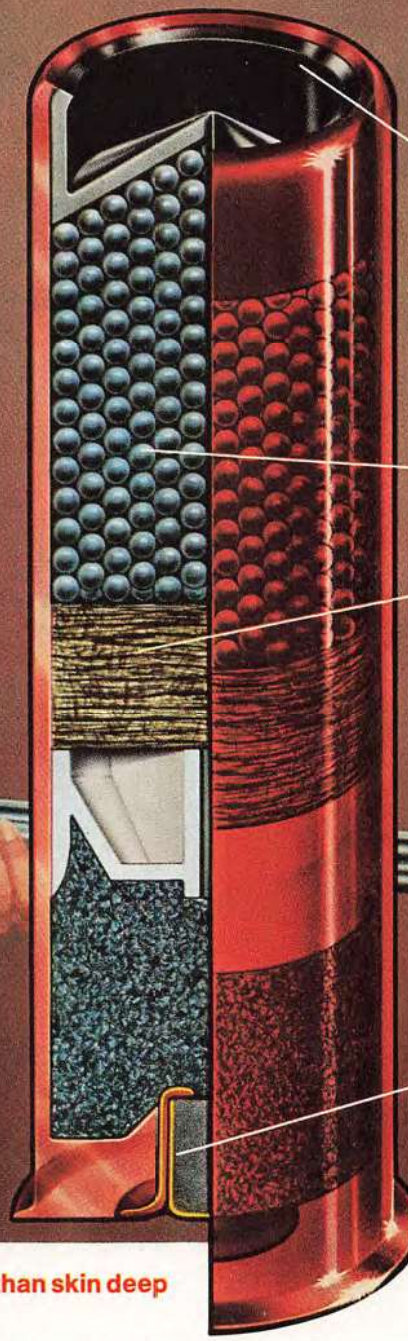

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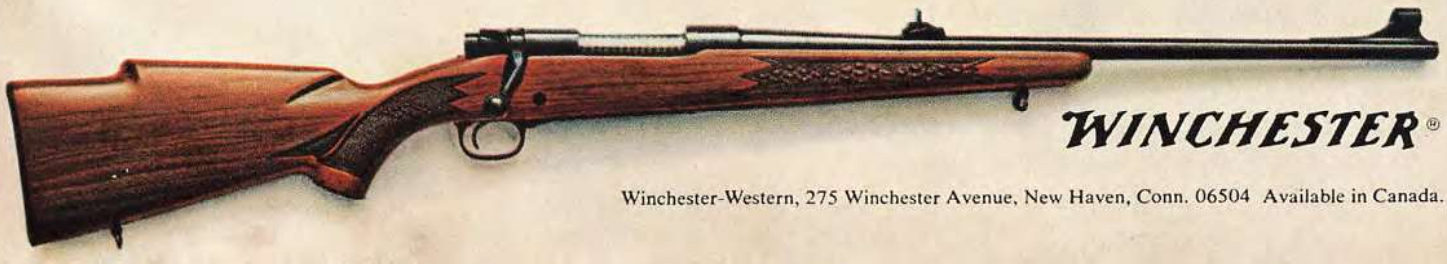

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